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THE HARD WAY HOME

The Hard Way Home

By

COLONEL WILLIAM C. BRALY

United States Army, Retired



A COAST ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION BOOK



WASHINGTON

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***IN MEMORY OF THE MANY
WHO DID NOT RETURN
FROM JAPANESE PRISON CAMPS***

IN GRATITUDE FOR THOSE WHO DID

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express my appreciation to the many prisoners of war who generously recounted their personal experiences to me, furnished me with original copies of certain records, or contributed illustrations. Especially do I wish to include Major General George F. Moore, Major General Henrie J. D. De Fremery, RNIA, Air Vice Marshal Paul C. Maltby, RAF, Brigadier General William E. Brougher, Colonels Paul D. Bunker, Kearie L. Berry, N  poleon Boudreau, Louis J. Bowler, Roger Hilsman, John P. Horan, Eugene H. Mitchell, C. Gurdon Sage, Josiah W. Worthington, and Majors Arthur W. Peterson and Adrianus J. van Oosten and Staff Sergeant J. Weldon King.

W.C.B.

PREFACE

It was Transport Day, June 27, 1939, at San Francisco's Fort Mason as the Army Transport *U. S. Grant* prepared to sail for Honolulu, Guam and the Philippines. To the screaming of the noonday whistle gangways were lowered, lines cast off and the transport eased away from the pier. Army bands played and everyone waved as hundreds on the ship exchanged last farewells with other hundreds below on the pier.

"Just two short years on Corregidor," we had told our friends, "then we'll be coming back."

Three months later Europe was engaged in World War II while in the Orient Japan digging deeper into China, caused grave concern in the Philippines. During 1940 the war clouds grew so threatening that early in 1941 service dependents, mine included, were returned to the States while the small US forces in the Islands girded themselves for the inevitable conflict.

Since 1934 Corregidor's defenses had included twenty-four-hour-alert details at strategic points, ever watchful against surprise action by Japan. However, when on November 29, 1941 General MacArthur disseminated a cryptic warning:

BE PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY

the Harbor Defense Commander, Major General George F. Moore, quietly moved all elements into battle stations under full war conditions. Eight days later came Pearl Harbor, followed in a few hours by Japanese bombings of Baguio and Clark Field on Luzon. War had come to the Philippines.

For a year and a half I had been S-3, or Operations Officer, on the staff of the Harbor Defense Commander, and so continued throughout the Philippine campaign, falling into Japanese hands with the surrender of Corregidor on May 6, 1942. Thereafter for more than three years I was a prisoner in eight different Japanese prison camps in Luzon, Formosa, Japan, and Manchuria. So were many thousands of other Americans.

After the surrender of Corregidor, Japanese News Corres-

pondent Kazumaro Uno, in a propaganda article describing the fierceness of the Jap assault on the island fortress and bemoaning their heavy losses, remarked in closing: "One consolation lay in the hope that some day the world would at last *know the truth* about the Japanese army." (The italics are mine.)

It's about time. That's why I've written this story. As Aldous Huxley paraphrased the biblical text: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye mad."

The events I have set down here, depicting life as we lived it day after day in the many Japanese prison camps, were my own observations or else were related to me by responsible individuals having first-hand knowledge. They are not exaggerated. If anything, they are an understatement. However, they do "tell the truth about the Japanese Army" and how it conducted its POW camps. It was as if the pent-up fury and hate of centuries had been suddenly unleashed against a group of helpless individuals.

The same sensation is produced each time that the established order of things is overturned, when security no longer exists, and all that protects the laws of man and of nature find themselves at the mercy of unreasoning, ferocious brutality.
—*De Maupassant.*

There's your Japanese Army.

While there were isolated cases of humane reactions to enlightened thought, it is my belief that basic Japanese thinking must be changed from the cradle up, otherwise the many thousands of POWs who did not return to homes and families will have died in vain. Of the approximately twenty thousand Americans, Army, Navy and Marine Corps, who surrendered in the Philippines in the spring of 1942 only about one in three survived to return home in 1945.

IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

May the Justice which the Japanese so long denied us speedily overtake those responsible, and in the process may the Japanese nation be regenerated!

W.C.B.

Lafayette, California.

FOREWORD

Colonel William C. Braly, Coast Artillery Corps, United States Army, is an outstanding officer of long and varied service. He was my Operations Officer on Corregidor throughout the Philippine Defense Campaign and my companion in captivity during a substantial portion of that period of our lives.

Colonel Braly experienced the prolonged aerial and artillery bombardment of the fortified islands in Manila Bay and the vicious ground combat that followed the Japanese landing on Corregidor. He saw the Japanese soldier arrogant and inhuman in his moment of victory and he was subjected to the barbarous treatment that was the lot of all prisoners of war. Throughout almost the entire period of his captivity he served in some administrative capacity in connection with prison camp life and thus was constantly dealing with the Japanese authorities. He acted as a buffer between his colleagues and the Japanese and by his conduct and example was able many times to improve the lot of his fellow sufferers. During the long years of internment the constant and close association of the prisoners of war necessitated a tremendous readjustment of their lives. Each man's actions as well as his mental outlook had a direct effect upon those near him. Colonel Braly played a very particular part in maintaining the morale of his comrades. His strength of character, his integrity, and his unfailing interest in his fellow man were a constant help to others. By reason of his experiences throughout the period from December 7, 1941 to September 11, 1945, he is unusually well qualified to write this narrative.

While it is perhaps fortunate that time and the return to normal living dim the memory of the sufferings of the war years, it is hoped that the readers of this book will never forget those who died in prison camps, and that they will exert their efforts in building the strength of our nation so that such tragedies can never occur again.

GEO. F. MOORE

Major General, USA

THE HARD WAY HOME

CHAPTER 1

CAPE HORN

~~~~~

"**K**URA! Hayaku"<sup>1</sup> bellowed the Jap sentry, reinforcing his command by a threatening gesture with his glistening fixed bayonet. Just then an interpreter appeared at the entrance to our Lateral No. 1 in Malinta Tunnel.

"Everybody outside is the order," he explained.

It was the afternoon of May 6, 1942. Corregidor had surrendered at noon; General Wainwright had been taken to Bataan to meet General Homma, and thousands of little brown men in dirty uniforms were swarming through Malinta Hospital and the former army and navy headquarters offices. The Japanese authorities had suddenly decided to assemble everybody on the road west of Malinta Hill, hence the order.

I glanced over my belongings at my bunk. What should I take? In anticipation of that moment I had packed a few personal papers and toilet articles in my musette bag. I'd try to take that. Certainly my canteen of water and cup were going on my belt. Then there was a well-packed locker which as certainly I could not take. What about that Gladstone bag containing my stamp collection and a lot of Chinese linens and embroideries for my wife? Too heavy to carry very far I decided, and not essential. My golf clubs? Definitely, no. My violin? It had been unglued at the neck for a month. Getting it repaired and getting new strings would present a problem. Why bother? Still, I'd been playing that old fiddle for over thirty-seven years and we had sort of grown up together. I'd played my mother and father to sleep with the same old Scottish hymn on that old violin and I surely hated to abandon it to the enemy. Besides, it looked like I might need an old friend in the weary months to come. I decided to carry the violin.

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<sup>1</sup>*Kura!* = Hey! To attract your attention; used only to beasts in Japan.  
*Hayaku!* = Hurry Up!

Subsequent events many times proved the wisdom of that decision.

The night before, in Harbor Defense Headquarters, General Moore and I had discussed the situation. At 10:30 p.m. I had transmitted his warning order to all control stations,

"Prepare for probable landing attack."

"Damn that full moon," he had said to me, "They'll probably come tonight."

And they did, twelve thousand of them, Nippon's best, for many of whom it was the nineteenth major landing operation on a hostile shore. For forty-one hundred of them it was their last.<sup>2</sup> But that's another story.

The fury of the holocaust which preceded and accompanied the landing has been told many times over, but always with the same inevitable ending. Weeks of incessant pounding by over four hundred pieces of artillery at close range plus frequent aerial bombings had reduced the surface of the little island (less than two square miles) to a shambles.

What a scene of desolation it presented! As one writer expressed it:

Under the constant beating, the face of Corregidor grew scarred and ugly. . . . The pleasant lawns and groves were scorched, gaunt and leafless, covered with the chocolate dust of countless explosions, pitted with shell holes and excavations. The very rocks were raw with repeated blasts.<sup>3</sup>

Roads and roadsides were full of bomb craters with many demolished cars and battered trucks turned over into ditches. Under the persistent bombardment from artillery and air, many batteries, formidably designed to repel any attack from sea, were silenced forever, buried beneath a mass of concrete debris and rubble.

Each succeeding day had brought its increasing quota of casualties to Malinta Tunnel Hospital by ambulance, by truck,

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<sup>2</sup>So stated to us by Japanese officers during interviews after surrender.

<sup>3</sup>"Last Days of Corregidor," Leon M. Guerrero, from the *Philippine Review*, quoted in *Nippon Times*, June 7, 1943.

or by hand-carried litters. Four laterals, or side tunnels opening off the main section of Malinta Tunnel, had been cleared and equipped with triple-deck bunks for patients as the mounting casualties in the hospital approached the one-thousand mark.

It was a case of either being captured or killed. Many accomplished both. The fall of Bataan a month earlier had tragically sealed the fate of Corregidor. And so, when General Wainwright surrendered the fortified islands of Manila Bay, the defending forces had become Japanese prisoners of war.

It was a bitter experience for the General, as for us all. He had followed Foch's dictum, "In war you do what you can, making use of what you have," but it hadn't been enough. Inexorable time and the most artillery had been on the side of the enemy. Our chief consolation lay in the belief that, by holding up the Japanese southern advance for five months, we had enabled American forces to reach the Southwest Pacific in sufficient numbers to save Australia from invasion.

I remembered having read, "There is always a Cape Horn in one's life, that one either weathers or wrecks oneself on."<sup>4</sup>

This becoming a POW to Japan appeared to be, and rightly, about the biggest "Cape Horn" I had ever encountered. I wondered what storms lay ahead ere we should reach a haven under the Stars and Stripes again. Many of us would never reach that haven. Dark forebodings filled our thoughts but the present was of such immediate concern there was little time for thinking of the future.

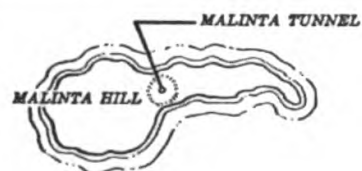
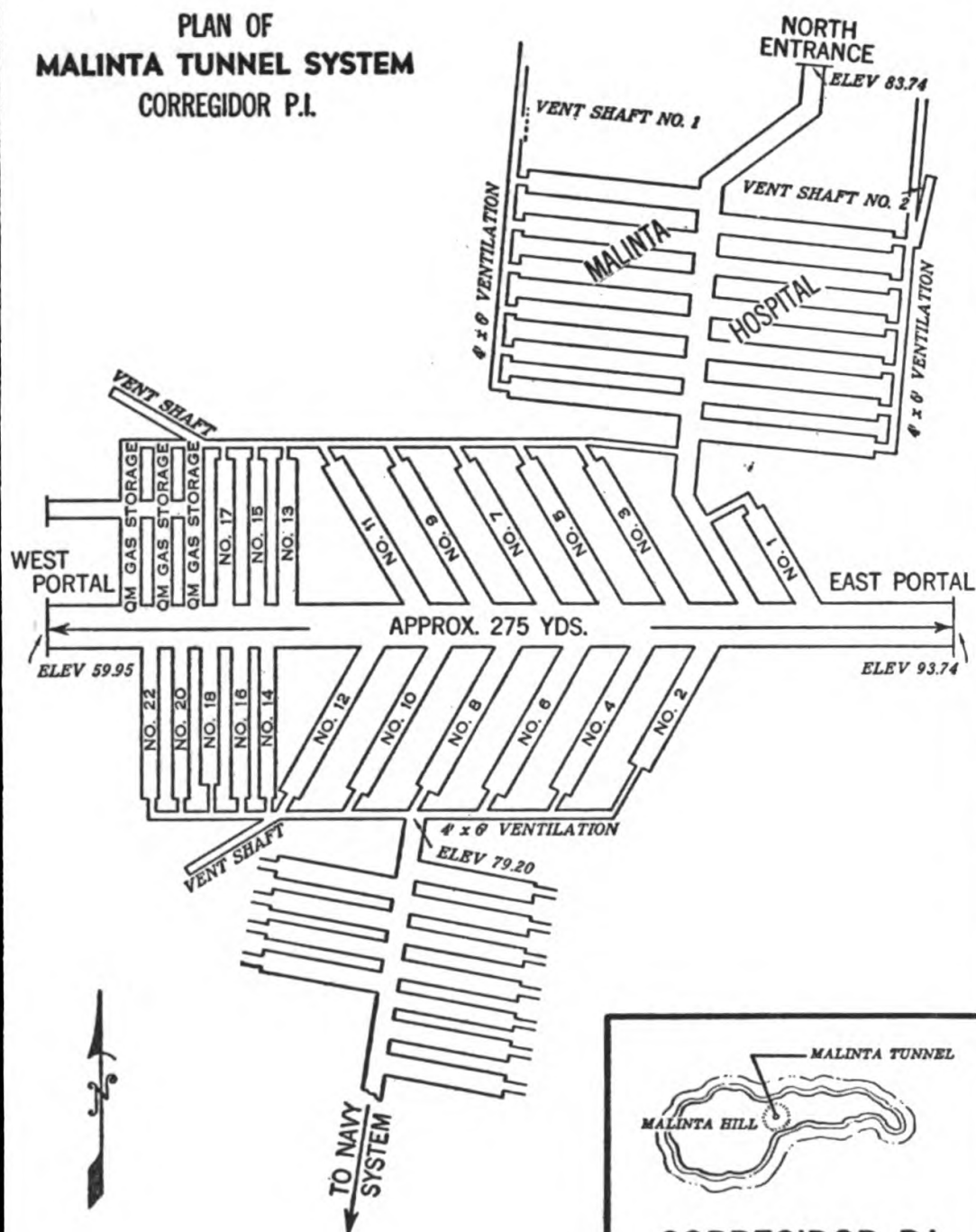
In accordance with earlier secret instructions batteries had been wrecked and secret maps and files destroyed before noon. Malinta Tunnel, Headquarters for both Army and Navy, presented a scene of unbelievable disorder, congestion and confusion. Great piles of destroyed records covered the floors. Many soldiers had smashed their rifles on the concrete and dropped the pieces. In Lateral No. 3 was an unusual pile of litter where for several hours Colonel John R. Vance, USFIP<sup>5</sup> Finance Officer, and his assistants had been busy with office

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<sup>4</sup>*Aldous Huxley's Letters*

<sup>5</sup>USFIP = United States Forces in the Philippines.

PLAN OF  
MALINTA TUNNEL SYSTEM  
CORREGIDOR P.I.



CORREGIDOR P.I.



shears destroying more than two million pesos of Phillipine paper money. Across the hall Lieutenant Colonel Leroy Edwards, Harbor Defense Finance Officer, had similarly destroyed more than one hundred fifty thousand pesos. My Operations Office maps and all secret matter lay in shreds on the floor by my desk. On the floor of the main tunnel, outside the entrance to Malinta Hospital, lay about fifteen corpses, on stretchers, shrouded in sheets. There had been no burials the night before, nor would there be for several nights yet, pending Japanese permission.

By about 4:00 p.m. the Japanese had taken over Malinta Tunnel and Bottomside and had ordered everyone to assemble on the road west of Malinta Hill. I picked up my musette bag and violin case and marched out with the others, between rows of Japanese soldiers many of whom carried flamethrowers on their backs, while others had submachine guns or rifles.

When the group of several thousand prisoners had been assembled on the road all were required to kneel with hands overhead while Jap photographers took numerous pictures of their newly acquired white slaves. During this time their medium bombers, brave enough now that there was no anti-aircraft fire, and disregarding the white flag flying from the Fort flag pole, continued to bomb Topside relentlessly from low altitude. The Japanese with us at Bottomside waved their flags horizontally to indicate their position. Several of them near me were eating from a can of peaches they had found somewhere. Most of them were more concerned with looting as they circulated among the prisoners, helping themselves freely to anything striking their fancy such as watches, fountain pens, cigarette cases and lighters, rings and money.

Toward evening this hands-overhead assembly disintegrated when we were permitted to move around a little, though remaining herded in the area. No food was provided but a few prisoners had cans of fruit or tomatoes which they shared with others less fortunate. Most slept on the ground, or tried to, just where they happened to be.

During the night other Japanese troops landed at James

Ravine and Power Plant Ravine pursuant to their original plan but without opposition. They also notified our troops manning seacoast batteries at Topside and Middleside to move to the Malinta area before daylight as at 7:00 a.m. May 7 their bombers were coming over with a heavy attack. Our units moved down and the bombing proceeded as scheduled, load after load of bombs detonating on the upper part of the island hour after hour.

The surrendered garrison wandered about the Malinta area completely forlorn and disconsolate. There was nothing to say. Nobody could even guess what was in store for us. Numerous parties of Japs came into our Harbor Defense Headquarters for information on various subjects, at the same time pocketing anything that interested them. In the main tunnel the sheet-covered corpses were already smelling bad and drawing green flies.

The Japanese Army authorities had set up their headquarters in the vicinity of what had been the San Jose barrio market and it was there that different groups of officers were taken throughout the day for questioning on various subjects.

My group consisted of one officer from each grade from Colonel to Second Lieutenant. When I was called I was offered a box seat facing two Japanese across a small table, one a pugnacious looking junior officer while the other was a rotund civilian interpreter in uniform, wearing very thick glasses. Both had shaved heads. All conversation was through the interpreter.

First questions were as to my name and assignment. After replying I inquired, "And who are you?"

"So sorry," hissed the interpreter. Later he vouchsafed that before the war he had been a clerk at the Miyako Hotel in Kyoto. I wondered if I had seen him when we stopped there in 1929.

They then showed me their own map of Corregidor prepared from a study of airplane photographs. It really was not bad although I pointed out several discrepancies.

"Now," beamed the interpreter, "point out to us where is the entrance to the tunnel to Bataan." (There was none.)

"And where is the end of the water pipe line from Bataan?"  
(This was also non-existent.)

"Where is the Philippine Treasury bullion buried?" (I had no knowledge of it.)

"Why did not you surrender with Bataan?" (Why should we?)

"Where is the two years' food supply your States radio said was here?" (An obvious absurdity.)

Ensued then a conference between the two Japanese for some time after which the former hotel clerk continued: "On the night of the assault were you surprised at the landing?"

"It was not unexpected. We had sent out a warning order," I told them.

"Which was more effective, our artillery or air bombardment?"

"The artillery, immeasurably. Your close-range observed artillery fire was deadly."

"How many airplanes are there on Corregidor?"

"If you can find one you're smarter than we were."

There were many more such questions inasmuch as the American authorities had removed the restrictions on any answers which the Japanese could ascertain by looking. Then another interrogator took charge and questioned me on much the same points though with a different approach, finally returning me to Malinta Tunnel.

Eating was a sketchy affair as the only messes operating were the Hospital Mess and one for Japanese officers. It was every man for himself, which for most of us meant a can of Class C rations, maybe.

General Wainwright's departure under Japanese custody for Manila, to endeavor to contact US forces in the Philippines, had left General Moore, the Harbor Defense Commander, as the senior officer on Corregidor. The Japanese were holding him, together with certain USFIP staff, Colonel Sam Howard of the Fourth Marines, and several naval officers, in Lateral 10, Malinta Tunnel.

The next day, May 8, all personnel except this group, the

sick and wounded in hospital, the Medical Department, and MPs, were marched down to an area adjacent to the beach in front of the old 92d Coast Artillery garage. It was there that the Japanese authorities had decided to establish a concentration camp. En route the Jap soldiers pillaged our possessions at will, especially during a several-hour halt in the hot sun. Many in that way lost their canteens of water which were priceless at that stage of the game.

When our exhausted column finally reached the camp site the Filipino troops were quartered adjacent to part of the beach while Americans occupied the remainder of the camp including the remnant of the beach. Our senior officer there was Colonel Paul D. Bunker, 59th Coast Artillery, the former Seaward Defense Commander. Although no one had room enough to turn around, the Fort Hughes garrison of approximately one thousand, under Colonel Val Foster, was brought over the next day to join our congested assembly.

A poorer location for the concentration camp could hardly have been found. There was no fresh water, no food, no barracks, no shade except that made by part of the much bombed garage roof, and no sanitary provisions. Yet they crowded over thirteen thousand of us into this area of less than three acres. It was the middle of the Philippine hot season during which a glaring tropical sun beats down all day long; hence we were desperate for water. The nearest source was a well on the west side of Malinta Hill. For the first few days details carrying sticks loaded with individual canteens brought water from this well. A little later however Colonel Cy Crews of the Harbor Defense Staff succeeded in putting through a one-half inch pipe line from the well into camp. Thereafter, day and night, a long queue could be seen sweating out the water line.

## CHAPTER 2

### LOWER THAN THE LOWEST

~~~~~

FIRST move by the Japanese was to divide the prisoners into groups of 1,000 under designated group leaders, with sub-groups of 100 each. I remember standing in line waiting my turn to file past a Jap soldier who had a bottle of ink and a toothbrush. Apparently no record was kept of this, as I was never number 0-279 again.

As soon as the Japanese had completed their own cremation operations at the tail of the island, prisoner work-parties were permitted to bury the American and Filipino dead there. One American soldier, in mortal agony with both legs and one arm badly mutilated and the other arm less seriously wounded, was refused medical attention by the Japanese. He was attempting to shoot himself and, being unable to do so, asked Private John R. Brown, Battery A, 60th Coast Artillery, to do it for him. Seeing his condition and knowing that otherwise he would die horribly, Brown did so. As a result, Brown and a man from the 803rd Engineers whom the Japs claimed had been insubordinate were taken down to the beach and the reports of a submachine gun were heard. Neither of the men returned nor was ever seen again.

The next two weeks were a continuous nightmare. Each day large work parties were sent all over Corregidor while other groups worked in camp. In an effort to secure cover of some kind from the blistering sun, improvised shelters mushroomed everywhere. Materials used were pieces of corrugated iron, shelter halves, old boards, rags—anything to afford a little shade. Food was on a catch-as-catch-can basis, most groups relying on the pooled resources of the members supplemented by rice brought in occasionally by work parties. Wood details each day salvaged scrap lumber with which to cook the rice. There were no beds, of course, so we slept, or pretended to, on the ground or the concrete. On the side hill above camp a

number of open pit latrines were dug, about 10 feet square and 3 feet deep. Immediately the camp was deluged with billions of flies, the stickiest flies I ever saw. You couldn't fan or brush them off your face or hands. You had to scrape and keep on scraping. Our only respite was during hours of darkness, but with the dawn the flies would be swarming again.

The American section of the beach offered our only bathing facilities. That wouldn't have been so bad except that many Filipinos each night used their portion of the beach for a latrine so that the product was floating by continuously as we bathed. Under such unsanitary conditions diarrhea and dysentery were soon rampant, while everyone broke out with tropical blisters or ulcers. All day long, men stood in line at a small medical dressing station to get their affected areas painted with mercurochrome, which was the only germicide available. Not infrequently during this period Philippine paper money sufficed for the lack of toilet paper. Why not? It would be taken away anyway if found in your possession.

For about a week after the capitulation several of us were held "on call" for questioning by different groups of Japanese officers, mostly Navy. Included were Lieutenant Colonel Carl E. Englehart, reference the controlled mine installations, and Major Arthur C. Peterson because of his experience with radio direction-finders, all of which equipment had been completely wrecked. Usually we would be taken to Naval Headquarters at the Mine Boat House at 8:30 a.m. and returned to camp about supper time. In the interim we might be questioned individually, or accompany a group of naval officers on a tour of the batteries. A special advantage of this situation was the opportunity to fill our canteens with hot tea before returning to camp each evening.

In general we found officers of the Imperial Navy a somewhat higher type than the Army breed. These were lieutenant commanders or higher, all of whom had traveled extensively, spoke fair English, and had at least some familiarity with Western ways and culture. Incidentally each was a confirmed camera fiend. Whenever we visited a major caliber battery

they took turns snapping pictures of the group standing by one of the big guns.

They were most courteous to us, whether when seated in their headquarters or when riding around the island in one of our decrepit old trucks. In fact one of them commented, "We are not treating you as prisoners of war." Another laughingly remarked, "We had to capture Corregidor. There were no more American cigarettes in Manila."

I might add that they never failed to offer us cigarettes when lighting one themselves. When the Sperry Gyroscope Company was mentioned, a commander turned to his neighbor and said, "Don't you remember? Out at Great Neck, Long Island."

Many of the Japanese planes that had bombed us during the preceding months had been Imperial Navy "Wild Eagles," of which they had lost plenty. These officers paid prompt tribute to our AA defenses by stating, during my first interview, "Your antiaircraft very accurate!"

One day when Lieutenant Commander Iwashima and I were passing through former Harbor Defense Headquarters I stopped at my old desk and mentioned that that had been my Operations Office. Glancing through the drawers I selected a few pencils and pocketed them. Then, in the lower left drawer, I discovered the original Operations Desk Diary. While containing nothing of any value to the Japanese, it was distinctly an important historical record for us.

"Just some old notes of mine. I take," was my casual remark as I rolled them up.

"OK," replied Iwashima, without examining the script.

Thereafter throughout my captivity I carried that official diary with me, hiding it out from "shake down" inspections time after time, in my mattress, or in a false-bottom box, or under old clothes or rags, or in my raincoat pocket. Finally, after liberation, I proudly turned it over to the Harbor Defense Commander, General Moore.

I had also kept a personal diary from the beginning of the war but on orders from General Wainwright's headquarters

had turned it in to G-2 "for safe keeping." I really hated to lose that but had charged it off with, "*C'est la guerre.*"

At the time of the surrender a group of Engineer officers headed by Colonel Henry Stickney, USFIP Engineer, was established with offices and quarters in the Engineer Tunnel near the head of Power Plant Ravine. This group operated the Post Utilities and was in charge of all tunneling, road repairs, and other engineering operations. Although the surrender was made at noon on May 6, it was not until mid-morning of the 7th that the Japanese appeared at the Engineer Tunnel and took over. However, this group was most fortunate in that they were permitted to remain there. Thus they had their own beds, a reasonable amount of food on hand, and were spared the gruelling experience of the 92d Garage Concentration Camp.

I first learned of their good luck when Captain Ronald O. Pigg, CE, was called to Japanese Naval Headquarters for questioning at the same time that several of us from the Camp were waiting to be interrogated. For two years before the war Pigg had been a civilian engineer on Corregidor under the US Engineers and knew the installations intimately. He told me that during the three previous days he had been touring the island with a Japanese captain who was Ordnance Officer on the staff of the local commander, and who spoke some English. After getting to know this officer fairly well, Pigg had asked him whether the Japanese expected to refortify Corregidor, to which he had received the enigmatical reply, "Why?" The officer then added, "In ten years Corregidor will be a beautiful Japanese park to which visitors from Manila may come on Sundays."

It was evident that he did not visualize any further threat to Japanese supremacy in the Western Pacific. The war was won and over.

One evening when the work groups returned to camp the Japanese announced that a Filipino ration party had stolen some rations, hence there would be no food for the 5,000 Filipinos in camp for 48 hours, nor was there.

On the evening of May 16 a group of volunteers as usual carried the litter cases accumulated during the day from the 92d Garage Camp up the hill to Malinta Hospital. Among the carriers were Captain F. J. Roth and Colonel Foster, the former Fort Hughes commander. Roth had a very special interest in Malinta Hospital as his wife, a former contract nurse there, had given birth to a baby girl during the incessant bombing and cannonading which preceded the surrender. Foster had accompanied the group merely as another hand. He told me that while he was waiting in the mess lateral a Chinese mess boy came in and started picking up cans of milk. The Hospital Mess Officer, Captain William F. Thompson, VC, of Fresno, Calif., promptly intervened and ordered the boy out in no uncertain terms.

"This for Japanese officers' mess," pleaded the boy.

"I don't care who it's for. You can't have it. Get out!" was Thompson's reply. He may have doubted the boy's honesty or may have thought the Jap officers had already received what they had ordered. We'll never know.

To our distress, a half hour later Captain Thompson was led into camp with his hands tied in front of him and a rope around his neck. Our interpreters, Lieutenant Colonel Carl Englehart, Coast Artillery, and Major Frank P. Pyzick, Marine Corps, could only elicit from the Japs: "He has done something very bad."

Just after dark Captain Thompson was led out of camp as he had been led in, but it was over three years before I learned the rest of the story through a chance meeting in the Mukden Prison Camp with Corporal E. R. Waldrum, Fourth Marines. Said he:

"After the surrender of Corregidor I was on special duty as truck driver for the Japs. Late in the afternoon of May 16 I was ordered to drive a party from Malinta Tunnel to the 92d Garage Concentration Camp. There were several Japanese guards and a group of prisoners consisting of Captain W. F. Thompson and several American enlisted men. When we arrived at the 92d Camp the prisoners were marched inside. I

remained with the truck. About an hour later three Japs returned, leading Captain Thompson by a rope. One guard wore a saber and pistol, but whether he was an officer or noncom I could not tell. The other two had rifles. All got in the truck and I was ordered to drive to Kindley Field. By that time it was quite dark. Upon arrival at the end of the Field I was ordered to shine the truck lights down onto a low area. As the party got out of the truck, Captain Thompson raised his tied hands to his helmet in a sort of final salute and said, 'Well, so long, son.'

"I tried to offer him a cigarette but the Japs would not let me. They then led him a short distance away and tied him to a bush, just like a dog. The Jap with the pistol then drew it and shot him four times. As he was still alive, one guard with a rifle fired three more shots into his body. We then returned to Malinta Tunnel. I could not get away next day but the second day after that Pharmacists Mate Wilson, USN, and I drove out and buried Captain Thompson's body."

Thus one more sacrifice to Japanese Army barbarity.

If anything was needed to complete the destruction of our morale and insure general mental depression, it was accomplished by an order issued about that time. According to its terms, "All captured personnel, regardless of rank, are lower than the lowest Japanese private soldier. All prisoners will stand and bow respectfully whenever they see a member of the Imperial Japanese Army."

That order continued in force throughout our captivity.

Meanwhile the broiling heat and the plague of flies continued day after day while the strip of concrete that was my bed at night was certainly getting no softer. My sore hips bore witness to that. Eventually, on the evening of May 22, a change was ordered. We were to evacuate the camp at 9:00 a.m. for an unannounced destination. Latrines were to be filled and the whole area thoroughly policed. No luggage would be taken except what could be carried by hand; work parties remaining behind would burn the debris. This information was disseminated at 9:00 p.m., just as the heavens opened wide. I have

seen many tropical downpours but never the equal of that one. For three hours the rains came, and how! All of us and our belongings were completely soaked as we stood around in huddles, ankle-deep in water. I managed to protect my violin a little by holding the case under my coat. Thus we spent our last night on Corregidor, sleep being out of the question, of course.

Saturday May 23 dawned dismally. After a makeshift breakfast, work parties started a general clean-up. It was impossible to find a few square feet of dry surface on which to roll up packs. Blankets, if any, were heavy with water. Not knowing how far we might have to march, I decided to travel lightly, omitting all non-essentials. Our experiences since surrender had established new values for everything. My canteen of water was by far the most important item to be taken. Also hanging from my belt, rolled up in a sock, was the Official Diary. With a musette bag and one rolled blanket over my shoulder and violin case in hand I was ready to travel.

During the night three Japanese transports had anchored in San José Bay, south of Corregidor. Two of these appeared to be about 8,000-ton vessels, while the third was smaller, perhaps 5,000. About nine o'clock, as scheduled, the column formed and began the laborious ascent of the steep hillside path which the Japs had chosen as the route of march. Just before reaching the dock we were sidetracked into an old rock quarry on the west side of Malinta Hill where, devoid of breeze or shade, we squatted for hours in the broiling sun. In the late afternoon we were moved on to the south dock from which several launches were shuttling to the transports, carrying on each trip about forty prisoners besides several Jap guards.

One soldier insisted on opening my violin case but lost interest when I showed him the neck was loose from the body of the violin, and exclaimed disgustedly, "Damé! Damé!" (No good!) After examining my shoes and deciding they were much too large for him, he turned his attention toward some more fruitful source of loot.

The *Hokku Maru* upon which I soon found myself was a

perfect introduction to the average Japanese naval transport. On deck the crudest of sanitary provisions had been constructed while between decks an additional floor or shelf had been built in order to accommodate more troops. The loading continued until well after dark by which time we must have had over five thousand aboard and every available space was crawling with humanity. Again nobody slept all night. Below it was like a furnace while up on deck there was standing room only, in the rain which started at dark. Our hundreds of dysentery cases were especially pitiable. No food was issued, nor was there any medical service.

In the early morning hours our convoy moved out slowly toward Manila while Corregidor faded from view in the distance. Upon reaching the harbor we were surprised to see our ship and another turn southward toward Parañaque and drop anchor a couple of miles from shore instead of tying up at a Manila wharf. The plan was soon apparent. Numerous landing barges came alongside each transport as gangways and Jacob's ladders were lowered. About a hundred American prisoners were then crowded into each boat, after which it headed for the shore. Upon being beached the bow was opened and occupants piled out into water up to their armpits, each trying to hold his belongings as high as possible. Even so, many clothing rolls got soaked as the owners waded ashore. Once on the beach we were formed into groups of a thousand, in columns of four, and headed up toward Dewey Boulevard flanked by Japanese cavalry guards.

By that time it was approaching noon and the heat was terrific. The soft tar stuck to our soggy shoes, already full of sand, while the things we carried grew heavier and heavier. Along the line of march the sidewalks were filled with the usual Manila Sunday crowds of natives who watched the proceedings silently. A few women were weeping. It was very evident that the Japanese Army was "making face" by a studied plan of humiliation for Americans before the local population. (We learned later that all Filipino troops had

been unloaded properly at a wharf.) Filipino policemen, whom we occasionally passed, looked the other way.

One American woman, on a sick pass from Santo Tomás Internment Camp in Manila, was an eyewitness of our jaded procession. She described it thus:

"The grimmest, most tragic day to me came on a sunny Sunday morning. We had heard that the victors intended to bring the prisoners from the Rock and put them in Bilibid, and we had all been watching, as we expected them to be taken through town in trucks, and no one knew the route. But not those little yellow devils that would be too humane. So from twelve o'clock that noon until six I watched what the Jap newspapers called the 'March of Humiliation'; watched my countrymen, ragged and barefoot, weary and defeated, marched through the streets of Manila for six hours. But it was mistaken propaganda on the part of the Japs, for the Filipinos watched with sympathy and tears for the defeated not cheers for the victors."¹

By the time we reached the Army and Navy Club corner everyone was really concerned about how much farther we were going. As for myself, I had had no sleep for two nights and nothing to eat since Friday night but one little can of C rations, so I was none too fit. Turning right on Calle San Luis, we passed the University Club where, from an upstairs window, unknown to us, General Wainwright was observing our bedraggled column. (He had been held there with his staff since May 8.) On to Taft Avenue we continued, then across the Quezon Bridge to Azcaraga and into old Bilibid Prison, the former Philippine civil penitentiary.

While not a long march, not over seven miles, our poor condition coupled with the attendant circumstances of heat, carrying a load, and mental agony, made it an exhausting experience. As I sank on the concrete floor of the vacant building in which my group was put, I exclaimed, "If I never move until the end of the war it's all right with me."

¹Mary Harries, in *Philippine Postscripts*, December 1945.

However, upon looking around I discovered plenty who were much worse off than I. A number, including Colonel Bunker, had suffered heat prostrations en route and had been brought on in by truck. Lieutenant Colonel W. B. Short of the Harbor Defense Staff had collapsed at the gate and was seriously ill. He never regained consciousness but died the next day at the Naval Hospital at Pasay Elementary School to which he and several other march casualties had been taken.

Soon after Pearl Harbor the Asiatic Fleet had departed from Manila Bay, but the Cavite Naval Hospital under Captain R. G. Davis, USN, had been left behind. When captured in January, 1942 this unit had been moved by the Japanese to the Pasay Elementary School where it had remained. Also sent there from our Corregidor évacués was General Moore and the group with him. All other troops and civilians were quartered in Bilibid, Americans and Filipinos being separated by a fence with no communications permitted.

For meals, cooked rice only was issued but we were happy to get that regularly and soon found means to supplement it by an "over-the-wall grab bag." The system was to tie pesos to a stick or stone and toss it up to the Jap guard on the rear prison wall. He took his rakeoff and had the Filipino outside the wall toss over something edible, perhaps a dozen bananas, or a bag of candy, or a box of cookies. The lineup for this privilege was a continuous performance.

Better value for our dwindling funds however was found in "through-the-gate pies." A side gate which faced a back alley was securely closed and barred. A wide crack however, did permit passage of not-too-thick articles. An enterprising Filipino boy bought pies, all kinds, at a nearby bakery for 50 centavos and passed them through the gate to us for a peso. But were they worth it! That worked satisfactorily until the guards discovered what was going on. The crime was not our unauthorized obtaining of food but the failure of the Filipino to pay them a commission on the deal. Accordingly he was brought into the compound, beaten up, and kicked out the gate. A few days later the custom was reestablished by another

native who dutifully divided his profits with the Japanese. There's nothing like "Co-Prosperity."

After the capitulation we had heard nothing further from our friends at Fort Frank and Fort Drum, the two smaller fortified islands over near the Cavite shore. It was therefore with much pleasure that I discovered, after our arrival in Bilibid, that they had rejoined us. They also had participated in the day's harrowing experiences. Both Fort Commanders, Colonel Napoleon Boudreau and Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Kirkpatrick, had absorbing stories to tell.

According to Boudreau the Japanese did not arrive at Fort Frank until 1:30 p.m. May 7. After checking the garrison they designated 14 officers and 60 enlisted men to remain on the island and transferred the balance by boat to Wawa, on the coast south of the entrance to Manila Bay.

During the heavy bombardments of Forts Frank and Drum, from Cavite Province, back during January, February and March, we on Corregidor had suffered in sympathy as we watched shell after shell of 240mm² burst on the little islands.

The Japanese plan of campaign at that time, as they revealed to us later, was to reduce Drum and Frank to impotence by unprecedented artillery concentrations, after which they expected to advance past them from the south on Fort Hughes and the tail of Corregidor (Fort Mills). Accordingly they emplaced their artillery mass in concealed positions in Cavite Province and proceeded to pound the fortified islands with their 105mm, 150mm, and 240mm howitzers.

During this period intermittent fire reached Corregidor but it was progressively heavier on Hughes, Drum and Frank, especially the latter two. With perfect observation from the Pico de Loro hills, high above Forts Frank and Drum, the Japanese had been able to adjust their artillery fire very accurately. While this was in progress Bataan surrendered and the enemy changed his strategy, moving all his heavy artillery back through Manila into the southern tip of Bataan in order to support a direct assault on Corregidor.

²240mm = about 9.45 inches.

Soon the situation was reversed. Our friends on Frank and Drum painfully observed the incessant pounding we received day and night. Colonel Boudreau stated that Corregidor resembled an active volcano.

"For weeks before the surrender," said he, "smoke could be seen rising from the various fires of burning buildings or ammunition dumps. Bursting shells or bombs were so continuous that I wondered how anything could live there. Then suddenly several batteries would blaze forth returning the Japanese fire for a few minutes, then subside.

"There were two tremendous explosions of dynamite stores but nothing could compare with the spectacular sight of Battery Geary blowing up on the afternoon of May 2. I estimate the column of flame and smoke to have risen six thousand feet and the dense cloud lasted several minutes. It seemed like the whole top of Corregidor had blown off.

"At night the smoke haze above the island glowed reddish from the fires still burning while the sparkling display of bursting shells flashed every few seconds in the semi-darkness."

Later, in prison camp, Japanese informed various prisoners of war that they had 422 guns firing at Corregidor and that they fired over 200,000 artillery shells during the last ten days prior to surrender. That meant one shell bursting every four seconds, day and night, on our two square miles of island.

A revealing incident occurred during the few days' imprisonment of Boudreau's detail at Fort Frank. On May 15 Lieutenant Fuji, the Japanese officer in charge, told Boudreau he was sending his sergeant major to a barrio on the mainland for supplies and inquired if he would like to send for anything. Lieutenant Colonel Stennis who was present gave him twenty pesos to purchase bananas, which should have been enough for a truckload. When the sergeant major returned he placed a basket of bananas on the office table and proceeded to fill all his desk drawers. Then two Jap soldiers picked up handfuls and walked out. The sergeant handed Stennis three bananas only and started off with the remainder. Stennis called

Fuji's attention to what was happening and complained, "Those were our bananas."

There followed a big argument with the sergeant maintaining, "You got yours."

Stennis started opening drawers and showing the lieutenant bananas everywhere. Boudreau remarked, sotto voce, "Just an old Spanish custom," but the interpreter caught it.

All were angry by that time and the lieutenant's face had turned red. The sergeant set the basket down again, picked up a ripe squashy banana and threw it at Stennis. His aim was rather poor and Chaplain Carberry, who happened to come through the door just at that moment, caught it full on the chin. He bowed gravely, murmuring, "Arigato" (thanks), while the sergeant walked out with the remainder of the bananas.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Colonel Kirkpatrick had had his troubles. Fort Drum, which he commanded, was a small island which our Engineers had converted into a concrete battleship back about 1914. It boasted two turrets, each mounting two 14-inch guns, while on each side were batteries of two 6-inch guns in casemates. A 3-inch gun on the stern and two fixed 3-inch antiaircraft guns completed her armament except for small arms. We considered her invulnerable. Evidently the Japanese arrived at the same idea as their propaganda paper later commented: "The Nippon bombardments and bombings did not do much damage to this stronghold."

Upon receiving word of General Wainwright's decision to surrender, Kirkpatrick had proceeded to carry out his secret "destruction order" and had really wrecked the place. Thus it was a sorry sight that greeted the Japanese when they arrived at 1:30 p.m. next day, May 7. Leaving Master Sergeant Burns and a half dozen other soldiers at Fort Drum they transferred Lieutenant Colonel Kirkpatrick, his several officers, about 200 American enlisted men and the contingent from Fort Frank to Wawa as previously mentioned.

Immediately began some of the unvarnished cruelty of which our captors were capable. As Kirk gave me the story, the entire

group was put to work on the beach, hatless, carrying coral rock to repair and extend the breakwater. The tropic heat was merciless yet they were given no water nor food for 36 hours, the work continuing right on through the night. By the next afternoon there were several cases of heat prostration; lips had cracked open and in desperation men were trying to drink sea water.

Kirkpatrick proved himself a real leader the way he cheered his men's drooping spirits. According to one of his officers he told them, "We're not licked! Nobody captured Drum or Frank. The Japs never overran us so you're not licked now. Hold up your heads and strut your stuff!"

Finally a Jap officer arrived and things eased up a little. Kirk said he nearly got into trouble insisting that his men should work under their own officers. He was so incensed over the treatment his men were receiving that tears came to his eyes, whereupon the Jap officer offered him his pistol if he wanted to go and end it all.

The next day the group was moved from the beach into a two-story building nearby where they remained until Saturday, May 23. On that day all remnants were consolidated at Wawa and transferred by boat to Manila in time to get dumped into the water with the rest of us at Parañaque beach and join our motley parade through Manila to Bilibid prison.

Among the few prisoners whom we found already at Bilibid was Colonel J. W. Worthington, VC, of Brownsville, Texas. He had escaped from Bataan after the surrender but had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. His story is indicative of the attitude and conduct of the rank and file of the Japanese forces in this, their first victory over American arms.

On the afternoon of April 9 he and First Lieutenant George A. Reed of the Bataan "Tankers," with three Filipino Scouts, had taken off from Cochin's Point (near the southern tip of Bataan) in a small sailing banca. Passing outside Monja island in order to avoid the Corregidor minefields they made it safely down the west coast of Luzon and headed for Mindoro. About

daylight on the 10th the banca outrigger broke and unfortunately they stopped to try to repair it. Before long they were overhauled by a fast Japanese sub-chaser which was picking up everyone they could find trying to escape from Bataan. The first thing the Japs did was to take away their shoes, which were then thrown overboard. April is the middle of the hot season in the Philippines and the steel decks were sizzling so that the prisoners' feet were soon blistered. That was bad enough but still harder for the several Americans on board to take was to read the stamping on each steel plate of the deck, "Made in Sandusky, Ohio, USA."

The prisoners' hands had been wired high behind their backs, with a loop up over their shoulders and under their throats. Try it sometime if you're interested in mild torture. Later that day Worthington's group and a few others were transferred to another sub-chaser engaged in similar operations.

That afternoon the crew told the prisoners frankly that they were to have their heads chopped off and one Jap brandished a heavy meat cleaver ominously. Another asked Worthington if they would prefer a firing squad.

"Take your choice," said Doc, "We're not particular."

"You good sport," was the laconic reply.

Over two hundred prisoners having been picked up by the next morning, they were landed at Nasugbu, Cavite Province, a few miles south of the entrance to Manila Bay. Of this number twenty-eight were Americans, about half of whom were wearing glasses. While the Japanese officers looked on several of their soldiers jerked off the Americans' spectacles and ground them under their heels into the dirt.

Then the Japs lined up in two rows facing each other, thus forming a gantlet several hundred yards long which the prisoners were forced to run. The Japs used sticks, rifle butts, clubs and whips and by the time the prisoners had passed through the mill they were a mass of lacerations and bruises. Their hands were still tied behind their backs with a loop over the shoulders and under the chin.

Trucks were next brought up, the prisoners loaded in, and started toward Tagaytay. On the way a Sergeant Tribby, sitting next to Worthington in the truck, worked his hands loose from the wire. While they were passing a cane field he whispered. "This is my last chance. I'm going," jumped clear of the truck and disappeared into the cane.

Trucks were stopped while part of the guards went to hunt for him. An hour and a half later they brought him back and with fists, clubs, sticks, and rifles proceeded to beat him unconscious. A bucket of water served to revive him and as he was coming to they started again and beat him into insensibility. He was then thrown into a truck and the party continued to Tagaytay.

Upon arrival there the twenty-eight Americans were jailed in one room, a small cellar with one high window. The next day wires were removed from wrists and necks but no one was taken out of the hot hole until the third day. In the meantime all twenty-eight men had to eat, sleep, vomit, and relieve themselves, right there in their little cell. A ball of rice per man and a little water were passed in occasionally. Another officer in this party whom Worthington remembered was Lieutenant Edward J. Fitzgerald, Infantry.

On the third day the group was moved across the road to a wooden shack and from there a couple of days later by truck to Pasay Elementary School in the southern edge of Manila. Already there, they found about two hundred POWs who had been captured earlier in the Luzon campaign, including Captain Davis' Naval Hospital Unit. This group had not even heard of the surrender of Bataan. Shortly thereafter, on April 19, these prisoners, except the Naval Hospital outfit, were moved to old Bilibid and put to work clearing the place.

"I was amazed at what I saw there," said Worthington. "In the next few days truck after truck loaded with mail confiscated at the Manila Post Office was hauled away as were many drums of oil, piles of scrap iron, tools and implements. Already the Japs were busy stripping the Philippines of everything of value.

"Then one night several Filipino prisoners went over the wall. It was discovered immediately and we had a special tenko (roll call) at about 3:00 a.m. while other guards searched for the absentees. An hour later they returned with bayonets, sabers and clothes much bloodied.

" 'We got 'em,' was all they said.

"It was evident they had killed somebody although doubtful if the correct ones or that much effort was made to locate the real fugitives. In the darkness all natives looked very much alike.

"For ten days before the fall of Corregidor," continued Doc, "the western horizon was brilliant each night with artillery firing from Bataan and Cavite and the continuous bursting of shells on the Rock. On May 7, the day after General Wainwright's surrender, we saw from Bilibid a huge white streamer suspended high over nearby Rizal Avenue, bearing in large red letters the caption,

THE WAR IS OVER—CORREGIDOR FALLS

and every Jap believed it, too."

For several days after our arrival in Bilibid the Japanese authorities provided no dressing station nor any facility whatever for medical attention although there were a number of cases of pneumonia, dysentery and malaria. Many of us had serious infections. About thirty of the worst cases were put in a vacant room just inside the main gate. This building had no water and the nearest latrine facilities were open pits about seventy-five yards away. Needless to say the place was in an unspeakable condition. Captain Arthur D. Waid, 60th CA, died there of pneumonia on June 1 and we buried him in a corner of the prison compound. His was the first grave of many to come in Bilibid in the next three years. Although there were a number of doctors among the prisoners most of them were in bad shape themselves and medicine was almost non-existent. I remember one especially however, Captain Samuel M. Bloom, Med-Res., who sacrificed himself unstintingly in

an effort to relieve suffering. I have never seen him since but War Department information indicates he came through safely.

Soon the American Base Hospital No. 2, headed by Colonel Jim Gillespie, came in from Bataan. Included among the patients were Colonels Hugh Dumas, Don Hilton, Ed Atkinson and Frank Brezina, who recalled the artillery duelling between Japanese batteries and Corregidor. This hospital had been located in the valley of the Real River. As this site happened to be defiladed from Corregidor the Japs promptly ringed the hospital area with their batteries.

After the fall of Bataan, knowing our own people would be on the roads, General Wainwright had prohibited our counterbattery fire into Bataan until further notice. In the meantime I furnished each of our battery commanders a map on which the two Bataan hospitals were outlined in red. Thereafter fire was permitted against any definitely located enemy battery. The officers reported our 155s as especially active in counterbattery. Once a shell detonated on a tree top in the hospital area and killed and wounded several, but those were the only casualties from our fire. Another shell landed just a few yards from a Filipino officer group but most fortunately was a dud.

It was soon evident that Bilibid was a staging area only. Each morning fifteen hundred officers and men would depart for a destination unknown but rumored to be Cabanatuan. The final contingent left before daylight on May 29 but at the last minute all colonels were pulled out of the column. Next day the personnel at Pasay Elementary School was brought into Bilibid and the Naval Hospital set up in one of the recently vacated buildings where it functioned, I believe, until liberation.

On the morning of June 3 several who were ailing were transferred to hospital status while General Moore and the remaining twenty-six colonels and Navy captains were loaded into two trucks and headed north. In addition to the Naval Hospital and patients we left a few junior officers and five hundred enlisted men in Bilibid as a Manila work party.

CHAPTER 3

THE BBBs

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THE trip northward by truck was a relief after our drab existence behind Bilibid walls. It was fine to see country which had not been devastated by bomb and shell, with plowing and rice planting in progress and everything beautifully fresh and green. On the other hand, every river bridge, and there are many on the Manila North road, had been demolished, with many trusses down in the water. Emergency repairs or other temporary bridges had been completed by the Japanese so that traffic might continue and we crossed on these makeshift structures.

My thoughts turned to the last time I had traversed that road. It had been in my own car when with my family I had returned from a happy visit to the mountain station of Baguio. A sudden bump in the road rudely reminded me that I was a "battle captive" on the floor of a wheezy Jap truck, wedged between a gas drum and somebody's suitcase, with a guard's knees punching me in the back. His bayonet point wasn't much farther away.

Everyone was starved for fruit. After passing through several barrios where fruit stands showed great piles of large luscious ripe mangos, the guards finally consented to halt the trucks at the next one. Soon we came to where great trees met overhead while on both sides of the road were women and children with baskets of juicy yellow fruit. As the trucks pulled to a stop a sea of arms holding baskets of mangos surrounded us promptly. Everyone bought at least a dozen, for fifty centavos. As we drove away the vendors started tossing additional mangos into the trucks, gifts which gratified both our morale and our palates.

With no word about our destination we would wonder about this or that possibility until we had passed it. About noon we persuaded the guards to stop briefly in the edge of the town of San Miguel where we were able to buy a few small cans

of fish. Just before we moved out a Filipino woman ran up to our truck with a pitcher of milk and a glass. She passed it out as far as it would go while others gave us some brown coconut candy which was equally welcome.

A half hour later we halted in the center of Tarlac and after the usual Japanese delay and dillydallying were driven out about a mile from town to our new camp. The barracks was a two-story wooden structure which before the war had served as quarters for a Philippine Army Air Corps unit. As we lined up in front and spread out our belongings on the ground for inspection we could see in the upstairs windows many of our friends whom we knew had been on Bataan, some of the "BBBs."<sup>1</sup> The officer in charge of the formation was a Lieutenant Ugi who made a short speech in Japanese, then took away our scissors, flashlights, electric razors, and other items, including my violin. Happily it was returned to me a half hour later. Finally they permitted us to roll up our things and go inside out of the heat.

Then we learned that General Ned King with the other general officers and colonels of the Bataan Force, total seventy-seven, and about fifty-two enlisted men had arrived there from Camp O'Donnell a few days earlier. Everyone had much to tell his friends, but it was all bad news. The horrors of the march out of Bataan were related to us while we described our recent rugged weeks before and after surrender. We also learned that all Bataanites had been concentrated at Camp O'Donnell initially and that conditions there beggared description.

When the Japanese Forces landed in Luzon they had brought with them millions of pesos of printing-press invasion money which they put in circulation and the Filipino people were forced to accept this as legal tender. During the march out of

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<sup>1</sup>When the situation in Bataan was daily growing darker and it was finally realized that any help from home was an impossibility, some one, from the depths of despair and disappointment, coined the now familiar couplet that was soon on everyone's lips:

"We're the Battling Bastards of Bataan,  
No papa, no mama, no Uncle Sam."



Bataan some prisoners had bought fruit from natives along the road, receiving in change various denominations of this Jap issued paper money. At least three American officers, discovered by the Japs to have some of this phony stuff in their possession, were taken off the road and shot, but this was not generally known until later.

When each group of weary Bataan marchers arrived at Camp O'Donnell, the prisoners were required to spread out all personal effects for inspection. (Such things as watches or fountain pens had long since been taken by Jap soldiers.) All those found to have anything of Japanese origin were beaten with bamboo sticks and marched off to the guard house. That night they would disappear, without trial or hearing, never to be seen again. Among the Americans thus summarily disposed of were: Colonel Ralph Hirsch, Field Artillery, of Luzon Force Hq.; Major Nelson, Field Artillery, from a tank outfit; Major James H. Hazelwood, AA Brigade Hq.; Captains Eddie Kemp, Reynaldo Gonzales, Raymond Twaits, Wm. C. Schuetz, and Sergeants Keeler and Prosser, all of the 515th Coast Artillery (AA), and several other enlisted men.

Objectionable articles found in their possession varied. One had a small Jap flag; several had samples of invasion money, and one, Captain Schuetz, had a small Japanese fan. His case is especially sad. Being from a motorized outfit he had ridden into camp in a truck. During the ride which had been excessively hot, some Jap guard had given him a paper fan. When detrucking at O'Donnell he dropped it on the floor of the vehicle. When all were out, one of the Jap soldiers present picked up the fan and asked, "Whose is this?"

Nobody claimed it, then someone said, "Shuetz was fanning with it," and handed it to him, thus unwittingly sending him to his death.

The guards arbitrarily assumed that anything Japanese had been garnered from bodies of their dead in Bataan. No questions were asked; the unfortunate POWs were simply marched off to their execution.

Living conditions at O'Donnell were unbelievably foul. Thousands of prisoners were sick with malaria, diarrhea, or dysentery. When a man was almost gone he would be carried to the already overflowing hospital on a door or whatever could be picked up. Details passed through the wards occasionally and collected the dead. Corpses would be stripped and laid aside until the Japs authorized the next burial party. Clothing of the deceased was supposed to be washed later and reissued to those who had none.

In the hospital there was no water for washing patients or the floor. Many, too weak to move, were lying in their own excreta with maggots crawling over them. The doctors and Medical Corps men did their best but had little to do with. It was understood that the Archbishop of Manila had sent some sulfa drugs which the Japs had taken for themselves. Not infrequently a dysentery patient, not in hospital, who had started to the latrine would be found on the ground, dead, en route.

A row of straddle trenches was located not over seventy-five yards from a row of kitchens and there were no screens in camp. Millions of flies covered feces and food impartially. Americans were dying, forty or more a day, while the Filipino death rate was several times that number. The one 1-inch pipeline for drinking water always had a long queue standing in line for hours. Sometimes the Japs would shut off the water for a while. When it was turned on again and it was time to close up the line it was not unusual to find that one or two had died in the meantime. Major William C. Ball, a Coast Artillery officer, believed that he simply could not eat rice. As there was nothing else to eat he crawled under a barracks and died.

As a further humiliation all burial parties had to be led by a prisoner carrying a Jap flag. Similarly when General King, the senior American officer, went to headquarters for anything a POW bearing a Jap flag had to precede him. The Japs furnished the flag.

All over camp, on buildings and posts, the following Proclamation was prominently displayed:

## PROCLAMATION

Any of those captives who commit the following acts shall be shot to death

1. Those who escape or attempt to escape.
2. Those who attempt to escape, disguised as civilians.
3. Those who inflict injury upon the inhabitants or those who loot or set fire.

April 11, 1942

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF  
THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE FORCES.

On at least one occasion the Japanese authorities published an order stating: "The following have been executed this date for attempting to escape." There followed the names of several Filipino soldiers.

The group which we found at Tarlac had been transferred there after about a month of such experiences at O'Donnell. The remaining American officers and men had joined approximately seven thousand Americans from Corregidor via Bilibid in opening a new concentration camp at Cabanatuan. Thereafter, except for one work party and a few hospital cases, O'Donnell was a Filipino camp. Colonel C. Gurdon Sage, 200th CA (AA), New Mexico National Guard, who had been left in command, his adjutant, Lieutenant Colonel E. T. Halstead, AGD, and Corporal E. A. Wuerst, Fourth Marines, were brought into Tarlac two days after our arrival. Sage told me that out of 9,500 American POWs at O'Donnell 1,299 had died before the transfer to Cabanatuan, and that out of 43,000 Filipinos about 13,000 had died by the time he left. Later information indicated that sanitary conditions did not improve and that many thousands died before the remaining Filipinos were finally released.

The camp at Tarlac was under the immediate supervision of Corporal Nishiyama who was the senior of a small Jap detail occupying the guard house at the entrance to camp. Lieutenant Ugi only appeared on rare occasions. General King had designated a POW Camp Staff and affairs were functioning smoothly under their direction. Colonel Floyd Marshall acted

as a kind of first sergeant for the officers' group, checking attendance with the Japanese at morning and evening roll calls. Colonel Jimmy Manees performed the same duties with the enlisted men. Other staff members were:

|                        |                                   |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Interpreter            | Colonel Bob Hoffman               |
| Supply Officer         | Colonel Chuck Lawrence            |
| Surgeon                | Lieutenant Colonel Harold Glattly |
| Laundry Officer        | Colonel Pat Callahan              |
| In Charge of Kitchen   | Colonel Dick Rogers               |
| In Charge of Mess Hall | Colonel Phil Fry                  |
| Post Exchange Officer  | Colonel Charlie Steele            |
| Assistants             | Colonel Stuart MacDonald          |
|                        | Colonel Don Hilton                |
|                        | Colonel Al Stowell                |

With the senior group at Tarlac we found Major Dean Sherry, Infantry, a former Police Judge of San Diego, California. He had been on duty in Manila when the war broke and had been placed in charge of the Japanese Civilian Internee Camp at Muntinglupa, twenty miles south of the city. Upon the advance of the Japanese Army, Sherry had withdrawn to Bataan with the US Forces. However, his kindly treatment and courteous handling of the internees' problems earned their continuing gratitude. As a result, presumably, he was selected for preferential treatment after the surrender by being sent to the senior officers' camp. In view of what transpired in the next three years it would appear to have been a doubtful honor.

A few of the ranking officers had single beds but the rest of us were on double-decked bunks of board slats. There were no mattresses and no bedding but most of us had carried one blanket. After we had been there about a week I secured an empty burlap bag and stuffed it with some grass and weeds I had cut with a piece of tin, in order to get a pad of some kind under my bony hips. That worked so well that I made a smaller one for a pillow.

I was glad to find that my old friend Colonel Everett C.

Williams, Field Artillery, had survived Bataan and O'Donnell although he was very lank and emaciated. We had been captains together at Fort Shafter, Honolulu, in 1923-24 under General Summerall. Recently he had been General King's Chief of Artillery for the Luzon Force. After the surrender of Bataan the Jap radio in Manila had told of Williams having gone forward with the white flag. The story briefly, as he gave it to me, was this:

Following General King's analysis of the then hopeless situation on the night of April 8-9, 1942, which forced his decision to surrender, Colonel Williams and Major Marshall Hurt started forward with a white flag at about 3:00 a.m. Proceeding by car to the front lines by daylight the 9th, they contacted the Japanese at about 6:30 a.m. and were conducted to Division Headquarters.

Their message of surrender was transmitted to General Homma who sent his Chief of Staff, a lieutenant general, to conduct the negotiations, stipulating however that General King should come forward. Accordingly, holding Williams as hostage, Major Hurt was sent, accompanied by a Japanese officer, to carry a message back to General King. The general then came forward and at Lamao the memorable meeting took place by the terms of which, for the first time in history, a large American force surrendered to Japan.

Later, in prison camp, I asked Colonel Gilmer Bell what event during the Bataan campaign had left the deepest impression on his memory. He considered for a moment then said:

"I was at General King's Headquarters the night before the surrender. I have never seen a human being suffer the agony which he experienced during his gethsemane on that dark night of April 8-9 when he was arriving at his decision to surrender. I'll never forget that as long as I live."

On June 9 we were delighted to be joined by General Wainwright and several of his staff who had been held at the University Club in Manila ever since the surrender. Besides the General the party included Brigadier General Beebe, Colonels

Pilet and Traywick, Lieutenant Colonel Pugh, Major Dooley and Technical Sergeant Carroll.

Following General Wainwright's surrender it had been necessary to confirm his radio message to Major General W. F. Sharp, the Visayan-Mindanao Force Commander, in writing. Accordingly the Japs had flown Colonel Jesse Traywick to Mindanao where, under a white flag, he and a Jap officer had passed through the lines to General Sharp with the message. The latter then sent the order to US troops in other southern islands while Traywick was flown back to Manila and rejoined his chief.

Soon after our arrival at Tarlac the Japanese colonel who had been chief of artillery in Bataan appeared for a visit. With him were a half dozen of his battery commanders. General Moore, Colonel Cottrell, Colonel Kohn and I were called in for interviews, with Colonel Hoffman serving as interpreter. The Japanese officers were evidently very proud of the job they had done wrecking Corregidor and this was a kind of joy ride to permit a few of them to crow over us.

They had a fair map of the island and discussed the different objectives of their firings. The little runt of a captain, who claimed to have blown up our Battery Geary, especially had his chest out. Gist of their comments was about as follows:

That they had used more than four hundred pieces of artillery in preparation for the assault on Corregidor (which we had heard before);

That during the final ten days of the siege they had fired an average of fourteen rounds per minute;

That at one time their 240mm howitzers alone averaged twelve rounds per minute for five hours or a total of thirty-six hundred rounds during that period;

That they were well pleased with themselves.

We told them frankly that their artillery had been the deciding factor in the campaign. We had had lots of aerial bombings and could have stood lots more, but their terrific concentrations of accurate short-range artillery fire had dis-

abled many batteries, destroyed observation posts and communications and pinned us to the ground.

They evinced considerable curiosity as to the location of some of our 155s. In the latter part of April it had become apparent that everything visible from Bataan would be put out of action, thus crippling our counterbattery work. To remedy this desperate situation we had selected a number of 155mm positions defiladed from Bataan. Guns were emplaced in some of these to fire counterbattery. At night they would be moved to other positions and the scheme repeated. Toward the end these roving batteries, with whatever mortars remained, had been our chief reliance for counterbattery weapons. When this was explained to the Japanese there was much excited chattering which was still going strong as they departed.

About that time we were divided into groups, each of which consisted of about ten prisoners. It was explained that within the group each member was "his brother's keeper," and that if anyone started to escape the others should restrain him otherwise all would be shot, *also* the senior officer in camp. General Wainwright made one request only: "If anyone contemplates taking off," he said, "Please let me know so I can go too."

Occasionally Corporal Nishiyama would bring in a stack of the Manila Sunday papers, propaganda-controlled, of course. The Japanese just then were riding the crest of the wave after their initial successes. With their forces spread out from the Aleutians to the Indian Ocean their newspaper screamlines were boasting of their invincibility. One day when Colonel Bob Hoffman (Interpreter) and Nishiyama were talking the Jap noncom asked him, "What do you think about the war now?"

Hoffman tactfully countered that the United States was a large nation, rich in resources and productivity, and that while it would take time he thought that in the end we would win the war.

Nishiyama shook his head sadly. "It's impossible," he said with a deprecating smile. They simply could not believe that

they had not won the war, hands down. It was all over but the shouting and they were going to do that.

The next addition to our ranks was on June 28 when Colonel Nick Galbraith came in from northern Luzon where he had been sent by General Wainwright to contact Colonel J. P. Horan's force in the mountain provinces. The final increment to arrive was a group of fourteen colonels from Bilibid who joined us on July 11.<sup>2</sup> We had left some of these officers there as patients; others had come in to Manila from Corregidor with the Malinta Hospital unit while one, Colonel Stuart Wood, was from Mindanao. Wood had had a number of ups and downs since we had seen him last on April 29. That night he had taken off in one of two seaplanes that had sneaked in and out of the bay south of Corregidor, right under the Jap's noses. His ship was damaged trying to take off the next night from Lake Lanao, Mindanao, and all aboard were eventually captured when General Sharp surrendered. Later he had been flown to Manila by the Japs for special questioning before rejoining our ranks.

On the morning of July 18 the whole camp was shocked to learn of the sudden passing of our friend and comrade Colonel Edwin F. Barry, Ordnance Department, the night before. He had been ill only a few hours with a streptococcus throat infection. In an effort to save his life Captain Ken Lowman, USN, Chief Surgeon, Asiatic Fleet, had performed an emergency tracheotomy by candlelight, the electricity having been shut off earlier. Unfortunately the infection was all too complete and was of a most virulent type. That same night one of the guards whom we nicknamed "Whiskey Pete" rampaged through barracks yelling drunkenly and banging things around. Colonel Hoffman finally quieted him and persuaded him to return to the guardhouse. He repeated this performance every week or so during the time we were held in that camp.

After breakfast our supply officer, Colonel Lawrence, asked Corporal Nishiyama what arrangements the authorities would make for a coffin.

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<sup>2</sup>For list of this group see Appendix.



"You make one," was the reply.

"But we have no materials. Will you have some lumber sent out from Tarlac?" Lawrence asked.

"You make one, *within an hour*," was the cold reply as Nishiyama rode off on his bicycle. Accordingly Private First Class K. V. Keaton, who had a hammer, tore out a partition in one of the ground-floor rooms and constructed a rough box to serve the purpose.

About 10:00 a.m. Lieutenant Colonel Ito, in charge of all prison camps on Luzon, arrived to attend the funeral. No memorial service was permitted. A cold rain which had been blowing all morning continued to beat down as the remains were put in a waiting truck.

Then six of us long associated with Colonel Barry, who were allowed to attend the interment, climbed into the truck also. Other POWs formed two ranks in front of barracks and rendered the hand salute as the truck passed out of camp. The only suggestions of American ways were the rough wooden cross and a bottle on the crude coffin, holding a wild orchid. Conformable to Japanese custom there was the usual package of sweets. The funeral party consisted of Colonels Bowler, Crews, Elmes, Hirsch, Kohn and this writer and two enlisted men whose names I have forgotten. At the Tarlac Municipal Cemetery we were met by the parish priest who conducted final burial services as the driving rain continued. That afternoon, our soldier-poet Brigadier General Eddie Brougher wrote his *Epitaph for Barry* which, with the author's permission I quote:

Angels wept and turned aside  
To hide their tears when Barry died:  
Forlorn event, aye, thrice forlorn,  
A man to love, in freedom born  
Must come to die in bondage here  
Deprived of all that he held dear.  
"In line of duty"—write it down;  
No hero wears a brighter crown.  
God comfort those who now must wait  
With anxious hearts to know his fate.

By special sufferance of the Japanese we varied our Sunday morning breakfasts by singing a few hymns, one verse only, from memory. For example there might be the Doxology, *Holy! Holy! Holy!, Come Thou Almighty King*, and for a final number, *God Bless America*. If Americans at home could have looked in on that mess hall, seen those faces, and heard those voices singing, "God Bless America, Land That I Love!" after all that group had been through, perhaps the Stateside folks would have resolved to work a little harder and longer each day to speed the help that was so long in coming, that came too late for so many.

Thanks to some "fish" glue, which Corporal Nishiyama brought me about that time, I was able to repair my violin. Using a shelter-tent rope in lieu of clamps, and a small tin can in a larger one for a double boiler, I did a fair job which lasted until the next rainy season, when I had to repeat the job.

A cheerful note was contributed frequently at breakfast when Colonel Jim Hughes would lead out with a "Happy Birthday To You" for this or that member who had reached another milestone. Then occasionally Colonel Dick Rogers, the mess officer, would surprise us with doughnuts and coffee instead of the usual breakfast lugao. Rogers had his troubles however, and plenty of them. He was convinced that the rice issued to the kitchen must have been floor sweepings from the mill as it was full of impurities. A continuing chore for the kitchen force was the minute inspection of the daily rice in order to remove such adulterations as gravel, rice husks and just plain trash.

A couple of times each month we would have meat of some kind such as a young carabao or a pig, but fresh vegetables were a rarity. Sometimes a few camotes or a basket of eggplant would be brought in and several times we had "Hong Kong" greens. However, after our first experience with that delicacy many hesitated to indulge due to its very noticeable effect on the intestines. Rogers' ingenuity produced a welcome variation once in a while when a sack of small mongo beans would be delivered to the kitchen. He would clean off a space on the

cement outside the kitchen door, cover it with beans and cover them with burlap bags. After keeping the whole thing moist for about four days he would have a fine crop of bean sprouts such as you might buy in any large States market. Probably the greatest worry for the mess officer was the lack of fuel to cook anything. Many times there was not a splinter in camp until the Jap truck would finally arrive with a sorry load of wood for the kitchen.

At the same time our Japanese guards were having plenty of corned beef and fish with their rice. One of our enlisted men, Staff Sergeant A. J. Bland, was permanent KP for the Japs so their menu was no secret from us.

Toward the end of July Lieutenant Ugi was replaced by Lieutenant Ura but nothing happened except the usual speeches. However, when Lieutenant Colonel Ito visited camp on August 2 he volunteered the surprising information that we were to be moved soon but would not say when or where.

General Wainwright told us that when he requested that American POWs be paid regularly in accordance with international custom, Colonel Ito replied that it was "being considered." Then on August 7 Ura announced that we would depart on August 12 for Japan or Taiwan (Formosa). Actually we broke camp on the 11th.

The previous afternoon we were assembled and ordered to sign a statement to the effect that we would not try to escape. After investigating the matter General Wainwright told us it was in no sense a "parole," would not prevent our taking advantage of any rescue, and, in view of the probable consequences of a refusal, authorized us to sign. This was evidently intended to cover the trip to our new camp and proved to be a routine requirement in Japanese POW regulations.

The same proposition came up twice again under changes of regime and location. However, they didn't believe us. The rigidity of the guard system increased steadily with the progress of the war, instead of relaxing. Inviolability of one's word, we were to learn on many occasions, was not an oriental virtue. To break one's word was of no moment. But to be accused

of it! Ah—that was to lose face and became a serious matter.

As I lay on my slat bed for that last night at Tarlac I remember hoping that our next camp might furnish something better.

Everyone was up at 3:30 a.m. and, there being no electricity, finished packing and had breakfast by candlelight while the rain poured. Roll call was at 5:30 a.m. A half hour later a light truck arrived to transport the heavy pieces a few officers had, and the sick. Otherwise everyone carried his own things on the two-mile hike to the railway station. Fortunately the sun came out brightly just as we marched off, which we would like to have thought presaged better days ahead. Vain hope indeed! As before, in Manila, the Filipinos along the road were silent and frightened-looking. Upon arrival at the depot we were soon packed into the diminutive day coaches and the train pulled out for Manila.

The natives cultivating the green fields we passed seemed quite oblivious of the war but each crowded station platform had its quota of Jap soldiers. A northbound passenger train we met in one station showed that all operating personnel were from the Japanese Army.

The best feature of the trip by far was the opportunity to buy food through the car windows at each stop. At every station our eager hands were reaching for the large trays of fried chicken that were offered, as well as hard-boiled eggs, native sausage, and rice cakes. At some stops fruit could be had such as mangos or bananas. And how we reveled in such extravagance! While we were not permitted to leave the car during the journey we were not disturbed otherwise.

We pulled into Manila's Tondo Station at about noon. The train had hardly stopped when our noon meal, consisting of small individual loaves of bread, was passed through the car windows to us. Trucks were standing by, with American soldier POW drivers, to take us to the transport. As soon as we were loaded the trucks pulled out going via Calle Rosario and the Jones Bridge to Pier 7 where we de-trucked and marched out alongside the *Nagaru Maru*.

Manila appeared a deserted city. Most shops, stores, or markets were closed, many being boarded up and the barricades covered with Japanese signs. The Escolta, heart of Manila's business district, showed only a couple of carromatas<sup>3</sup> in the distance with a half dozen shoppers on the shady side of the street. The Pasig River wharf area, usually teeming with activity, with many ships loading and unloading on both banks and numerous launches chugging about, was a scene of inert quietude as the river's muddy sluggish current lazied along in the summer sun toward the Bay.

Out on Pier 7 we were soon moved inside the building, almost but not quite out of sight of the gangplank. The reason was soon apparent. In accordance with Japanese custom the ashes of those fallen in battle were being returned to their homeland. For nearly two hours a long line of Japanese soldiers was occupied passing the hundreds of little white boxes, hand over hand, up into the ship. Each box contained a knee cap or some similar portion of the ashes of one of their comrades. Most of these casualties undoubtedly had been incurred during the Bataan and Corregidor operations. The Japanese teaching of course is that the highest honor one can achieve is to die in battle for the Emperor and have his ashes sent home to be enshrined with Japan's illustrious dead at the famous Yasukuni Shrine on Kudan Hill in Tokyo. It was the great Emperor Meiji who had taught them:

Duty is heavier than a mountain;  
Death is lighter than a feather.

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<sup>3</sup>Carromatas are light, two-wheeled, box-like vehicles. Before the war, thousands of them, drawn by Filipino ponies, thronged the Manila streets. They were the principal means for cheap native transportation.

## CHAPTER 4

### WELCOME TO TAIWAN

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LATER in the afternoon we boarded the *Nagaru Maru*, rather skeptical as to what quarters we would find in view of our previous experience with Japanese transports. Our fears were well founded. Just as before there was the wide extra shelf built in between decks in order to increase capacity. A few ranking general officers were assigned to ship's officers' cabins but the remaining officers and men were simply headed down the stairway into the hold after which it was every man for himself. By the time we all got down we were sitting in each other's laps and stretching out was impossible. Colonels Dougherty, Selleck and I shared a space too small for even one of us. We took turns, one going on deck at a time so the other two might have a little more room. The same primitive sanitary arrangements we had encountered before were provided on the forward well-deck while the galley and adjacent hot tea tub were located aft. This tea was the only drinking water furnished us during the voyage.

There was no dining room for us nor even mess tables on deck. Instead we were divided into messing groups of fifteen. For meals each group received a bucket of rice topped with a compartment tray containing a small piece of fish for each prisoner and some queer pickled vegetables. Usually there would be a few salty cherries and occasionally some seaweed, slightly sweet. We used our own messkits and just sat down on the deck to eat wherever we could find room. The system was simplicity itself.

We remained at Pier 7 until after breakfast next morning when we cast off, moved out beyond the breakwater and dropped anchor. Late that afternoon we finally got under way, in a convoy of four vessels led by a Jap destroyer escort. Their plan evidently was to exit Manila Bay at about dusk. All POWs were ordered below but from an interior stairway, through an

open door, I had a farewell glimpse of Corregidor about 6:00 p.m. as we passed out the North Channel. Its scarred face and somber forbidding lines in the gathering darkness, were in keeping with the many grim secrets which "The Rock" would never disclose.

Once outside Manila Bay we headed northward, with Bataan in the distance to our right—Bataan of stirring deeds and buried hopes! At about 8:00 o'clock we were permitted on deck for a time but smoking was prohibited. Meanwhile our destroyer and the other vessels had disappeared while the *Nagaru* had speeded up gratifyingly to probably eighteen knots, zig-zagging continuously. The ship was blacked out completely which was OK with us, especially as many of us had no life preservers and no instructions had been issued for abandoning ship in an emergency. We could only pray that no American submarine discovered us. We were spared any worry as to being bombed. We'd seen no American planes for months.

En route we had several hundred Japanese soldiers for ship-mates, probably going home on furlough. Their messing arrangements were identical with ours but they had at least double our floor space per man. It was from the group in our hold that we first learned of the Japanese five-point daily "oath of fealty." According to their custom, at dawn and again at night, all service personnel stand, uncover, face toward the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, bow "very reverently" and repeat this pledge in unison:

1. The soldier's first duty is loyalty to his Emperor.
2. The soldier should be courteous.
3. The soldier should be courageous.
4. The soldier should be faithful.
5. The soldier should live simply.<sup>1</sup>

This creed it seems was promulgated by the great Emperor Meiji, grandfather of Emperor Hirohito. Later we were to hear this routine all too many times.

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<sup>1</sup>The translation was given me by Colonel Bob Hoffman.

The second morning out of Manila we eased through a narrow bottle-neck entrance into Takao harbor on the west coast of Taiwan, dropping anchor just astern of the *President Harrison*, repainted a very dark slate and flying the Japanese flag. When the war broke she had been caught "off base" near Shanghai, en route to Chingwangtao to pick up the North China Marines.

In addition to the *Harrison* there were dozens of ships in Takao harbor such as freighters, tankers, transports and at least one hospital ship. The latter was easily distinguishable, being painted pure white with a broad green band around the middle. Large Red Cross emblems were displayed on port and starboard sides and on the boat deck.

Also nosing about were many sampans or native small boats, familiar to all who have visited Chinese ports. Skillfully operated by a single large oar at the stern serving both as propeller and rudder, the native oarsmen maneuver them at will, but how will always be a mystery to me. Soon after we dropped anchor two of these boats came alongside with large baskets of luscious-looking bananas which the Jap soldiers on board were soon enjoying. Any of us would have given his shirt for a few.

At about 11:00 o'clock we were told to prepare to debark so everyone packed up. Then we stood in line for three hours on the sunny steel deck waiting for the necessary motor barges. "Hurry up and wait" had already become the habitual mode in our dealings with the Japanese. Eventually we were transferred about two miles farther inside the harbor and piled aboard an old relic of the China Coast trade, the *Otaro Maru*.

There were no signs of life aboard and no smoke visible from her one funnel. Her equipment was heavy with rust and her coat of paint, if any, was long gone. As someone remarked, "She appeared to have been sunk sometime, and partly raised." One wondered if the old hulk would even run. There were no electric lights, but an old kerosene lantern hung at the head of the companionway leading down into the small after-hold



where seventy-eight of us, officers and men, were jammed. How I do *not* like Japanese transports!

In the forward hold a similar number had been stowed away. It was the usual setup. In order to double the capacity a shelf had been built three and one-half feet above the floor, except directly under the hatch. There were no portholes nor ventilating system. We could only sit and suffer, huddled under the hatch.

The new set of guards who had taken over appeared scared to death. Two of them stood on deck, watching us with wide staring eyes and fixed bayonets at the "charge." Only two prisoners at a time were permitted to go up to the toilet. The Japs probably feared a mass mutiny by these wild Americans and were resolved to be ready.

A fat elderly interpreter had become our intermediary with the Japanese officer in charge. Late in the afternoon he appeared with the good news that we could go up on deck for forty minutes, so up we scrambled, and what a relief! We were anchored about one quarter mile from the near shore which was lined with the typical docks and warehouses of any port. Considerable railroad activity was evident and frequently we could hear the whistles of locomotives. A single church spire, topped with a cross, rose above the low skyline. In the distance a few planes circled about suggesting the presence of a nearby airfield. One could not escape the thought that this land-locked harbor full of shipping together with an adjacent airfield, offered a marvelous bombing target. Twenty-six months later a carrier task force took advantage of this situation.

"Time is up," announced the interpreter, ending our brief respite and returning us to our hot crowded quarters. As we made our preparations for the night someone suggested that this ghost ship might be our permanent internment station. Nice going-to-bed thought!

Ripley should have been there the next morning. During breakfast there were unmistakable sounds of hissing steam, creaking joints and general restlessness. "White Cargo" seemed to have given the ancient tub a shot in the arm. By eight

o'clock, believe it or not, her propeller was turning slowly and we were actually getting under way.

There ensued then a 24-hour slow drag at about 8 knots during which we rounded the southern tip of Taiwan and chugged our way through a choppy sea some hundred miles up the rugged eastern coast of the island. Soon after breakfast we nosed into the calm inlet which was the approach to the port of Karenko.

After some preliminaries the ship pulled alongside the wharf and several military officials came aboard with instructions for our debarking. Once ashore we were marched into a big warehouse where, with all doors guarded by glistening bayonets, we were checked and rechecked. A couple of trucks then departed for the new camp taking the sick and part of the hand baggage. Carrying the remainder we lined up in a column of fours for the 5-kilometer hike.

Our route was lined with curious natives who I am sure had never before seen so many white people. They were of all ages and sizes but I saw not one happy face in the crowd. Most were silently impassive, seemingly wondering what all this was about. This was especially true of the multitude of school children who had been turned out "to see the parade." Like going to the circus! I noticed that several women, presumably native Formosans, had a green stripe tattooed across the face from ear to ear while an occasional bright kimono or parasol lent a colorful note.

The city of Karenko was about an hour's march from the port. Just before reaching it, however, we turned off to the right, through a gate, into our new prison compound. Along the left side was a long two-story wooden barracks which was to be our home for some months. It was dark-stained, with black-tile roof, many windows, and surrounded by porches upstairs and down. Over on the far side, behind a high hedge, the roof of the cook house appeared. In the far corner were a few smaller buildings used by the Japanese. Otherwise the rest of the compound was an open area studded with trees and crossed by numerous paths. Across the quadrangle, on the side

opposite the barracks, broad steps led up a 30-foot terrace to another level on which stood the Japanese Administration Building, "the hill" to POWs.

As the column closed up inside the compound we lined up in front of the barracks building. In a few minutes several Japanese soldiers arrived from the direction of the kitchen with large new buckets of hot water. Although tasting strongly of the camphor wood buckets the hot drink was most welcome.

By that time several Jap officials had arrived, headed by a cantankerous old cross-patch whom we promptly dubbed "Old Sourpuss." Later we learned that this was Lieutenant Colonel Nakano, the "Main Commandant," in charge of all prisoner of war camps in Taiwan. He growled, fumed and fussed continuously at the Reserve lieutenant who was in immediate charge of the POW group. After considerable difficulty this officer got us into the required formation for the salute or "Kei rei" (Kay-ray to Americans) for the Main Commandant.

This was then repeated for the local Camp Commander, Captain Imamura, a wizened bespectacled veteran with numerous campaign ribbons. It seems that he had been a contemporary of the Colonel but had been retired and later recalled to active duty. His chief pride and joy: The Imperial Japanese Army; chief hate: America and Britain.

Mounting a bench Captain Imamura proceeded to deliver his "welcoming" address, in Japanese of course, with great earnestness. The new camp interpreter then read us the English version which a POW retrieved a few minutes later when Mr. Koga was careless enough to drop it. It was as follows:

#### INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

I am head of this prisoners' camp. Having received you here I wish to instruct you as follows:

You have shown your great loyalty and patriotism to your fatherland, but your strength was exhausted, or you were wounded in the battlefields, and unfortunately you were captured, for which I express deep sympathy as a soldier of the Nippon Army.

Previous to the present War of Greater East Asia, Nippon ardently desired peace over the Pacific, and made her best efforts to settle the

problem peacefully. In spite of such diligent efforts by Nippon the United States and Britain had constantly challenged Nippon and drove her to the most difficult position to keep her prestige and to solve the question of life and death.

Nippon therefore, has taken up arms with heroic determination for the sake of her self defense and the permanent peace of the world. Nippon indeed stood up at the risk of her existence together with her history for the past 3,000 years. One hundred millions of people have united themselves under the August Virtue of

His Majesty the Emperor,

and have desperate determination to strike down our enemies, the United States and Britain, which have been molesting Greater East Asia.

Heaven always sides with justice! Since the outbreak of the war Nippon has annihilated the Pacific Fleets of the United States, Britain, and Australia during the past six months, and has captured all the Dutch East Indies, Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, the Philippines, etc. And now the occupation of Australia is imminent!

Such brilliant results of the war have never been recorded in the history of the wars of the world. Now, not only in the Pacific but in the Indian Ocean also, not a single warship of the United States or Britain is seen. Their aerial forces too are almost entirely annihilated and now not an airplane of theirs is seen flying over our domain. Vast resources of the South Sea Islands, the great treasure of the world, are now all in our hands. Consequently, our military power is being strengthened all the more.

On the other hand such countries as the Republic of China, French Indo-China, Thai, and Burma thoroughly understand the true intentions of Nippon and now cooperate with her to make a rapid progress in the establishment of the New Order in Greater East Asia. This of course is due to the August Virtue of

His Majesty, the Emperor of Greater Nippon,  
who divinely judges everything by humanity and justice.

It is entirely the gracious gift of

His Majesty the Emperor,

that you have crossed over the death line, being assured of the safety of your life, and can enjoy peaceful living. You must therefore be heartily grateful to His Grace. You are required to pay sincere attention to the war with your genuine, honest and sacred heart.

I hope that you will enjoy the peaceful life in this camp and return to your dear families after the restoration of peace, which I hope will not be very long.

The following are general principles which I require you to observe:

1. Anyone who does not observe the Nippon military discipline shall

be severely punished, and the life of such prisoner shall NOT be always assured.

2. To be loath to labor or to express dissatisfaction for food, clothing and habitation is prohibited. Now Nippon, with the solid unity of the people of 100,000,000s is fighting against the United States and Britain with firm conviction of victory. There are no idle persons living in our country. Everyone in the nation is most patriotic and ready to sacrifice himself for the sake of His Majesty, the Emperor. Everyone in the country is willing to endure all sorts of hardships and fighting for the final victory in the war. You must understand therefore that it is nothing but natural that you are not allowed to lead an idle life.
3. The Americans and the English are not allowed to hold the haughty attitude over the peoples of Asia or to look them down which has been their common custom for a long time. If there is any such attitude at all on your part you shall be severely punished.
4. The language spoken daily to you is the Nippon language. English is used only when it is necessary. You must therefore make diligent effort to understand Nipponese for your daily use.
5. If you obey the orders, rules, and regulations in this camp and put them faithfully into practice, you shall be given just protection and be able to return to your fatherland when peace is restored.

Bear in mind that the above speech was delivered in August, 1942 at the climax of Japan's early successes. Nevertheless, the inferiority complex of the speaker is clearly discernible.

Upon completion of this opening blast, tables were produced and, by order, we attached our signature to another scrap of paper stating that we would not try to escape. Incidentally not less than thirty guards were standing around with fixed bayonets to see that we didn't.

We had not long to wait for the next formation which was a "show-down" inspection. After being lined up in several ranks across a grassy area we were required to remove everything but our underpants, spreading clothing and personal things we had carried with us on the grass for a hypercritical examination by Japanese officers. Principal articles confiscated this time were boxes of matches, cigarette lighters and scout

knives. Wooden clogs were then issued to each POW after which we were permitted to don shirt, pants and clogs and proceed into barracks, leaving the remainder of our property there on the ground.

At first there were no bunks issued. Instead each POW was assigned a space on the floor where he found two light and two heavy blankets, a rice husk pillow, set of four dishes and a pair of chopsticks. Our greatest interest, however, after five days of crowded dirty travel, was in a bath. A stone-floored laundry area in rear of barracks included four circular concrete tubs with running water. What an invitation! Within a jiffy everyone was noisily splashing water in an enjoyment rivaling a bunch of kids at the old swimmin' hole.

After supper we were formed outside again and instructed in the proper performance of "Tsai kei rei" or "bowing very respectfully" toward the Imperial Palace. This was to indicate our gratitude to the Emperor for "being assured of the safety of our lives." Northeasterly from the assembly area a white post had been set in the ground, bearing a vertical inscription which meant something like: "In this direction resides His August Majesty, the Emperor."

We were instructed that at the conclusion of roll call, upon command of the Japanese Officer of the Day, we would uncover and bow very respectfully toward the white post. We then rehearsed the ceremony several times. It was fortunate perhaps that the Japanese officer could not hear the muttered imprecations of these vituperative veterans during this little formality. Didn't Dorothy Parker say, "A girl's best friend is her mutter?" Perhaps we could extend that to include POWs as well. This rite was a daily morning requirement thereafter at Karenko.

Within the next two or three days the remainder of our unconfiscated property was returned to us, steel cots and straw mattresses were provided for officers, and a new assignment to rooms made in accordance with a permanent squad organization. I found myself in Squad 2 and fortunately assigned to one of the smaller rooms with Colonels Louis Bowler and K. L. Berry. With the later addition of one more officer, who was

changed a couple of times, this congenial family carried on for more than two years.

Among the things returned to me I was delighted to find my old violin. For some reason the Japanese looked kindly on it from the start and various members of the staff came to my room from time to time asking me to play for them. I suppose the novelty intrigued them. Also safe among my things was the Operations Diary which had been in the back pocket of my musette bag. The Japs had opened the front flap and pawed through the contents but had omitted looking in the back compartment.

Squads at that time consisted of twenty or more POWs, depending on room assignments, of whom one member was designated by the Japanese as Squad Chief. If I remember correctly the first group of Squad Chiefs consisted of Major General King, Colonels Berry, Corkill, Lawrence, Selleck, and Master Sergeants Cavanagh and Whitehurst. Colonel Hoffman was the medical-room interpreter while Lieutenant Colonel Glattly took care of the patients.

The cook house, tucked in behind a hedge at the back side of the compound, was destined to become and remain our chief center of interest. Regardless of the never-changing soup and rice thrice daily, the discussion of the quantity or quality of what *might* come out of the kitchen was ever an absorbing subject. Only four 25-gallon cauldrons were provided for boiling of food and drinking water. Several of our enlisted men, with a sergeant in charge, were detailed by the Japanese to prepare meals for the camp. In time this detail became much sought after.

The allowance per individual per meal was two thirds of a soup bowl of watery vegetable soup with a tea cup of unsalted cooked rice. Many times the rice cup would be far from full. For breakfast two mornings each week our soup would contain "miso," a sour soy bean paste which most of us grew to like and which contained about the only protein we were receiving. An occasional exception would be the addition of a small amount of "tofu" or bean curd which was always welcomed. Imagine

our feelings when the Japs let several tubs of miso spoil in the storeroom because of their niggardly issue.

Food carriers from each squad carried the buckets from the kitchen to their quarters where squad food servers distributed the soup and rice into the respective bowls. And woe to the disher-outer who accidentally slighted some bowl a trifle!

Among the first official acts of the Japanese after our arrival at Karenko was the assignment of POW numbers and the issuance of identification badges bearing name and rank in Japanese phonetic characters and prisoner number. Mine was 25. These badges were to be worn on the left breast pocket. In addition certain shoulder-patch insignia were issued to special details to be safety-pinned on the left sleeve. At first only squad chiefs, their assistants, squad property officers and mess details were so labeled. Later, as a camp staff was built up, additional badges were put out.

Another innovation was the establishment of barracks watchmen whom the Japs called "Vigilant Guards." These were members of a nightly detail consisting of one officer and one enlisted man for each hour from "lights out" until reveille. They were stationed at a table in one of the lower halls leading to the latrine and were equipped with pencil, writing pad and timepiece. Their duties were: (1) To record the names of POWs going to the latrine (benjo), together with time of going and returning; (2) one of each team to tour the barracks each half hour on the lookout for fire or anything unusual. This duty became "benjo guard" to POWs from then on.

The Japanese staff officers were very reticent about disclosing their names for some time. As a result nicknames were promptly assigned, which, though not always complimentary, were nevertheless expressive.

We rarely saw the Camp Commander, the "old Captain," who, we understood, was ill a good deal of the time in a sort of continuing state of dyspeptic irritation. Occasionally we would catch a glimpse of him trudging along, brief case in hand, on the path between the camp entrance gate and his office "on the hill." Such duties as Officer of the Day, holding



conferences with Squad Chiefs, and weekly inspections he passed to the two junior officers.

Next ranking staff officer was Second Lieutenant Nakashima, who, since he always wore boots, became "Boots" to us. In good Japanese style he dragged the heels continually.

Claiming that some member of his family had been mistreated in the United States he was frankly very bitter against Americans. He told us in 1942, seriously, that the Japanese would advance by way of Alaska in 1943 and proceed to invade the United States.

When in an ill humor, and he was rarely otherwise, he could turn on the heat in nothing flat. A word to the Sergeant of the Guard was all that was necessary and in a few minutes several sentries would be circulating through barracks slapping people right and left on one pretext or another.

Perhaps I should explain that when a POW was being slapped or "bopped" as the interpreter called it, there was only one thing he could do. That was to stand still, with hands at sides, and take it. Any other action invited serious consequences as a few discovered later.

One of Boots' favorite pastimes was to assemble all Squad Chiefs and have them copy a set of startling statistics which he had written on the blackboard. These always showed tremendous US losses by sea and air in the Pacific battles, including Midway. Japanese losses were claimed to be insignificant. Following each of these sessions the heat would come on for a few days and we knew that "the Japs had lost another victory."

The other junior officer was Second Lieutenant Wakasugi, a moon-faced, heavy, lazy lout. For reasons of economy I suppose, or otherwise, few Japanese uniforms had belt loops. This fellow's did not. Accordingly his trousers bagged continually and as the seat was built quite full to accommodate his ample *derrière*, the effect was anything but military. "Baggy Pants" or "BP" promptly became his moniker.

All the officers spoke English but persisted in the silly idea that they were making "face" by using an interpreter. Hence,

especially before a group of any size, they never failed to have the camp interpreter, Mr. Koga, present and to speak through him. His mousey manner soon earned him the sobriquet of "Mickey Mouse." Although lacking the lovable qualities of Walt Disney's brainchild he kept the title until someone happened to mention Charley McCarthy's playmate, Mortimer Snerd, he of the prominent upper teeth and receding chin. The resemblance was striking. Thus, with apologies to Edgar Bergen, the interpreter thereafter became "Mortimer" to most Americans.

He had learned his English at a Baptist Mission in Tokyo; had sold books and taught school. Stoop shouldered and bespectacled, he went around in an ill-fitting uniform bravely wearing a sword which threatened to trip him up at every step until he finally learned to hold on to it. He seemed to have tentatively accepted Christianity for whatever benefits might accrue and displayed a knowledge of "Onward Christian Soldiers." However, he definitely approved of all the slapping that came our way and when we complained, asked, "Why didn't you turn the other cheek?"

There were few regrets when he was eventually relieved.

If one could forget his captive status and look about in the daytime the scenic surroundings were really quite attractive. The cloud-capped mountains overlooking the camp from the west were changing color constantly while the deep purples of the intervening valleys reminded me of the Koolau Range as one approaches Honolulu. From the upstairs porch of the barracks we could see the sweep of the river in the bend of which lay our camp. Across the stream was the town of Karenko while beyond and to the east a white fringe in the distance marked a stretch of ocean beach.

On a slight elevation off to the northwest one could see a Buddhist Temple with its Tor Gate entrance. Frequently, standing in ranks awaiting morning roll call, the sound of the big gong in the Temple would reach our ears. Starting slowly its deep resonance would punctuate the stillness with ever in-

creasing tempo until it reached a continuous tone, called the natives insistently to worship.

And down the loaded air there comes,  
The thunder of Tibetan drums.

More Kipling came to my mind the first morning I heard this:

Ye who tread the narrow way  
By Tophet flare to Judgment Day,  
Be gentle when the heathen pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura.

And whose will from pride released,  
Contemning neither creed nor priest  
May feel the soul of all the east  
About him at Kamakura.<sup>2</sup>

I had visited Japan in 1929 but had not included Kamakura in my itinerary. As I stood there in ranks one morning contemplating these matters I was suddenly recalled to the present by the raucous report of a nearby sentry as he saluted the approaching Japanese Officer of the Day. His superior was only a few feet from him but the man's yell was loud enough to be heard across the river. It seems that the more noise a Jap soldier makes the more military his performance. Just then, over near their own quarters at the far corner of the compound, other members of the Jap guard began their morning bayonet drill to the accompaniment of murderous guttural shrieks. Was I just thinking, "Be gentle when the heathen pray?" Rats!

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<sup>2</sup>"Buddha at Kamakura," Rudyard Kipling.

## CHAPTER 5

### INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

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A FEW extracts from the Karenko Camp Regulations are revealing and suggest a little of the mental and physical strain of the atmosphere in which we lived.

Eso (guard house): Prisoners put in detention,

1. Must not make noise.
2. Cannot lie down from morning roll call till lights out.
3. Not allowed a mosquito net.
4. Permitted only rice and water.
5. Not permitted to talk.
6. Not permitted any recreation.
7. Cannot take anything with him but toilet paper.

Meetings: Of any kind are forbidden, except squad meetings to receive instructions.

Obedience: The prisoners must absolutely obey all rules and regulations of the Japanese authorities.

1. They will be punished if they do not obey.
2. Anyone attempting to escape will be killed or injured.
3. When prisoners disobey they will be confined, or bound, or otherwise punished.
4. Whatever their rank or standing all prisoners must salute all members of the Japanese Army.
5. Before saluting the Camp Commander all Prisoners must halt.
6. Prisoners who do not answer questions honestly will be deprived of good treatment.

We had been at Karenko about two weeks when we were joined by the Governor of Guam, Captain George J. McMillin, US Navy, and his orderly FM 1/c Dewey C. Danielson, USMC.

The Governor had an interesting story. Eight Chamorros (natives) from the island of Saipan, 120 miles to the north,

had been landed on Guam on December 8, 1941. The Marines soon found their boat and some empty food cans of Japanese origin and had started looking for the men when the local natives turned them in. The visitors stated that they were to act as interpreters after the arrival of the Japanese Army about three days hence and complained bitterly of their mistreatment at the hands of the Japanese on Saipan. They were put in confinement.

That same morning the attack opened with bombing by land-based planes, 54 being the most seen overhead at any one time. After three days of this softening up process the landing in force took place on the morning of the 11th. Between six and seven thousand Japanese moved in and took over from the handful of defenders. When the Governor was interviewed afterward by the Jap officers they asked him if he did not understand that Japan was very strong. He replied that he knew Japan had been fighting for several years in China and had many thousands of trained troops. He added, "I felt highly complimented that you brought more than 6,000 of them to take Guam from my force of 141 United States Marines."

Judging from the wry faces on the Jap officers the Governor thought it just possible they did not care for his last remark.

The surrendered garrison remained on Guam until January 10, 1942 when Governor McMillin and a party of about six hundred whites were transferred to an internment camp at Zentsugi on the island of Shikoku, Japan, where the Governor continued until brought to our camp at Karenko. In addition to Naval personnel, which included six women nurses, those removed from Guam included a Spanish padre, several American priests, and numerous American civilians employed by naval contractors who were starting to spend the \$80,000,000 Guam defense appropriation. One white man, a German, was permitted to remain on the island.

After repeated requests from numerous POWs the authorities finally gave us permission to establish a Post Exchange Store or "shu-ho," with Colonel Pat Callahan in charge and Colonel

Jack Vance as bookkeeper. All squads were asked for lists of articles they would like to buy. That first consolidated list omitted nothing we could think of in the way of food, clothing, toilet articles, medicine, tobacco, stationery or miscellaneous items. Even included were thermos carafes, pipe cleaners and enema bags. San Francisco might have filled the order but not Karenko!

"You want too many luxuries," complained Baggy Pants, the Jap purchasing officer. However, he did make a raid on the local shops and produced such items as tea, tooth powder and brushes, soap boxes, pencils, cigarette holders and cases, combs, mirrors, shoe laces and similar articles. All were of very poor quality.

Typical were the house slippers or Japanese-style chinelas made of strips of cellophane twisted into a roll and stitched, which they had ordered especially for us. When he brought them in the interpreter proudly announced, "All same size," and they were—about seven whole inches long. Many refused to accept the uncomfortable contraptions. Mine lasted about two weeks.

Most of the things we wanted were unobtainable in Taiwan at any price. Soap was an extremely rare item and it was months before the Japanese Army resurrected a small issue per prisoner. Food was all on a ration card basis, leaving the poor POWs out of luck.

Early in September "Mortimer" called for a conference of Squad Chiefs. (He always said "Scud" for "Squad.") As Berry was out spading up his new individual garden I attended as Assistant Squad Chief. It developed that the object was to teach us how to "Count Off" in Japanese, plus a few standard expressions for use by Squad Chiefs when reporting at Roll Call or "Tenko." We were told that starting the next day all such reports were to be in Japanese.

A mimeograph was issued giving the Jap equivalent for numbers up to 30, together with several simple orders. As will be seen from the phonetic examples given below, the Japanese

vowel sounds are: a as in father; e as in end; i as in machine; o as in old; and u as in use. Thus:

one:	ichi (ee chee)
two:	ni (nee)
three:	san (sahn)
four:	shi (shee)
five:	go (go)
six:	roku (ro ku)
seven:	shichi (shee chee)
eight:	hachi (ha chee)
nine:	ku (ku)
ten:	ju (jew)

Higher numbers were formed very simply. For example: 15 was nothing but ten-five (ju go); 26 was two-ten-six (ni ju roku); 30 was three-ten (san ju). The Squad Chief was the "Han-cho."

The new instructions were passed on to squad members and beginning the next morning and continuing throughout our captivity "Tenko" was held in Japanese.

The Geneva Convention of 1929 provides that "Belligerents shall, so far as possible, avoid assembling in a single camp prisoners of different races or nationalities."

To be sure, Japan was not a signatory to that agreement but we had heard official intimations of their general adherence to International Custom. We were therefore a little surprised to be told, about the time of Captain McMillin's arrival, that many prisoners of other nationalities were expected. A week later they came, ninety-four in all, British and Dutch officers, enlisted men, and high ranking civilians from Singapore (accent on the last syllable, please), and Sumatra.¹

The senior officer of the group was Lieutenant General A. E. Percival, Commanding General Malayan Force. Then there was Major General R. Overakker, Commanding General Mid-

¹See Appendix for list of this group.

dle Sumatra, Mr. Adrian E. Spitz, Governor of Sumatra, Sir Harry Trusted, Chief Justice of the Federated Malay States, Sir Percy McElwaine, Chief Justice, Straits Settlements, and others. This group was lectured by the Camp Commander, as we had been, and all were required to sign the same paper that had been presented to us.

A week later, by himself, came Sir Mark Young, the Governor of Hong Kong. He arrived at about 9:00 p.m. and was received in the orderly room by the Jap OD (Boots) and the civilian interpreter (Mortimer). They were not able to satisfy him as to the contents of the usual paper to be signed so to the guard house he was taken, "for disobedience." There he spent the night on the bare floor of a solitary cell, with a ball of rice and a cup of water for breakfast, passed through a small hole in the door. About 11:00 a.m. he was escorted over to the orderly room again, surrounded by six sentries with fixed bayonets—a ridiculous performance. This time, with the assistance of a British officer, the situation was clarified and Sir Mark signed as ordered.

In the days that followed we swapped many stories with our new friends. They gave us many interesting angles on the campaigns in the southern areas and were equally interested in our defense of Bataan and Corregidor.

I'll admit it was a little difficult to understand them at first, especially the British. It was really amazing the number of words for which we had to learn the British version, not to mention the Oxford accent.

On the serious side the new arrivals had a few stories of their own which showed that the Japs in the southern areas were no different from those we had encountered. Just after the Singapore surrender a small steamer on which twenty-three British nurses and about 130 officers and men were trying to make a getaway was bombed and sunk off Montauk Island in the Sunda Straits but the passengers got ashore safely. The next day the Japs took over the island, disarmed the men, marched them into the woods and shot or bayoneted them.

They then ordered the nurses to wade into the water waist deep and proceeded to machine-gun them there. One girl fell forward though not hit. She floated until the Japs left the beach, then managed to get ashore and into the woods. Later she found a British officer who was still alive and together they made their way to Jap Headquarters where they turned in and were sent to Changi Prison Camp, Singapore Island.

Up the Malay Peninsula a group of seventy-five British POWs were given cigarettes and photographed by Jap newsmen. After the photographers had gone the prisoners were lined up and machine-gunned. All fell. One man who, incidentally, had been wounded twice before, had three wounds in his arms. After dark he was able to crawl into the woods. Later he saw the Japs come back, pour oil on the corpses and burn them. This man was given help and shelter by friendly Chinese but some time later the Malays reported his presence and he was picked up and sent to Changi. Someone always escaped to tell the tale.

British prisoners at Changi Barracks buried about three hundred Chinese who had washed up on the shore there after having been machine-gunned on the beach at Singapore.

Among the early instructions issued to all squads by the Japanese authorities at Karenko were those concerning Air Raid Alarms which were substantially as follows.

The Karenko siren will sound the Air Raid Warning.

All POWs will immediately go to their rooms and lie on bunks; no part of the body, arms, or head to be showing at windows or outside of doors. (*Lest we see or signal to our friends?*)

At night blackout curtains will be drawn. Only lights permitted will be one small blackout globe at each stairway and in benjos.

About once a month the army authorities in that area would order a three-day air raid training period in which case our camp conformed. One day when Brigadier General Clint Pierce was out walking the circuit of the area in front of barracks, the Karenko siren sounded. Pierce, who was wearing his cus-

tomary wooden clogs, started for barracks but not fast enough to suit the ever-present sentry who started chasing him, yelling angrily and throwing rocks at him. Shedding his clogs en route Pierce completed the dash for cover barefooted. Air Raid Drills were invariably accompanied by much excited shouting and running around by the Jap soldiers.

Closely related to their fear of bombing was their deathly fear of fire, and so we had most stringent regulations as to fire prevention. Matches were strictly prohibited. Instead, electric cigarette lighters were provided for each room. Sometimes they worked. Smoking was restricted to certain hours, in our rooms, by an ash tray half filled with water.

A fire drill (Hijo Koshu) which came off one day was a comedy of errors involving a superannuated pump gadget, several lengths of infirm fire hose, and a barefoot bucket brigade of POWs. The museum piece pump was withdrawn from its hideout to observe the proceedings but otherwise did not participate. The aged hose burst when subjected to pressure from a fire hydrant and the only water to reach the supposed fire was supplied by the bucket brigade, barefooted because shoes were prohibited and they could not run in clogs. When the drill was over we had a good laugh as we returned to barracks while those of the Bucket Brigade went to wash their feet. All of us marveled that such a people should imagine they could defeat the United States in war.

There were no chaplains in camp. Nevertheless a letter was submitted requesting permission to hold religious services which was answered as follows:

Prisoners may hold religious services on Sunday under supervision of the Japanese Officer of the Day, within the camp area; the leader to be chosen from the prisoners of war.

Accordingly, both Roman Catholic and Protestant services were held each Sunday morning. The Catholic group met in the Orderly Room at 9:30 a.m. for Mass, the leader being selected each time by Colonel Mike Quinn. Weather permitting,

the Protestant service was held outside an hour later, usually in a grassy area under some trees in one corner of the compound. Each officer squad, in rotation, furnished a leader.

In general, the Protestant order of service conformed to the Protestant Episcopal in the States, or, when the British conducted, to the Church of England, which was very similar. The services were usually well attended and some of the leaders displayed exceptional gifts.

There were a number of prayer books and bibles in camp but no hymnals. However, with the aid of Colonel Bill Braddock's portable Underwood and donations of scrap paper we compiled a set of Camp Hymnals containing about twenty of the more familiar hymns. The list included such old stand-bys as *Abide With Me*, *Onward Christian Soldiers*, *O God Our Help In Ages Past*, and others. Singing of patriotic songs was prohibited, including specifically, *God Bless America*. We did get by with the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* under the title of *Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!* I organized a choir of about a dozen voices as a nucleus for the singing and led the music with the violin. From time to time the choir put on special numbers and occasionally individuals contributed solos. Colonels Lilly and Cornell and Navy Captain Wilterdink were especially helpful in that regard.

It soon became evident that our captors were engaged in a systematic starvation program for us. By international custom prisoners of war are entitled to the same rations as rear area or zone of supply troops.¹ Yet we were receiving less than half the food allowance per man that our guards were allowed. We would see great heaping buckets of rice and heavy thick soup pass our windows en route to the guard house from the Jap kitchen while our individual portions would be part of a tea cup of rice with a half bowl of hot water containing a tablespoonful of leafy vegetables. That happened day after day. And, unfortunately, we did not always receive our meager

¹"The food ration of prisoners of war shall be equal in quantity and quality to that of troops at base camps." (Geneva Convention of 1929)

authorized quota. Counting the wooden bucket weight as part of our rice issue was habitual. We had grown to expect that. But, when the Jap private (quartermaster) who was responsible for issues from the store room, short-changed the kitchen considerably one day, our POW Supply Officer, Colonel Chuck Lawrence, put in a letter stating the facts and requesting that the shortage be made good.

As soon as this Jap soldier heard about it he took it upon himself to "punish" Lawrence. Ordering him to report at the kitchen the young hoodlum proceeded to beat up the American officer, knocking him down and kicking him around savagely, yelling the while like a wild man.

Not satisfied with this he sent for Lawrence to report to him again the next day. This time Chuck took Colonel Bob Hoffman along as interpreter to find out what it was all about. Upon arriving at the kitchen they were surprised to find waiting for them not only the storeroom keeper but also the Sergeant of the Guard, a thick-lipped, heavy-set, repellent-featured individual. These two then continued the previous day's vicious performance. When Hoffman remonstrated he got a sock on the jaw for his "interference."

On the following day Lawrence was called to the kitchen for the third time. A Medical Department private was waiting there to deliver the third outrageous assault in three days on an American POW by Japanese soldiers. The Jap officers were definitely cognizant of these attacks and many of us believed they inspired them. The short rice issue was never made good.

The guards were really getting into their stride by that time, slapping POWs indiscriminately with or without pretext. They wanted to see us bent in a continuous bow whenever they were in sight, always preferring bopping to oral reprimands. It was an old Japanese custom. We saw them knock their own people around. But when a poor POW ran afoul of a sentry there was never any question as to who was wrong. The prisoner was found guilty, sentence pronounced and executed on the spot. Think what a feeling of pride and superiority it must

have given a Jap private soldier to slap a ranking white officer's face at will—especially gray-haired ones! Also, think how much "face" the officer lost to have to stand there ignominiously on the receiving end.

In an effort to alleviate the situation Generals Wainwright and Percival wrote a letter asking for a conference with the Camp Commandant with a view to finding out just what the Japs wanted, assuring them of our desire to cooperate, and perhaps ironing out some misunderstandings.

Permission for such a conference was emphatically denied. Instead, the Commandant sent Baggy Pants to tell the two senior officers that they had obviously violated his orders prohibiting conferences unless a Japanese officer was present, that no such letters would be written in the future. Squad Chiefs were instructed that "any complaints would be submitted to the Jap OD in person, and signed by only one." The slapping continued unabated.

We had hardly become accustomed to the new international set-up when a new American group arrived headed by Major General William F. Sharp, who had commanded the Mindanao-Visayan Force in the Philippines. With him were twenty-three American officers and sixteen enlisted men,² most of whom were from the southern islands. One Britisher, Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Straits Settlements, Singapore, had joined the group the day before at Takao, Taiwan.

They arrived at 10:45 p.m. September 27, in a heavy rain-storm which soaked everyone to the skin. After being issued the usual wooden clogs and deprived of shoes and baggage they were quartered in two upstairs rooms reserved for them. Having been exposed to cholera en route they were supposedly in quarantine for five days but it was pure supposition.

Most of these officers had gone to the southern Philippines before the war started, hence it had been nearly a year since we had seen them. Mutual friends found many experiences to

²See Appendix for list of this group.

relate to each other of their struggles, their sufferings and disappointments.

Included in the group were three officers from Luzon: Colonels Nap Boudreau and Dorse Rutherford, Coast Artillery officers, and Colonel Jim Gillespie, Medical Corps. They had joined General Sharp's party when they stopped a few days at Bilibid Prison in Manila, on their way north. Boudreau and Rutherford had gone to Cabanatuan from Bilibid, May 26-27, with several thousand Americans from Corregidor. There they had been joined by over seven thousand Americans of the Bataan group from Camp O'Donnell.

The Japs had put these two colonels in command of the two camps at Cabanatuan so they had never joined the other colonels and general officers at Tarlac. At Boudreau's camp there were about 150 officers and 6,400 enlisted men while Rutherford had 1,600 officers and over 7,000 enlisted. When these colonels left Cabanatuan for Bilibid on August 30 (1942) there had been over 1,600 American deaths from typhoid, dysentery, diphtheria, starvation and execution.

Colonel Boudreau told me a story of four Coast Artillery enlisted men from Fort Drum which shows what kind of savages the Japanese army produced. These men, Privates Benson, Lee and Weldon and Corporal Jordan, had arrived at Cabanatuan on June 3. On June 29, being completely fed up with conditions in the prison camp, they crawled under the wire fence and started down the road toward Manila. The next day they hailed a passing truck for a ride. Unfortunately it contained some armed Japs who picked them up and returned them to the camp where they were locked in the guard house.

Boudreau was present when the men were questioned by the Jap Camp Commander, Lieutenant Mori, and Interpreter Ito. The Americans held their heads up and answered without hesitation or equivocation. They stated frankly that the food furnished was insufficient, the barracks terrible, and that sanitary conditions were intolerable: they had walked out in hope of bettering themselves.

Boudreau requested permission to question the prisoners himself but was refused. He then asked permission to act as counsel in case the men were tried but was again refused. To continue his story:

At about 7:30 p.m. a Jap sentry conducted one of the men from the guard house to Japanese Headquarters which was the building next to my quarters. Although the shades were drawn to hide the proceedings the sounds were unmistakable. The American soldier was being given a terrible beating with sticks after which he was led back to the guard house.

In front of that building four posts had been set in the ground. The POW was then forced to squat by one while the guards tied his hands and feet behind the post. In this position they inserted a 4x4 timber behind the man's knees. It was studied torture. The same procedure was followed with the other three men so that by nine o'clock all had been beaten and tied in this manner.

For the next hour there was much telephoning to Manila and at about 10:00 p.m. the Camp Commander and Interpreter retired to their quarters. I could not think of sleeping. By the light in front of the guard house I could see our four men suffering. Each time a guard passed he would give them a kick and several times when a man had worked the cross-piece into a little more comfortable position a sentry would turn it so the corners would insure a maximum of pain.

The next day, July 1, our men were left there in the blistering hot sun, without food or water and not even untied to answer calls of nature. They were simply a prize Jap exhibit to the hundreds of wondering Filipinos passing on the dry dusty road outside the fence.

In the afternoon, around four o'clock, the Camp Commander, the Interpreter, eight guards with rifles, and several others with shovels arrived at the guard house. The prisoners were untied but were so cramped it was three or four minutes before they could stand up.

They were then marched to a point about four hundred yards from the Headquarters building and in full view of over sixty-five hundred other Americans. The four men stepped down into a depression which was either a common grave or four individual graves. They were given something, perhaps a cigarette, I could not tell, and then were blind-folded.

The eight guards with rifles advanced four abreast, halted, raised their rifles to their shoulders, and with muzzles slightly depressed, pointing at the prisoners, they fired at a distance of about four feet. All dropped. One man raised an arm as though in an effort to rise.

There was one more shot, then all was quiet. The Jap shovel detail filled in the graves, then all of them returned to camp.

Later the Interpreter said to me, "The Camp Commander was very lenient as the prisoners probably did not realize the seriousness of their offense."

"What do you mean 'lenient'?" I asked angrily.

"I mean that in future all other men in that squad will be shot also," was his reply.

The numbers present in camp at Cabanatuan had varied from week to week as different work parties were sent out or returned from Tagaytay (road construction), Manila (stevedoring), Bataan (picking up wire), or Corregidor (salvaging all metal; destroying everything else in sight). Some of these work parties fared very badly. With no advance preparation or planning by the Japanese they took groups of one hundred fifty or more men to certain areas and put them to work. There would be no potable water, no suitable camp site, no medical attendant or medicines, and no mosquito bars. Malaria and dysentery would break out immediately. When half or more had died and the remainder were too weak to work they would be returned to Cabanatuan and a fresh gang sent out.

Officers returning to Cabanatuan from Corregidor had reported that the Japs had our men take axes and break open any boxes of our household goods and personal things still unburned. After taking what they wanted for themselves they had the remainder thrown over the cliff. Thus good-bye to family treasures many of us had been accumulating for twenty-five years.

Another story which discloses our captors' brutal propensities was the one about the pet monkey at Cabanatuan which the Jap soldiers took into their barracks. They mistreated it and abused it so that it ran off and took refuge in an American POW hut. Our men fed it and were kind to it and it loved it. At the approach of one of its old enemies the monkey would scold and screech; in fact, it was a perfect sentinel. When the Japs discovered its whereabouts they took it back and, as punishment for running off, tied its little hands behind its back to

a stake in the hot sun. Seventy-two hours later the little monkey was dead. Then they sent for an American veterinarian and wanted to know:

"Why monkey die?"

Colonel Gillespie had commanded Base Hospital No. 2 in Bataan. After the surrender the Japs had let his hospital unit carry on in place (with limitations) until May 25 when they were moved by truck to Bilibid, going on to Cabanatuan by train on May 31.

Our friends from the southern Philippines had apparently fared better than their out-at-elbow comrades on Luzon. General Sharp, when surrendering his forces in Mindanao, agreed that they would withdraw to Malaybalay, which had been a Philippine Army Division Cantonment area. Around this the Japanese established a rather loose cordon but within the area the troops had considerable freedom. Supplies on hand were supplemented by sending out trucks for additional food and many carabao were brought in for slaughtering.

Colonel Bill Morse, who commanded the 102d Division (Philippine Army) told me he was permitted to keep his official car to run around in for nearly a month after their surrender.

The troops in the Lake Lanao Sector had tough going until they reached Malaybalay but we did not hear that story till later.

On September 6 Sharp's group of senior officers with a few enlisted men was moved northward. Stopping at Cebu and Iloilo for small contingents the party reached Manila September 14, and after a week in Bilibid Prison resumed their journey to join us in Taiwan.

Colonel Rutherford had brought with him a list of all survivors at Cabanatuan up to the date of his departure and this was eagerly scanned by all. One of my roommates, Colonel Berry, was delighted to find on this list, among others, the name of Roland G. Saulnier. This lad had been a Signal Corps private and was Pigeoneer on duty with the 1st Division (Philippine Army) which Berry had commanded. He was known to

the entire division as "Frenchy." He had lost his pigeons during the fighting around Tayabas back in January 1942 but had retreated into Bataan with the division. According to Berry:

When the outfit pulled back from Moron to our final defensive position, an American major commanding one of our battalions was sent back to the hospital. The Filipino officers in the battalion were inexperienced and I was up against it. In the meantime "Frenchy" had been right in there pitching all the time and I knew the Philippine Army troops respected him so I put him in command. He fought that battalion in the front lines for nineteen days; had his Command Post right up there too, and proved himself a real leader.

About the time the regular battalion commander returned from hospital "Frenchy" took malaria and had to be sent back himself. When he recovered he rejoined and went through the rest of that hell with us. I had him promoted to Second Lieutenant and recommended him for the Distinguished Service Cross. I hope he makes it the rest of the way.

For some reason which was never explained to us we were not officially classified as prisoners of war by the Japanese until our arrival at Karenko, August 17, 1942. Previously, according to their interpretation we had been "battle captives," a distinction not elucidated. There were certain advantages in this perhaps from their standpoint, such as not having to pay us from date of capture to August 17, and not accepting responsibility for the death of thousands of our comrades on the march out of Bataan, at O'Donnell and Cabanatuan, and in those first work parties sent out.

Anyway, toward the end of September we were called in to sign the pay roll and were told that our rate of pay would be that of officers of similar rank in the Japanese army. A small portion only was to be given us, the remainder being placed in postal deposits to our credit. Enlisted men were to be paid five yen per month, from a fund secured by deducting a percentage from each officer's pay. A monthly charge for food was also to be deducted. Pay day would be the last day of each month and so, at the end of September, we received our first remuneration as prisoners of war.

As a colonel my rate of pay was listed as 310.00 yen per month. Of this the Japs placed 271.00 yen in postal deposits, deducted 15.90 yen for food, 3.10 yen for enlisted men's pay and generously gave me the remaining 20.00 yen in cash. Soon after the war broke our Corregidor radio told of the official freezing of the yen at eight to the dollar.⁸ Thus my 20.00 yen spending money was equivalent to \$2.50.

Incidentally the 15.90 yen (\$1.99) deduction for subsistence paid not only for food proper, but for fuel, electricity for the camp, water, rent of buildings and other miscellaneous expenses, this according to the Japanese finance sergeant who kept the books. He stated to Colonel Lawrence that they spent twenty-five sen per day per POW for actual food, or three and one-eighth cents per day in US currency. That would purchase no feast, even in Taiwan. Of course, they didn't intend that we have much to eat and hoped thereby to force us to agree to their proposal for a pig and poultry farm over in one corner of the compound.

At least, that was their first suggestion, well camouflaged with large promises. As they stated the plan, they would furnish part of the feed and would eat part of the product. We all knew what that meant, and no one trusted the outcome.

Our soup and rice issue grew gradually less and when an official complaint was filed together with a request for an issue of meat occasionally Squad Chiefs were told that chickens cost five yen each, a smoked duck seventeen yen, and that there were no eggs or canned meat available. Meanwhile a discovery was made.

The heavy growth of moist vegetation along the fences bordering the compound was alive with a certain variety of rather large snails which grew up to four or five inches long. In the early mornings, outside, they were all over the place—that is, at first. However, anything loose that even remotely resembled food didn't stand a chance.

One afternoon Doc Worthington and Lieutenant Colonel

⁸By post-war exchange Yen 15.00 = \$1.00.

Johnny Pugh were discovered near the kitchen cleaning a bucket full of these snails they had gathered. The mess sergeant agreed to try boiling them in some salty water. Most of their Squad 5 tried out the new "delicacy" with their supper rice. When there were no casualties, the news was soon out. So were the snail hunters. Overnight it became an international custom. Literally, the early bird got the worm and every morning before breakfast many eagle eyes were searching the grass and foliage for fat specimens. "Dede mushi" (come out bugs) the Jap soldiers called them, turning up their noses in disgust.

My first sample was from a batch prepared by Colonels Bunker and Berry. I can't say that I enjoyed it but many stayed with the snails as long as the supply lasted. Colonel Richards tried one raw. Though he lived through it he didn't recommend it. In 1945, in Manchuria, I said to him, "In the mature light of experience what is your opinion now on eating snails?"

"I wouldn't touch one now," he confessed, "but at Karenko they were damned good."

It cannot be said seriously that the snails provided any real relief for the food shortage which continued to grow more acute. Several garden-minded officers and men persuaded Baggy Pants to assign them a few square yards of ground each for private gardens in order to supplement the ration. Among the first to get started, as I recollect, were Brigadier General Brougner and Colonels Berry, Bowler, Richards and Steele. Most of the officers were too weak to work more than a few minutes at a time and the fear which beset all was the possibility of all-day manual labor at the point of a bayonet.

The next step was in logical sequence. Having started a private garden plot the authorities called a meeting of squad chiefs on October 13 and announced an alarming expansion of the farm idea.

Boots, who conducted the conference, started out by saying: "We have secured permission from Headquarters to operate a real farm, to consist of: 1. Cultivation of vegetables such as tomatoes, carrots, sweet potatoes, beans, peanuts, onions, and

others. 2. Raising of the following domestic animals: rabbits, goats, chickens, pigs.

"We have already deducted ten percent of your monthly salaries, making a fund of seven thousand yen from which to buy the initial stock of animals, building materials, carpenters' tools, fertilizer, seed, etc. The farm will be in a large open space over the hill from camp while the animal farm will be located in one corner of the compound."

For a cheerful parting note Boots closed the meeting with the announcement that on October 1 an American submarine sank a Japanese transport in the South China Sea with fifteen hundred British prisoners on board. He added that three hundred had been picked up by other Jap ships and that the survivors were then in Kobe.

For a few days we had respite from farm worries but life was far from happy. I wondered what our friends in the States would think to see some of us following the rickety morning vegetable cart in, like mourners after a hearse, ready to pounce on any stray carrot or onion top that might happen to fall off. Do mourners pounce? Perhaps ravening wolves would fit the simile better.

Every day there were more cases of swollen ankles and legs and our doctors were powerless to help. Various causes were suggested, such as lack of proteins, general starvation, or gland trouble. Apparently the children of Israel fared better than we for in Deut. 8:4 we read:

Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years.

"Beriberi," said the Japs, but our doctors called it "malnutritional edema." Their only prescription was, "Drink less water, and keep your feet up."

Private First Class Matsumura (Grumpy) of the Nip medical staff had his own prescription however. It was "early morning dew walking." Imagine our surprise, the first morning this "treatment" was tried out, to see a bunch of generals and

colonels, trousers rolled up, wading barefooted in the dewy grass before breakfast. After a couple of weeks both they and Grumpy became discouraged and the practice was discontinued, but cases of swollen ankles persisted indefinitely.

CHAPTER 6

ONE-WING FLYER

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SEPTEMBER 8, nine months of war had passed without comment by the Japanese. October 8 was another story. At 8:30 a.m. we were turned out to rehearse a formation for the arrival next day of the Commanding General, Taiwan Army. After thirty minutes' wait the Jap officers arrived.

Groups were rearranged with generals and brigadiers on the right and rehearsal conducted with the Jap Sergeant Major giving the commands for the entire camp, in Japanese. All orders sounded alike so it took good guessing to know what to do next. Followed the ceremony of Imperial Rescript Observance Day. The Interpreter announced that this formality would take place on the 8th of each month. "You will be permitted to participate with us," he confided.

First there was a short political speech by the Camp Commander but that was only "background." Then, with everyone standing at "Kio-tsuke" (attention), white-gloved Corporal Iwai slowly approached bearing before him with upraised arms a white box. The Japanese officer saluted the box, received it, extracted and read aloud the Japanese version of the Imperial Rescript, which was the Emperor's Declaration of War on December 8, 1941. After more saluting the box was passed to the Interpreter who took from it a typewritten sheet from which he read to us, in English, this official exposition of Japan's reasons for war.

When the document had been returned to the Japanese Headquarters with equal ceremony we were dismissed. Later we learned that, by Imperial order, the Rescript would be published in the center of the front page of all newspapers on the 8th of each month. Our formal observance of the day, however, soon passed into the discard and our only reminder that another month had rolled around would be the Jap flags flying at the camp gate.

The next day, as scheduled, came Lieutenant General Rikichi Ando,<sup>1</sup> Commander of the Taiwan Army. We lined up in front of barracks at 8:30 a.m. but it was 9:00 before he came through the gate, booted and beribboned, his huge physique towering head and shoulders above the other Japanese.

After our "Kashira, Migi!" (Eyes, Right!), he passed down the line then took post opposite the center of the formation. Generals Wainwright and Percival, with Colonel Wood as interpreter, then double-timed out (by order) to meet the visitor. The Japanese officer welcomed them smilingly and *shook hands with both*, which was the only incident of that kind during our more than three years of captivity. Wood then read, in Japanese, their brief word of greeting and they returned to their posts with the POWs.

After our dismissal the Jap officials went to their Administration Building for tea, then walked through our barracks. Meanwhile, the air was rife with rumors of pig in the kitchen. Sure enough, we learned, General Ando had presented one to the camp and it was even then being cut up. Of course the hams and loins had first been taken by the Jap guards but we had a fine soup that night anyway and no other visitor ever ranked so high in our estimation as our "One-pig General."

While at Tarlac the Japanese had occasionally brought in Manila papers for our perusal but at Karenko our only official source of news had been the infrequent sessions in the Orderly Room when Boots or Mortimer announced various stupendous Japanese victories. They would put elaborate tabulations on the blackboard comparing our heavy losses with their insignificant ones. One day some prisoner remarked to the Interpreter that the United States seemed to have built many naval vessels. He smiled ruefully and replied, "Yes, every time we sink one of your navies another comes over the horizon."

Early in October a few copies of the *Japan Times Advertiser*, in English, had been circulated through the squads with the

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<sup>1</sup>Recent newspapers told of General Ando's suicide by hara kiri when arrested by American military authorities.



promise of regular deliveries by the end of the month. These began to arrive early in November. Although nearly a month old, and containing pure propaganda, we were very glad to get them. Typical headlines were:

**"VICTORY IS CERTAIN FOR REICH-JAPAN"; "MORE LIES FED AMERICAN PUBLIC"; "U.S. NAVAL LOSSES TREMENDOUS"; "BRITISH ISLES HEAVILY RAIDED."**

Occasionally, through careless editing, contradictions would appear. For example, we noted articles one day, in adjoining columns, on, **"ACUTE LABOR SHORTAGE IN AMERICA"** and **"UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION SERIOUS IN U.S."**

From earlier Japanese claims we had been fearful that the battle of Midway in June 1942 had been a signal defeat for us. Imagine our pleasure to read a short inside page paragraph quoting an Australian official as telling an American audience, **"Because of your success at Midway you must not think the war in the Pacific is over. Japan still has much reserve strength left."**

A frequent theme for Japanese eulogy would be the alleged superhuman accomplishment of some aviator. Such was the story of Flight Sergeant K— who discovered himself in the unenviable position of having two American fighters bearing down on his tail. With unbelievable dexterity he maneuvered his plane to avoid enemy fire. By the time he had secured a position above the Americans he had run out of ammunition. He continued to do battle however by throwing everything loose in the plane at his opponents. Just then he noticed his reserve ration of two rice balls. Grasping one he heaved it at the nearest enemy ship. Seeing it the pilot thought it was a cannon ball and, in attempting to dodge, lost control of his plane and crashed in flames. Cheered by this success the intrepid hero then used his second rice ball against his other opponent with equal effectiveness and returned to base to report his astounding performance.

Another hair raiser was the tale of Flight Lieutenant Y—who, after having one wing shot off his plane, miraculously brought the crippled ship in and landed her safely. It would have been a miracle all right. Yet these stories were actually printed for intelligent people to read and believe.

Photographs of the Emperor would always be clipped from the papers issued us and occasionally certain articles would be excised. Not in that class however was the following from the *Japan Times Advertiser*, November 7, 1942.

#### BRITISH MALTREATMENT OF GERMAN WAR PRISONERS ASSAILED

(Statement of the Japanese Government.)

Having been informed by the German Gov't of the inhuman treatment given to the German prisoners of war by the British authorities . . . the Japanese Gov't cannot but view the development of affairs with grave concern.

Needless to say, the Japanese Gov't actuated by considerations of humanity, have, up to the present, *respected the principles contained in the International Law* governing the Conduct of War, and have done everything in their power in regard to the treatment accorded to the numerous British prisoners of war in their hands.

The Japanese Government hereby call the serious attention of British authorities that, in the event of the British Government failing to alter their attitude on this question, the Japanese Government would be compelled to reconsider in conjunction with retaliatory measures by the German Government, with a view to obtaining reconsideration on the part of the British Government, the treatment hitherto accorded to British prisoners of war in their hands, from the viewpoint of humanity and friendly relations with their allied nations, who are now jointly engaged in prosecuting the war.

The italics are mine. What a joke! Incidentally, try to parse that last sentence in the quotation, will you please? The next day this appeared in the same paper:

#### WAR PRISONERS ENJOYING LIFE

Many Working:

American and British soldiers who surrendered to the Imperial Forces on the Hong Kong, Malay, Philippines, and other southern fronts are

enjoying life at the various war prisoners' camps in the Japanese mainland, Chosen, and Taiwan. . . .

Their treatment is just, in keeping with the moral principle upheld by the Imperial Forces. The military authorities have decided to employ these war prisoners, of whom there are a great many, in various undertakings for the extension of the nations' productive power.

In other words POWs were being used to further the Japanese war effort which is distinctly contrary to International Conventions. The following day this gem was printed in the same paper.

#### MORE U.S. BRUTALITY BARED BY INTERNEE

Kiyoshi Miyazaki, former manager of the New York Branch of Mitsui Bussan Kaisha revealed how the American authorities mistreated the Japanese internees, reports Domei.

"Meals were not only very bad but were meager . . . we were placed in miserable tents, five persons to a tent . . . forced to cook our own meals and wash toilets . . . when boarding exchange ship were called back and compelled to pay 1942 income tax."

After the bestial brutality, robbery and starvation of which the Japanese Army was guilty we really couldn't feel badly over the above alleged mistreatment.

One day an article appeared offering prizes for the best war slogans suggested. Soon thereafter some of the choice ones began to appear, framed, in the upper corners of the front page of the papers. Among these were:

The Die is Cast: Let's Fight to the Last.

Through Unity and Determination to Anglo-Saxon Surrender.

Fight it out to the Last Man, till America and Britain are Down and Out.

In the *Japan Times Advertiser* for November 13, 1942 Japan's ambition toward us was frankly stated thus:

#### JAPAN MUST CRUSH AMERICA DECISIVELY!

. . . With the cooperation of Turkey and Spain and the favorable development of the North African War the Mediterranean will soon

be brought under the complete sway of the Axis. Next year (1943) Germany will launch their efforts for the invasion of the British Isles. . . . Japan's assignment should be the destruction of America.

Two days later this appeared:

### ASSAULT ON U.S. MAINLAND BY JAPAN IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE

The complete defeat of the United States and England must be the ultimate object of Japan in the War of Greater East Asia and this must literally mean an attack on Washington and London. Such an offensive against London is not just a wild dream. . . . A foot hold on the Pacific coast of the United States is all that is needed for the attack on Washington.

A move in this ultimate advance has been made already by the seizure of important bases in the Aleutian Islands. Only time is now necessary before the final attack on the heart of the Anglo-American powers.

To further this idea with the public a really classic corner slogan made its debut:

**A New Civilization Will Rise from the Ashes of Washington and London!**

In this connection Boots told me candidly one day that Japan would invade the United States in the spring of 1943, using Alaska as a stepping stone, and, I'm sure he believed it.

After the arrival of some of our Dutch friends the recording of names at night by the benjo guards became a real problem. Imagine what you would put on paper when a sleepy POW mumbles as he passes at 2:00 a.m., "Goudswaard," or "Van Starkenborgh," or "Ter Poorten," or "Leeuwenburgt." The difficulty was solved when the authorities accepted Colonel Bunker's suggestion that we use cards showing our prisoner numbers instead of recording names.

One afternoon there was much excitement over a rumor that burst. It was nothing but a piece of propaganda in connection with a visit by several official photographers. Only a few ranking officers and civilians were taken out, under guard, for a

call on the mayor and a cup of tea while movie cameras filmed the fake show. British Lieutenant General Percival had protested, "But I don't want to call on the mayor. He is nothing to me."

He was given no choice in the matter but when the party returned to camp he had the personal satisfaction of telling the Japanese just what he thought of such "lying propaganda."

A similar incident was related to me later by Australian Captain Bindeman (Chaplain) who came up from Java. A group of British officers had been taken from a camp in Batavia out to the Country Club and posed at a table heaped with food, including a large steak on each man's plate. As soon as the photo was snapped the food was promptly removed, but not quickly enough in one case. A hungry lieutenant suspected something and had hurriedly gobbled his steak.

The next we heard about farm and garden was when Baggy Pants allotted squad garden areas, adjacent to the individual gardens already started. This was followed by an announcement that officers over fifty-five years of age would be assigned to take care of animals, "assisted by two strong noncommissioned officers," while the remainder would work the farm. Everyone was to contribute to the squad garden cultivation. A day or two later we were told to line up for work and were marched off, under guard, to an area they had selected and told to start digging.

I believe most of the camp would have been willing to work in private gardens to increase the food supply but nobody trusted the Japs to shoot straight with any farm proposition. Subsequent events fully justified this apprehension.

On Armistice Day we were shocked to hear, soon after breakfast, of the sudden death of Major General M. Beckwith-Smith, the second ranking British officer in camp. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian gentleman. He had been ill for a day or two with a throat infection and in his general weakened condition had had no reserve strength with which to fight back. A Jap officer admitted that had he been better

nourished he might have lived, "but," (with a shrug of his shoulders) "Shikata ga nai." (It can't be helped.)

"Flu masks to be worn for one week," was the order issued by the authorities, but our starvation ration continued.

A variation was provided on November 12 when Mr. C. Hagiwara, Domei News correspondent from Tokyo, visited our camp. He had formerly been a press representative in New York and spoke excellent English. Several of us were called in for interviews, the Camp Interpreter being present to represent the local authorities. The general trend of questions asked by Mr. Hagiwara indicated a curiosity as to our views on the Russian attitude toward the Far East and also our general impressions of POW camp life.

Among those called in was Australian Colonel W. S. Kent Hughes, MP, veteran of the Gallipoli and Palestine campaigns in the last war, a former Rhodes Scholar and Olympic hurdler, and more recently a newspaper man in Melbourne. After some preliminary questioning the correspondent asked him, "What do you think about the camp here?"

"You know a POW cannot do what he would like to do, nor say what he would like to say," replied Hughes, "but no one can prevent him from having his own thoughts about conditions. You've lived in New York; you know what I'm thinking. Suppose we let it go at that."

When I was called in, the Interpreter explained that I had served on Corregidor during the Philippine campaign and added that I played the violin and had my own there in camp. Any contemplated political questions were immediately shelved. Mr. Hagiwara was interested in what sort of an instrument I had, how long I had owned it, and whether my strings were holding up. In the course of our conversation he displayed both a knowledge and an appreciation of music. The result of our chat was an offer on his part to mail me some strings from Tokyo upon his return for which I thanked him sincerely. I thought he was perhaps just being polite but I had to be equally so. (The strings never came.) The interview being

over I accepted a piece of candy as we rose and bowed good-bye to each other.

Colonel Phil Fry's experience was somewhat different. After a few questions concerning "the Big White Bear" (Russia) the Domei man suddenly switched to the United States. Always the Japs had maintained that the President could stop the war whenever he chose, that is of course, by permitting Japan to keep everything she had grabbed.

"What would you do if you were President Roosevelt?" asked Mr. Hagiwara.

"If I were President Roosevelt, right now?" queried Fry.

"Yes."

"I'd order the biggest dinner I could think of and sit right down and eat it," said Fry.

"Ha! You make wise crack! That will be all," said the visitor, ending the interview. Phil got no candy.

## CHAPTER 7

### JUSTICE DISPENSED (WITH)

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HIGHLIGHT of the month for most of us was the granting of permission for each POW to write home and in addition, to submit a message for broadcasting to the States. Letters were to be printed plainly, on one side of sheet only, to be clear, brief, using no code words, and no mention to be made of the island, camp, town, or names of any companions. Our food and (mis)treatment were also prohibited subjects. "If write code words or try to evade censorship all will be forbidden," they said. Radio broadcasts were to be limited to one hundred words but special permission was given to ask that food parcels be sent. All in all we were much cheered at the prospect of getting some personal word back to our families.

As the fall days grew shorter and the weather colder we would come in from farm work, wash up, consume our scant supper of soup and rice and huddle in our rooms wearing all the clothing we owned while waiting for evening tenko. The wintry blasts which swept through our unheated building showed no respect for our thinning cotton rags. In every room there was one topic of conversation: food. Even if you couldn't have them it was pleasant to contemplate a planked steak, or baked ham in Sherry, or grilled spring chicken, or roast saddle of spring lamb with mint sauce.

Soon officers and enlisted men were writing up and exchanging "Dinner Menus." This idea progressed, with the arrival of notebooks in the Post Exchange, to "Recipe Books" which were started by at least half the prisoners in camp.

An amazing list of preparations resulted. Included were hors d'oeuvres, soups, salads, entrees, dinner courses, savories and desserts galore. There were recipes for French Crêpe Suzettes, Old English kidney stew, Russian beef Stroganoff, Spanish arroz Valenciano, Java ryst tafel, East Indian Bhojas,

Scotch fingers and Polish pastry, not to mention New England clam chowder or Southern fried chicken.

Of course these recipes were entirely from memory and while the camp boasted a few former gourmets, a number of concoctions advocated would certainly have made any chef shudder. Still, copying them gave you something to do in the evenings.

Thanksgiving Day naturally brought tantalizing memories of family tables laden with holiday fare. Instead of a big roast turkey dinner with all the trimmings we were grateful for a little taste of rabbit in the evening soup. "Man needs but little here below," but only a POW of the Japs knew how little.

As December opened we were officially instructed to drop the word "Japanese" from our vocabularies, substituting therefor, "Nipponese." "Japan" being a foreign word, this was part of their campaign for intense nationalism. The *Japan Times Advertiser* became The *Nippon Times*. Even so we noticed for some time many references to the "Japanese Army" or "Japanese Internees." For POWs the "Japs" simply became the "Nips."

At the same time the authorities announced several changes in Squad Chiefs. Among these I was designated as the "Hanchō" for our Squad 2. Accordingly Colonel Berry and I traded jobs, he taking over my duties as Assistant Squad Chief. Concurrently it was prescribed the OD duty would be performed by the officer Squad Chiefs only, in rotation, the new title being, "Squad Chief of the Day."

The total emolument for a squad leader consisted of a cotton badge of office, pinned on his left sleeve. On the other hand, the requirements were numerous and often unpleasant. Besides taking his regular turn on the Camp Officer of the Day (OD) roster he was the general intermediary between his squad members and the Nipponese. At morning and evening roll-call formations he stood on the right of his squad and reported the attendance in Nipponese to the Nip OD. Finally, he was

the general coordinator and harmonizer (if possible) for his squad of, for example, thirty colonels who hated the hell out of everything connected with prison camp life.

About this time the Nips announced an addition to the Camp Staff whom they called the "Personnel Administrator." First to draw the job was Colonel Bill Enos.

As December 8 dawned, my thoughts turned back one year to the outbreak of war. I had been on duty that morning at the Harbor Defense Command Post on Corregidor when, at 3:40 a.m., our Navy radio had picked up those first fateful messages on Pearl Harbor. This being the first anniversary we rather expected the Nipponese to make something of it. As it turned out Nip flags were flown on their Administration Building and at the main gate and we had to listen to the reading of the Imperial Rescript, but that was all.

From the time of our arrival in Taiwan we had been begging for soap. Finally, on December 15, that long wished-for article was issued, each POW receiving a small cake.

"This must last for three months," said Mortimer.

Both laundry and baths had been soapless for most of us for some time so this issue came as a real luxury. The Nips claimed their army had none, which we doubted although there was no question about the acute shortage of all commodities and war materials. Back in October they had removed all iron man-hole covers in camp, replacing them with wooden ones. All our wire clothes lines had been taken down and bamboo poles put up instead, while in the hallways metal clothes hooks had been removed and wooden pegs substituted. Japan was indeed missing the scrap iron America had for years provided her.

In the meantime our morning and afternoon farm work was exacting its daily toll of energy. According to Colonel Al Balsam's chart record of our Squad 2, which included a number of six-footers and over, the average weight had dropped from a pre-war normal of 171 pounds to 131 by the middle of December 1942. I was down to 124 while Colonel Ted

Chase was an emaciated 97 pounds. I really hated to undress on account of the depressing sight of my skinny legs and arms and all too-apparent ribs.

Our regular (?) bi-weekly bath was a genuine morale wrecker. Looking around at that collection of walking skeletons I was reminded of a popular song in vogue when I returned from the Philippines in 1929: *It Ain't No Sin to Take Off Your Skin and Dance Around in Your Bones*. The medicos certainly needed no fluoroscope to look right through that crowd.

We had heard rumors that tons of Red Cross supplies had arrived on Taiwan. How we could have used some of it about then! Instead, we were grateful to find occasionally a few dried minnows in the soup.

On December 17, twenty boar pigs were delivered for the animal farm (for 789 of our yen). As many of them were coughing, Colonel Stuart Wood, who had been acting as Farm Interpreter, asked our Colonel Worthington, Veterinarian, to examine them. He discovered that several had worms, while most had bad colds. In a few days a couple of them died. Encountering the Camp Commander, old Captain Imamura, at the pig pens Doc told him the animals were not of healthy stock and requested a list of medicines he needed for the pigs and for chickens which were also sickly. The Jap officer became very angry and ordered Worthington to stay away from the animals.

The next day Major Bob Brown was notified by the Nips that he would be in charge of the animals. He protested vigorously.

"I've never lived in a city of less than 100,000 in my life," he told Boots. "I know nothing about a farm or raising animals."

"That's all right," said Boots, "you do what we say." And so he did.

It was just another case of the old inferiority complex. They could not bear to take advice from a white POW regardless of his qualifications or training.

Part of the food provided for the pigs was some bran, in sacks. As our watery soup was almost totally devoid of nourishment it wasn't long till others than pigs were sharing in the bran. The sacks were then placed in the OD Room, "for safety," and it was announced that the pig food was unfit for human consumption.

A few nights later when our Christmas concert was staged upstairs Colonel Bowler did not attend. When the rest of us returned he proudly exhibited a canteen cup full of "soup thickening" he had acquired by invading the OD room. Louie really felt he had something coming after the hazing to which he had been subjected a few days earlier. It happened this way:

Except for certain permanent detachment men, the guard detail was habitually replaced by a new platoon about every ten days. The arrival of a new guard usually meant the heat would be on for a few days in order for the new sentries to impress us with their superiority and great offensive spirit. In fact, the more we saw of them the more offensive they became.

After a change of guard one day a new corporal and several privates circulated through barracks in the afternoon, dropping rifle butts on POW toes or slapping people right and left for such things as having a coat unbuttoned while washing at the wash rack.

That night immediately after roll call Colonel Bowler, following his usual custom, had gone to bed. This was entirely permissible. Colonels Browne, Berry and I were sitting at our table reading when the new Corporal opened the door.

"Kio-tsuke! Kei-rei!" I yelled as we three jumped to our feet and bowed as per orders.

Louis, being wakened by the commotion, came crawling out from under his mosquito bar still half asleep. The corporal barked at him in Nip and motioned for him to come over to the door, which he did. I tried to explain that going to bed after tenko was OK. The corporal pretended not to under-

stand though a few days later he spoke perfectly good English to us. After some more growling in Nip he gave Louie lusty slaps on both cheeks and departed. Across the hall eight other members of our squad had retired and turned out the light, to which the corporal paid no attention whatever.

During that night, on a visit to the benjo, Louie encountered the relief of the guard changing sentries. His kei-rei was not just to the corporal's liking so—Zowie! He got slapped again.

The next morning he was down on his knees cultivating his little individual garden over near the kitchen when the guard relief came around the corner of barracks some seventy-five yards away. Hearing some yelling he looked up to discover that he was being summoned. Arriving before the corporal he was given his third slapping within about fifteen hours.

There is an oriental saying that "even a Buddha will get angry if slapped in the face often enough." Louie almost turned Buddha on us that day. When he came in from his garden with his story I was reading the month old (November 16) *Japan Times Advertiser* which had just arrived. A headline caught my eye and I read aloud:

WAR PRISONERS HERE FIND NO COMPLAINT

In sharp contrast to the treatment extended Japanese nationals during their internment in America and Britain, Allied War Prisoners in Japan are enjoying a happy life and are finding absolutely nothing to complain about.

Interviewed by newspaper men the Americans all expressed the hope that President Roosevelt would come to his senses and realize that he was "all wrong about the war."

In the same batch of papers was this from the November 20th issue:

U.S. AIRMEN HEAVILY PUNISHED

"Heavy punishment has been meted out to members of the crews of the American war planes which raided the mainland of Japan on April 18th," the Chief of the Army Press Section of the Imperial Headquarters announced on October 19th. These airmen, who completely ignored the principles of humanity., have been severely punished in accordance with military law.

And yet they had boasted of "just treatment, in keeping with moral principles."

The papers were not devoid of humor, although unintentionally so. For instance, a large lumber company's half page advertisement proudly carried this slogan in one corner:

Japan's Fight is Humidity's fight;
Japan's Victory is Humidity's Victory.

Then there was the movie projector company which informed the public that their machines were, "Equal to none in construction and performance."

A competitor, not to be outdone, announced in a large ad with photographs a few days later that their product was, "Unequaled to None."

But the prize I believe went to the Japanese shoe polish label which proudly boasted: "This will keeps your shoes with always romantic lustre of almost brilliancy and flavorful freshness."

With the definite arrival of winter everyone in our heatless building who was not otherwise occupied was doing something toward keeping warm. This was only December; January and February were still to come.

I had carried a gray medical blanket from Corregidor but hesitated to cut it up for clothing. However, when I succeeded in buying a spare olive-drab blanket which one of our enlisted men had brought along, I proceeded to make myself a coat, trousers and cap from my big Corregidor blanket. I had done a little mending as occasion demanded but this was my first tailoring venture. To my amazement it turned out very well and proved a life saver not only for that winter but also for the next two.

By piecing the remaining scraps together I even turned out a pair of very useful foot warmers. In my next letter home I proudly mentioned that the family mending would be nothing for me to undertake upon my return.

Before our departure from Tarlac Brigadier General Luther Stevens, a former Philippine Constabulary officer, had been

transferred to the hospital at Camp O'Donnell, very ill with malaria. Having finally recovered he rejoined us at Karenko two days before Christmas, bringing with him Colonels J. P. Horan, E. H. Mitchell and H. W. Tarkington, Sergeant A. W. Stille and Private First Class R. L. Longmire. They had left Manila December 19 and brought us the latest word from Luzon, much of it none too cheering.

Of the original 43,000 Filipino prisoners at Camp O'Donnell more than 25,000 had died from malaria, dysentery and starvation. According to General Stevens:

"They were dying like flies. The whole camp was one big hospital and five hundred deaths in a single day were not unusual. Interment was a wholesale matter in long trenches where the naked corpses were piled, then covered with earth. The clothing was boiled, pooled, and re-issued to prisoners who needed it, as many had only a few rags to wear."

Pursuant to announced Japanese policy those Filipinos who survived were released as soon as practicable. Presumably the Japs wanted to get rid of the remainder before they, too, died. An alleged three-week course of training was imposed on them first which involved, among other things, swearing allegiance to the new Japanese sponsored Philippine Government. Another "training" item which General Stevens noted, occurred several times after his transfer to a convalescent ward with a number of other Americans. After lining up a group of Filipinos in front of this ward a Jap would yell, "Do you like Americans?" to which the Filipinos would chorus a loud, "No-o-o-o," or get cracked over the head with a stick.

By the end of November (1942) all Filipino prisoners, both soldiers and civilians, who could travel under their own power had been released. Some of the sick had even been carried away by their families in private conveyances.

At Cabanatuan also conditions were very bad, malaria, dysentery and diphtheria causing most of the casualties. According to figures brought by Colonel Horan there had been a total of 4,330 American deaths there up to December 6 when he left

the camp. In addition there were 119 graves in Bilibid, while various work parties out in the provinces had taken a heavy toll.

Before the war Horan had been in command of Camp John Hay, the army rest camp at Baguio in Mountain Province. Part of the battalion of Philippine Scout troops stationed there had been cut off by the rapid advance of the Japanese invasion forces down the central plain of Luzon. They had then retired into the mountains of Bontoc, Abra and the Illocos Provinces where they operated for several months as a separate force against the Japanese. Horan recruited additional natives and organized a Casual Detachment, Philippine Army, which was later changed to the 121st Infantry (PA) upon radio authority from General MacArthur. This force and other guerrilla groups in Northern Luzon caused the Japs many a headache.

When Horan finally received the Wainwright surrender order, through Colonel Nick Galbraith, his troops had been dispersed and it was almost impossible to reach many of them who had gone back into the mountains to their little barrios scattered along the various rugged trails. By the end of September it appeared that all had come in who intended to, about 650, and Horan was then taken to Cabanatuan.

He reported universal sympathy for the American-Filipino cause among the natives of northern Luzon and a corresponding antipathy to everything Japanese. This is not surprising considering their treatment by the invaders. For example, posters like the following were pasted on all telephone poles along the mountain highways:

N O T I C E

It is hereby made known that anybody destroying the telephone lines shall be shot to death. People living near the telephone lines should protect them. Otherwise they will suffer the same penalty. If anyone of you find the lines cut off please tell the effect to the nearest authorities.

HIGH COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE
FORCES IN NORTHERN LUZON.

Sometimes the nearest house to a break in the phone lines would be several kilometers away but that did not deter the Japs from shooting the occupants. In case of a foray by some of Horan's troops against a Jap force it was not unusual for the latter to burn all native villages in that vicinity.

The bodies of all Japanese dead, including their own wounded whom they killed, were always burned by their own troops to prevent the Ifugao head hunters from taking the heads. In an action north of Banaue ten Japs were killed. Their bodies were taken in to Bontoc, placed in the Mountain View Hotel which was the best in town, and the building then burned to the ground.

Japanese flags were displayed prominently in front of their headquarters in all towns. Each Filipino native when passing was required to halt and bow very low. If riding they must first dismount from their conveyance. A Nisei interpreter, commenting on this order to Colonel Galbraith, said, "I told 'em that was no way to handle these people, but they wouldn't pay any attention to me."

Thousands of leaflets were dropped from Jap planes over this area. Here is a revealing sample:

P R O C L A M A T I O N

With a view to establish a good peace and order, I have just come here illocos sur where many bandits and insubordinate fellows are still wriggling about.

I am now going to make a complete mopping up operation to the last communist and so you the innocent people may hear sounds of rifle or cannon here and there, but you must rely on our Japanese forces and do not run away by this sounds. You have to remember that we protect you the good citizens to the last.

Bring us every information about these communist bandits and co-operate with us in order to let the peace come again earlier.

September 12, 1942.

COLONEL Y. WATANABE
THE COMMANDER, THE NIPPONESE
IMPERIAL FORCES IN NORTHERN LUZON

Another showed a horrible full-page picture of a Philippine

Scout soldier's corpse. On the reverse side, in English and Tagalog, was this pronouncement:

Throughout the whole Philippine Islands you who are now in this outlying region are the only troops who are resisting against the Imperial Japanese Forces. Are you desiring to expose your corpses in the wilderness as some of those who were foolish enough to resist the Japanese Forces in Bataan and Corregidor? Why, and until when are you intending to continue offering such a foolish and futile resistance against the Japanese Forces?

Those who desire happiness must immediately throw down their arms and surrender themselves to the Japanese Forces. The Japanese Forces will protect those who surrender to them but will annihilate to the last soldier those who resist against them. Throw down your arms and come to our side waving a white flag, a handkerchief, your hands or your hat.

Just before Horan arrived at Cabanatuan a brutal incident had occurred involving three American officers who had served with us on Corregidor. He brought us the main facts of the story as it was fresh in everyone's mind. However, I have since talked with a number of officers and men who were present at Cabanatuan and who were themselves eye witnesses of much of the unfortunate incident and who are in agreement on all essential features. The story, as thus amplified, is as follows:

Some time between eight and nine o'clock on the evening of September 27, 1942 the occupants of a POW barracks located near the eastern boundary of Camp No. 1 were attracted by an unusual commotion near the barbed wire fence that enclosed the concentration area. Along a path some twenty feet outside this fence armed Japanese guards patrolled. Immediately inside it American sentries carrying night clubs maintained a "vigilance guard" to prevent fires and enforce camp regulations.

It was an altercation, followed by sounds of physical combat, that had claimed the attention of prisoners in the near vicinity. Rushing out of quarters to learn at first-hand what was taking place they found the American sentry engaged in a struggle with some officer prisoners who proved to be army Lieutenant

Colonels Lloyd W. Biggs and Howard E. C. Breitung and Navy Lieutenant Roy Gilbert.

Viewed in retrospect it is evident that the three officers had considered the matter of a getaway for some time and believed that escape might be accomplished. It was true that there was a standing threat to the effect that all members of their group of ten would be executed in case any one of the group escaped but many, at that time, did not believe that the Japs would carry it out.

On all sides of camp, at no considerable distances, loyal Filipinos were preying on the Japanese through guerrilla tactics or any other effective means. These friendly operatives had gone so far as to recapture American prisoners in small numbers and take them back into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Furthermore, the prospect of probable death from starvation, sickness, abusive treatment and slavery may have influenced their decision to make a collective break for liberty.

What the details of their plans were and whether they had been promised aid when once outside the cordon of camp guards, is not known. At any rate, they had agreed to take off together on the night of September 27. The futility of attempting to escape had long been explained to camp inmates. Diseases such as malaria or dysentery, infections of skin or intestines, or plain lack of food had forced other fugitives to turn themselves in. Some had been discovered and taken into custody by Japanese troops while others had lost their freedom because of Filipino informers. Notwithstanding the hazards involved the three officers were evidently determined to attempt a crashout.

They had accumulated quinine, aspirin, germicides, sulfa compounds, and first-aid supplies. Among them they probably had quite a sum of money as at least one of the officers was understood to have fifteen thousand pesos with him. Lieutenant Gilbert was a civil engineer, young, capable, and somewhat familiar with the country. From scraps of their conversation on the preceding day it was deduced that they had in mind early contact with and organization of a band of guerrillas.

However that may be, they left their barracks singly a short time after 8:00 p.m. Their equipment had already been concealed somewhere out of doors. Their disappearance and the direction they proceeded excited no comment. It was shortly after evening roll call and the latrines, toward which there was a pre-retirement drift of men, were near the barbed wire fence.

The three officers evidently joined each other in a drainage ditch which ran under the fence near the latrines. Here they paused to await a favorable opportunity to slip under the wire and be on their way to freedom. A thirty-minute wait must have seemed a long time to them. Either a Japanese guard would be near or passing on the outside of the fence, or an American sentry would be patrolling on the inside.

At long last, auspices appeared to be favorable. No Jap was within sight or hearing in the almost complete darkness. Neither were footsteps of the American watchman audible. This was the time. Slowly and cautiously they began to crawl the last fifty or sixty feet that separated them from at least temporary liberty.

Still there was no sign of the Japanese guard. It may be they wondered if he might be standing still, concealed, not far away watching them until the overt act of a crashout was an accomplished fact. He was their real hazard. As escaping prisoners they were lost if he caught them. On the other hand, less concern was felt about the American sentry. He would not report them. At most he would only attempt to turn them back to barracks, something he could probably be talked out of.

They were making progress. The fence was only a few feet away. There was still no sign of a guard standing or walking outside the fence. Keyed to the highest pitch of alertness for the Japanese guard they failed to hear the approach of the American sentry until he was about to step on them. He was as much surprised as they but sensed instantly that several men were about to escape. In a stage whisper he hissed at them to get back to barracks before the Japanese saw them and before he himself found out who they were.

The three officers refused to turn back even though the sentry insisted. When he again urged them to break up and clear out they chose to argue the matter with him. The burden of their contention was that as an American the sentry should aid rather than obstruct their escape. The sentry refused to see the situation in that light and proceeded to use force to carry out what he considered his duty to other prisoners and the responsibility of his post. At once blows were exchanged. Other prisoners who had run out of barracks when the altercation started were at hand in a few seconds and assisted in subduing the commotion. Fortunately no hint of what had transpired had yet come to the attention of the Japanese.

Although overpowered and their plans disclosed the three principals were still unwilling to abandon thoughts of escape. Other officers who had come to the sentry's aid were emphatic that two things must not be permitted: there must be no escape, and the Japanese must not learn that one had been frustrated.

The American Camp Commander was sent for and the three officers, over their protests, were taken to the Camp Administration Center. There the American and Japanese Headquarters were located, as well as the American guardhouse. Normally at that hour, nearly 9:00 p.m., there were no Japanese at their headquarters. Immediately outside these buildings the group halted.

It was agreed by those in charge that, for the best interests of all concerned, at least temporary restraint in the American guardhouse was the only safe solution to the problem. Against this one of the apprehended officers, who had become considerably hysterical, voiced loud objections to the Camp Provost Marshal, Major Smathers, QMC. One of them struggled and tried to seize the sentry's night club.

Unfortunately, several Japanese officers were in their headquarters questioning Ensigns Funk, Berry and Sanborn who had escaped during the early days of camp and had recently been recaptured. The uproar was so great by that time that the Japanese could not help but hear it and investigated at once.

They took the three Americans in custody and gave orders for everyone else to return to barracks. The evidence indicated a *prima facie* case of attempt to escape, with such things as clothing, equipment, money, medicine and maps all pointing to it accusingly. It is not intended to give the slightest impression that there had been any desire to expose the would-be fugitives to the Japanese. The belief in camp was general that had the three American officers returned quietly to their barracks when discovered that would have been the end of the incident, and, that under the circumstances, those who had upset their plans had done their best to act impartially for community welfare.

Our men, told to return to barracks, stood back instead just outside the circle of light in front of the guardhouse to observe what took place. Several large Japanese soldiers were summoned. Applying jujitsu methods the three officers were hurled violently to the ground repeatedly and beaten with heavy clubs until they gave no further outcries or groans. It is assumed they were rendered unconscious. At last they were carried into the main Jap guardhouse.

The next morning they were seen with backs against posts that supported the roof of a small guardhouse beside the main road that passed the camp gate. Their hands were tied behind the posts and they wore only short underdrawers. The first half of the day, September 28, was blazing hot but about noon a typhoon struck with wind and heavy rain. The men were about three hundred yards from where other prisoners were permitted to stand but what took place could be clearly seen.

Every Filipino who passed, either on foot or in a vehicle, was compelled to stop and beat the bound men with bamboo sticks. If a native was not vigorous enough to meet the approval of the guards he was beaten himself. A Jap officer with a handful of bamboo whips lashed one of the Americans viciously across the face several times. He took it without flinching, to a loud clapping of hands from other prisoners in applause of his courage. By that time although their spirit

was not broken their bodies were. They were cut, bruised, and bleeding. One man's ear appeared to be hanging by a shred. One who had been hit a terrific blow across the legs with a 2x4 timber was never seen to stand again. They were given no water. Until the typhoon came they were covered with flies.

Night came and still they remained bound, sometimes unconscious, frequently beaten by guards and unwilling Filipinos. Throughout the night they stayed there and by 8:00 a.m. the 29th had suffered thirty-five hours of continuous torture. At that time a truck arrived bringing ten Jap soldiers armed with rifles and carrying several shovels. Two of the Americans who were in a state of collapse were thrown into the truck. The third was tied behind it. It was then driven off down the road out of sight.

In perhaps twenty minutes a few scattering shots were heard, not a volley. About ten o'clock the soldiers returned. What happened is not known. Rumors, picked up from some of the guards but not verified, said that one of the prisoners had been beheaded by the Jap officer in charge of the execution squad, that a second had been shot while the third had been bayoneted to death. Whatever their fate nothing has since been heard of any of them. Everyone deplored the most unfortunate fact that these fine officers were so wrought up nervously that they could not be quieted in time to prevent discovery by the Japanese.

CHAPTER 8

BOTTLE BOYS

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THE Japanese had brought Colonels Mitchell and Tarkington to Manila from Mindanao with General Sharp's contingent back in September. (Mitchell had commanded the 61st Infantry, Philippine Army, in the Lake Lanao Sector under Brigadier General Fort while Tarkington had commanded the 61st Field Artillery (PA), some seventy-five miles to the northeast.) Seemingly worried about something around Lake Lanao the Japs in Manila had pulled out General Fort, his orderly, Private R. P. Beck, and Colonels Mitchell and Tarkington, taking them from Bilibid to Fort Santiago for questioning. Five weeks later, after a trying experience, the two colonels and Beck were returned to Bilibid where General Stevens and the others had joined them for the trip to Taiwan. A few nights later, in our room, Mitchell told us this revolting story:

After surrender in May our group of prisoners in the Lake Lanao Sector totalled 47 Americans and over 600 Filipinos. We were at Keithley, a small barrio opposite Dansalan and about 40 kilometers from Iligan on the coast.

On July 1 four of our American enlisted men escaped. They were Army Air Corps Pvts. W. A. Knortz, R. V. Ball and J. S. Smith, and Seaman First Class W. H. Johnson, US Navy.

When the Japs discovered these men were gone they called on me for a list showing the chain of command in the camp, down to the missing members. There was no chain of command as we know it, for the camp was not organized that way. However, I put my own name down as In Charge, Captain A. H. Price, FA as the Company Commander, and Staff Sergeant Chandler, AC as Acting First Sergeant of the company.

At 12:15 p.m. July 3, the Japs came to our quarters, took Lieutenant Colonel Robert H. Vesey, Infantry, who had no connection with the escaped men whatever, Captain Price and Sergeant Chandler and marched them off to their headquarters. What took place there we will never know. Around 7:00 p.m. some guards came, picked out



four of our enlisted men, and had them carry the personal effects of Colonel Vesey, Captain Price and Sergeant Chandler to Jap headquarters. When they returned about an hour later they reported that the Japanese authorities told them to inform us that the three men had been executed.

Later that night I was told to have all prisoners ready to march early the next morning and from one interpreter I gathered that our destination was Malaybulay to join General Sharp and the other Mindanao POWs. That meant a 40-kilometer hike to Iligan on the north coast as our first objective. Before starting next morning the Japs took telephone wire and wired the American enlisted men together in fours.

One of our men was a Private Childress of the Medical Department who had been pretty well cut up by Moros not long before. He was still very weak and really not able to march. Before we had gone very far the men wired with him called to me that they were having to carry Childress and could not carry him much farther.

I dropped back to speak to Lieutenant Osawa who was in command, riding in one of the two trucks following the column. He refused to do anything about Childress, grew very impatient at my insistence, and finally said, through the interpreter, "This march is my responsibility."

He then ordered me to get in the truck with him. Almost immediately there was some commotion up ahead and soon I saw a Jap soldier bringing Childress to the rear. They had cut the wire and this soldier was supporting the American with his left arm while carrying his rifle under his right.

I was encouraged, thinking they were going to put the sick man in the second truck. Instead the Jap guard took him about seventy-five yards behind the column, led him off into some low bushes and shot him. Lieutenant Osawa screamed something at the guard, pointing with his finger at the back of his head. The sentry returned to the bushes, leaned forward, fired another shot, then rejoined the column.

During the noon halt Captain Jay J. Navin, Infantry, of Los Angeles, had suffered what appeared to be a heat stroke. He was lying on the ground, completely exhausted, out of his head, and unable to travel. The Jap lieutenant spoke to one of his men. Four Filipinos were then ordered to carry Captain Navin off the road behind some bushes. Before the Filipinos reappeared the first shot rang out, followed quickly by another as the scared natives ran back to the road. Then came the Jap soldier, ejecting an empty shell from his rifle. The march proceeded.

Either five or six Filipinos including one medical officer with a Red Cross band on his arm, were similarly slaughtered before we reached Iligan that night. The next morning another American officer, a Lieutenant Pratt, had died of exhaustion. Nice people, these Japanese!

As Christmas 1942 approached the occupants of most of the rooms in barracks improvised colorful decorations of one kind or another. Using red and blue pencils, paper, library paste, colored cigarette boxes and the tin-foil lining from tea boxes, some amazing results were obtained. I thought the Dutch officers and our enlisted men displayed exceptional cleverness and originality. Festoons of paper chains, ornate lamp shades, dangling silver stars and bells and wall designs of cigarette boxes made their appearance while each room boasted its red MERRY CHRISTMAS!

With permission of the Nipponese authorities I had rehearsed a choir of about fifteen POWs on some Christmas music. The idea was to try to inject a little of the Yuletide spirit into a drab situation by circulating through barracks on Christmas Eve singing carols. Three stations were selected on each floor and a short program sung at each, from the following repertoire: *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *The First Noel*, *Good King Wenceslas*, *Joy To the World*, *Hark the Herald Angels Sing*, *O Come All Ye Faithful* and *Silent Night*, *Holy Night*. Many sang with the carolers, especially on *Silent Night* as the thoughts of all turned to tender memories of home and family. We knew that our loved ones were thinking of us too although at that time their only report on us had been, "Missing in action."

The reveille bugle next morning was followed by greetings of "Merry Christmas" everywhere. For a welcome change the day was clear and fairly warm. Soon after breakfast Boots appeared with a handful of poinsettias which he distributed to augment our room decorations, and at 9:30 Lieutenant General Percival conducted a special Christmas Service for the camp. During the day each of us was issued two bananas, an orange, a small sweet-potato cake, a round bun of bread and a small bag of peanuts. The evening soup contained a little pork and smoked duck making that day easily our best since becoming POWs.

Thanks to Brigadier General Clint Pierce and Colonel Kent Hughes a Christmas show was planned for the night of Sun-

day the 27th, which the camp enjoyed thoroughly. The program consisted of skits, monologues and music. Hit of the evening was the American Double Quartet,<sup>1</sup> assembled and trained by Brigadier General Lewis Beebe. The singing of this group was especially fine and the octette became a stand-by from then on.

New Year's Eve passed uneventfully but an innovation was introduced on the morning of January 1. New Year's day 1943 dawned clear and cold. In accordance with Nipponese orders we formed on the parade in front of barracks at 8:30 a.m. for a special New Year's Ceremony to be conducted by the Camp Commander. Our best clothing, shoes and headgear had been prescribed. The first command from the old Captain was, TSAI KEI REI (bow very respectfully), at which we repeated our usual morning bow (uncovered) to the Emperor's white post. Following this, we had been told, we were to "Cheer the Imperial Palace" with a triple "Banzai," raising the arms forward and upward forty-five degrees concurrently with each shout. The Old Captain really let himself go as he commanded loudly, "TENNO HEIKA BANZAI!" literally, "Ten Thousand Years of Good Luck!" figuratively, "Long Live the King!"<sup>2</sup>

Arms were duly upraised but it didn't sound like "Banzai" to me. A holiday was then announced for the rest of the day.

Our farm menagerie was augmented on January 7 by the addition of twenty-two scrawny black goats which eventually proved to be more of a liability than asset. They did provide jobs as goat herders for those POWs who were over fifty-five years of age, which included the ranking civilians, all three lieutenant generals and a number of colonels. The members of this group were detailed in pairs by roster to shepherd the goats around the grassy area in the compound. Later they took them occasionally up to the hill farm to browse. When not on duty these oldsters were on their own.

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<sup>1</sup>Brigadier General Drake, Colonels O'Connor, Sage, Lilly and Cornell, Major Dooley and Navy Captains Wilterdink and Davis.

<sup>2</sup>Translation by Colonel Stuart Wood.

It was during such leisure hours that a distinguished member of the British bar might have been seen following the herd, can in hand, collecting fertilizer for his private garden; and he was not the only one. Perhaps it should be explained that this was not from choice but necessity as the small individual gardens were the only buffers between our short rations and starvation.

The day the goats arrived it was cold and miserable with a wintry wind blowing right out of the north. Our usual quitting time at the hill farm was 4:00 p.m. but Boots insisted on working us till 4:30 that day. Colonel Art Penrose, as Squad Chief of the Day, remonstrated, stating that the officers had worked both morning and afternoon, most of them were over fifty years old and they were tired. Besides, the weather was most disagreeable. To which Boots retorted:

"They fought the Emperor's soldiers. Now we make them work like soldiers." And work we did.

Among the goat herders was Lieutenant General Sir Lewis M. Heath, "hero of Abyssinia," and a very distinguished officer. Due to an old injury he habitually carried his right hand in his side coat pocket. One day while he was on duty with the animals a particularly vicious guard, "Slant Eye" to POWs, walked past him. The general bowed promptly but without removing the injured member from his pocket. Thereupon the sentry yelled at him in Nip a while, then proceeded to bash him in the eye with his fist, then twist that arm most painfully although the injury was very apparent. The marks were plainly visible two hours later. Nice people!

Everyone was becoming a nervous wreck those days from the continuous browbeating of the guards. They seemed to delight in tormenting and humiliating us at every turn. Leaving one's room on any errand was always fraught with dire hazard, both mental and physical. Such was a simple nightly trip to the benjo.

That institution was reached, as I have previously explained, by a concrete walk from the center of barracks, the relief sta-

tions themselves being on the right and left of the laundry area at the end of the walk. Beyond was a 6-foot hedge behind which sentries took great pleasure in hiding. Not seeing them, prisoners would start into the benjo only to be halted by a blood curdling yell as the guard strode from behind the hedge. Sometimes the sentry would be in sight but would take exception to the angle of your headgear, or an unbuttoned pocket flap, or the length of your fingernails. If it wasn't one thing it was two.

The result was always the same; immediate corporal punishment. The form and duration would vary with the particular idiosyncrasies of the sentry on duty. If you were "stood up" you hoped to get away when the guard was changed at the end of the hour. A morning's collection of stories would sound about like this:

"Jim Menzie got slapped last night, and how!"

"When I was out at midnight they had Jim Hughes crawling around on his hands and knees on the concrete."

"Have you seen Charley Steele's face? Looks like a piece of beaten beef steak."

"Scarface was working Brigadier Duke over at 3:30. Had him groggy. It was a damn shame."

Perhaps the really unique punishment meted out was that mutual affair which a guard thought up one night for Colonels Frank Nelson and Wallace Mead. Their imputed offenses are immaterial to the story as Frank told it to me later.

Wally and I had been standing at "Attention" for some time, a few yards apart, between the two benjos. Finally the sentry came over in front of me, put the point of his bayonet against my stomach, glared angrily and commenced raging in Nipponese. I didn't know what he was saying but I gathered it wasn't pleasant.

Then by various motions and pointing he indicated that Mead and I were to slap each other. Naturally Wally and I were very slow on the pick up there, pretending not to understand. When it seemed more serious consequences might result we finally "caught on" and started slapping.

Our enthusiasm was entirely too mild to suit the guard who demanded a more energetic compliance with orders. About the time we were finishing the second round the Corporal of the guard arrived.

When the sentry explained the situation to him he took a real poke at each of us, knocking us off our feet.

But that wasn't all. We had to stand there at "Attention" till that sentry was relieved at the end of the hour before we could go on back to bed. I can smile now but it wasn't funny then, believe you me.

Then one January morning as the reveille bugle sounded Roommate Berry<sup>3</sup> came out cussin' from under his mosquito bar. It seems that:

During the night that bastard "Slant Eye" hid behind the hedge on me so when I came out of the benjo he was waiting. After yelling at me awhile he reached up and pulled my hair a couple of good yanks, then my mustache. Next he started landing haymakers on my jaw. I stood the first three all right but the fourth really rocked me.

Not satisfied with that the dirty skunk picked up a wooden bucket, filled it with water and made me hold it horizontally in front of me. Fortunately the bucket leaked so about half the water ran out. Even so it got damn heavy before "Slant Eye" went off post at the end of the hour.

Soon after the next sentry arrived Stu Wood (interpreter) came out to the benjo and after some talk persuaded him to release me. But if I ever get my hands on that other lousy son-of-a-bitch when this is over, etc., etc.

It was soon after that that many of us started the nightly practice, in case the benjo sentry was not in sight, of rendering a formal bow to the darkness in rear, regardless. You couldn't afford to take a chance.

Then there were a few old-timers who chose another means of playing safe. Bowler called them the "Bedside Bottle Boys to Avoid Benjo Bopping." Of course that was against the rules also but the 11th Commandment ranked very high with POWs: "Thou Shalt Not Get Caught."

After several months' use, the few decks of playing cards we had brought with us were very much the worse for wear, and

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<sup>3</sup>K. L. Berry is a big Texan. He had a fine head of curly hair and a long cowboy mustache. He was a big man, had been a football and track star at the University of Texas, and was probably the only man in camp who could have stood up to what followed.

Colonel Pat Callahan's repeated requests that the authorities buy some for his Post Exchange were unavailing. So we made them, from cigarette boxes. I think Colonel Ray O'Day originated the idea which the whole camp promptly copied. These home-mades served admirably for bridge, rummy, cribbage or solitaire and filled the gap for several months until the PX finally acquired some Jap cards.

The Post Exchange by that time was also carrying a small stock of condiments but nothing of any real food value was permitted. Meanwhile we continued to lose weight. A typical meal would consist of a tablespoonful of onion tops or other leafy vegetables boiled in plain water and a scant tea cup of steamed rice. To quote Colonel Gurdon Sage: "The soup simply couldn't be improved upon. I added curry powder, salt, pepper, and rice and they didn't help a bit." The evening soup did sometimes contain a few welcome soy beans.

Then one afternoon Boots went through barracks after squads had gone to the hill farm and found fifteen or twenty with colds or otherwise who had not turned out for work. He promptly went to the kitchen and ordered, "No beans," for the supper soup, thereby punishing the entire camp.

The next morning at reveille Boots issued instructions which were probably poorly interpreted by Mortimer to our Colonel Ed Corkhill, Squad Chief of the Day. Anyway, that officer then announced to the assembled squads: "The officer say that many were absent from work yesterday and that, while the work is voluntary, everybody will turn out."

All wanted to laugh and several did, right out loud, and then the trouble started.

Boots' angry flushed face and excited chatter to the interpreter showed clearly that he thought he personally was the object of laughter instead of the contradictory announcement.

"Why the laughter?" he wanted to know. No answer. "Why the laughter?" repeated the interpreter.

Colonel Wood, who was directly in front of the Nips, tried to explain the situation in Nipponese but without noticeable

appeasing results. Air Commodore Modin stepped out from the leading British squad and stated in English that this was all a misunderstanding, that no one was laughing at the officer; also that many were starved and were too weak to work. He was ordered back in ranks. More talk followed.

Colonel Hoffman finally succeeded in saving Boots' face by making it clear to him that laughing was caused by the incongruity of Corkhill's announcement and that no ridicule of anything Nipponese was intended. I heard that letters of apology were also submitted. Anyway, the beans returned to the evening soup, for which we were very grateful.

On January 17, at the stock pens, Baggy Pants told Colonel Wood that extensive butchering of beef would take place nearby for several days, in order to can beef for the Nipponese army. He added that the offal, which the natives considered inedible and would not buy, were being acquired to feed to our pigs.

"I told him we POWs would like to have this offal to eat and would be thankful to get hold of it," said Wood. And so it was arranged.

Accordingly, for the next five days, we had about thirty kilograms of unsalables daily in our soup, and liked it. Thus the depth of our abasement!

The papers we were getting were full of such disquieting headlines as:

**ROMMEL AT GATES OF ALEXANDRIA: GERMANS DEEP IN THE CAUCASUS.**

**IMPERIAL NAVY BLASTS ENEMY IN THE SOLOMONS.**

It looked like a long hard pull ahead and our morale was approaching its lowest ebb. Even the more optimistic feared that our government might be forced to accept Japan's conquests in the Pacific, since, if Germany won in Europe, we could not fight the whole world. Baggy didn't help the situation by remarking to Navy Torpedoman John Martino, "You prisoners had *better* pray that Japan wins this war."



We did permit ourselves a smile over his next comment however: "That *Yorktown* is a remarkable ship. We have sunk her five times!"

A few days later the Nipponese authorities sprang a surprise by suddenly transferring Colonel S. L. James, Signal Corps, and Pvt. Albert K. Walker, Tank Corps, to Tokyo for some special detail.

Meanwhile reports were current that more prisoners would be arriving soon, rumors which we heard with some apprehension in view of our crowded quarters and inadequate cooking facilities. The Camp Commander confirmed the reports by ordering a complete camp reorganization in order to make room for the incoming group. Several former storerooms were converted into living quarters and all rooms were crowded beyond their reasonable capacity. Our Squad 2 was increased from twenty to thirty American colonels while I continued as Han-cho.

On the morning of February 1 the expected addition arrived, seventy-four in all, from Java. They were mostly Dutch, with a sprinkling of British and one American officer. Ranking civilian was the distinguished looking Jonkheer Tjarda van Starkenborgh, Governor General of the Netherlands East Indies, while the senior officer of the group was Lieutenant General H. Ter Poorten, Commander in Chief of the Netherlands Indies Army. Heading the British contingent was Air Vice Marshal P. C. Maltby, Royal Air Force, while the lone American was Colonel Albert C. Searle, Field Artillery.

Searle had been en route to the Philippines in a large convoy when the war broke. After being diverted southward the transport on which he was a passenger stopped at Sydney, Australia, then at Port Darwin on the northern coast, and finally unloaded on January 11, 1942 at Soerabaya, Java. The troops included the Headquarters and Headquarters Battery of the former 26th FA Brigade and the 2d Battalion, 131st FA (Texas National Guard). A few days later units other than combat troops were evacuated to Australia. The remain-

der, including this Texas 75mm-gun battalion, fought through the Java campaign, however, and were captured when the Dutch capitulated. Searle and the group with him had been en route over a month from Batavia.

The new arrivals told us they thought the American campaign was going very well in the Solomons and in North Africa, and said the Russians were pinching out about half a million Germans at Stalingrad, all most welcome news. They were also very skeptical of the reports we had been reading in the Nipponese papers.

For several months officers had been receiving twenty to thirty yen per month, depending on their rank, for spending money. On February 9 it was officially announced that no more yen would be permitted in our possession and all on hand was to be turned in. Instead of cash we would be given a monthly credit allowance at the Post Exchange. This was changed again later and PX scrip issued.

Sad news was awaiting us when we came in from work the next afternoon. Our senior American enlisted man, Master Sergeant James B. Cavanagh, had died suddenly from the same type of virulent throat infection that had claimed others before him. He had been an outstanding soldier, formerly in the G-2 Office at Philippine Department Headquarters, and was Squad Chief of one of our enlisted squads. The next morning a memorial service was held in Sergeant Cavanagh's squad room at which Roman Catholic rites were observed. Colonel M. A. Quinn conducted the service. Interment took place the next day at the camp cemetery on the edge of Karenko, attended by representatives of all three nationalities.

We had a real Valentine's Day February 14 when a new batch of newspapers arrived—the first for two weeks. Imagine our joy to read in the February 5 *Nippon Times* of the fall of Stalingrad and the capture of the German Sixth Army. The stupendous import of this event was accentuated by the further announcement of four days of official mourning in Berlin. This first major victory for one of the Allies in the European Theater

seemed to us to mark the turning point in the war, a milestone in our captivity which we would not soon forget.

For some time different officers had been having the letters they had written the previous November returned to them by the Interpreter for shortening or rewriting because of censorship. I was therefore delighted to hear that mine was finally on its way. I was Squad Chief of the Day and was waiting for the Nip OD in the lower hall one evening with Mortimer when he turned to me suddenly and said, "You have longest letter at Karenko!" (I had typed it, single spaced, on a large sheet of paper.)

"Yes," I answered, "but it was typewritten and very easy to read."

"But take me very long to translate," he complained.

"Was OK?" I asked.

"Yes, OK. Has already gone," which closed the conversation as Boots arrived to take evening tenko.

This Mortimer was a general misfit and did many things we disliked but I was always grateful that he passed that first long letter of mine in its original form.

I remember one cold morning in February when there was a heavy mist at roll-call time. The Sergeant of the Guard ordered the formation outside just as usual so we lined up on the parade in front of barracks.

As the mist thickened to actual rain we got colder and wetter but still the Nipponese Officer of the Day was not in sight. "Guard your health," we'd been told by the Nips dozens of times. Fine chance! Finally, after standing there twenty-two minutes we were ordered to go inside and form for roll call.

Boots eventually arrived in his customary bad humor. In one of the British squads Group Captain Bishop, RAF, was wearing an overcoat on account of the weather and a severe cold he had contracted. Boots ordered him to remove it and delivered a short lecture on the general British attitude. A short time before, General Percival had protested to the Camp Commander in writing regarding the knocking around of British POWs by the guards.

As the Nipponese OD progressed from squad to squad he became more and more incensed and upon completion of roll call ordered Group Captain Bishop to report to the Orderly Room. When he arrived the following were already present: Boots, the Interpreter, our Colonel Penrose who was Squad Chief of the Day, and British Corporal Cornelius, a clerk. Penrose started to leave but Boots ordered him to remain. The Nip officer then delivered an oral broadside castigating the "insufferable British." The more he talked the higher went his temper. This culminated in a personal assault on Captain Bishop which according to Penrose and Cornelius was revolting in the extreme. He knocked him down, kicked him around, banged him over the head with his saber scabbard and generally acted like a wild man for several minutes, then walked out.

To cap the climax these proceedings had delayed the distribution of food buckets which was a responsibility of the OD so that breakfast was quite cold when it reached us. Cold morning! Cold soup! Cold rice! And so began another day!

I might have been a little happier had I known what I learned a year later, that my radio message submitted three months previously had been broadcast to the States from Tokyo the night before, much to the relief of my family and friends.

## CHAPTER 9

### HURRAH FOR THE NEXT!

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A FEW days later, on February 26 to be exact, the Nipponese called a special meeting in the conference room for all Squad Chiefs, all civilian governors, and the senior officers of each nationality. Such a gathering certainly portended something of unusual importance. Lieutenant "Boots" Nakashima was in charge. As usual the official interpreter was present and all conversation with the Nipponese officer was through him. While this custom slowed up the dialogue in our meeting it did permit me to record an almost verbatim account of the proceedings. The following transcript of this conference is from my Squad Chief's Note Book as I recorded it at the time, including Mr. Koga's (Mortimer's) special brand of English. Boots opened:

Several reports have been received of assaults by Nipponese sentries. Each case have been investigated and reasonable grounds were present in each case. Sentries do not strike for nothing. However it is preferable to call attention to violations without striking. You try see both sides. If sentry has warm kind heart he will not strike. It is a problem.

We have received reports that Nipponese internees in England, United States, Australia and India are treated worse than formerly. For instance, only first size rice ball once in two days, or hands tied behind back and rope across throat so will choke.

While such treatment is by uncultured soldiers, their commanding officers permit such, like cats chasing rats for pleasure. This is not merely propaganda. Japan has protested to enemy governments. These instances were really done.

Lieutenant General Percival and others say Nippon should observe international treaties but why Nippon only? Enemy countries should also observe. The treatment of you in this camp we think is far better. What do you think?

*General Percival:* I do not believe any prisoner in this camp intentionally disobeys orders. It is against the nature of an Englishman to maltreat an internee.

*Boots:* Apart from assaults by sentries we do not feel we have treated

you cruelly. Do you feel your government would be justified in protesting about your treatment? We are asking your opinion.

*General Percival:* You know how we feel about the food situation. There is probably no need to discuss that.

*Boots:* You cannot expect to be treated like Commander-in-Chief while a POW, nor as a guest at the Imperial Hotel. Even in your own countries you have short rations.

*General Percival:* All reports from the Isle of Man indicate the internees there are well satisfied with their lot.

*Boots:* (With a malevolent look) When one cannot distinguish between being a POW and an Army Commander he deserves to be slapped. As an individual I myself could not be kind to one who could not know the difference. Does General Percival think the treatment of POWs here is bad?

*General Percival:* Yes, I do.

*Boots:* I must take exception to that. If you prefer the treatment mentioned in these reports we will see that you get it. So far we have never threatened you, nor bound you, nor threatened you with bayonet for pleasure. We have given you three meals per day. Feeling in Nippon is very indignant and some say all prisoners should be killed. It is but natural that sentries learn from the news of cruel treatment of our Nipponese internees and lose their kind hearts. We think this very natural.

*Lieutenant General Ter Poorten:* We are very sorry for any cruel treatment of your internees. We do not approve such.

*Boots:* If you wish to write letters to your governments requesting kinder treatment for Nipponese we would be glad to transmit them, but such is entirely voluntary. (Ha! The cat is out of the bag. That explains the meeting!)

*Governor General Van Starkenborgh:* I consider such action entirely unnecessary.

*Boots:* Not now—but early in the war in Netherlands East Indies, subordinates were guilty, without your knowledge of course. I am sure none of you nor any influential people gave such order. It was done by uneducated class. Similarly, when sentry slaps someone that was his idea only, not order of Commandant. Your enlisted men mistreat our people and higher commanders do not know of it. Perhaps some of you would like to write letters to your governments requesting better treatment for internees? (What, Again? I suspect something!)

*Governor General Van Starkenborgh:* Such a letter presupposes bad treatment. I myself would not like to write such a letter to my government.

*Boots:* I suggest a letter might say, "We have heard in Nippon such

and such. We request this be investigated and if found true that something be done."

*Governor General Van Starkenborgh*: I feel that my government would not understand.

*General Percival*: I concur.

*Boots*: (Looking around the table) Do any of you want to write such letters? No pressure, you understand.

*Colonel Wood*: In the United States all civilian internees are under the State Department. We as army officers cannot write such a letter.

*Boots*: Your State Department has not replied to our protests.

*Colonel Wood*: Recent newspapers we have received state that internees have been better treated since your protests, and that in England an investigation is under way.

When the Interpreter translated this Boots apparently decided it was no use. He stood up suddenly, his face flushing angrily. Picking up his samurai sword he almost shouted something at us as he stormed from the room. Mortimer put the parting malediction into English: "All right," he said. "If you will not write letters you can take the consequences!"

Without being told we knew he was heading straight for the guardhouse. Sure enough, before I could report the conference to my squad the heat was on. Sentries were swarming through the building knocking people around on one pretext or another. This had happened before and we were getting used to it.

The day's distress and mental strain were unrelieved by the nightly bullying at the benjo. I remembered having read about certain foreign business men marooned in Nice out of season, "Buoyed up by patience, hope and alcohol." We had no alcohol and damn little patience by that time but we could still hope for better days!

The next afternoon Boots, whom half the camp would gladly have slaughtered, stopped at my window as he was passing on the porch and smilingly inquired, "Why you do not play violin more? OK to play any evening."

About March 1 (this was 1943) the sum of 276.00 yen was received by the Nipponese authorities from His Eminence,

Pope Pius XII, for the purchase of food or clothing for American POWs. Colonel Callahan, as Post Exchange Officer, asked Lieutenant "Baggy" Wakasugi to buy sugar for us. Nothing was done about it for a month; then we were notified that the whole amount had been apportioned to our postal deposits with the Imperial Japanese Army, so that was that. My share was eighty-seven sen.

A few nights later, when I was Squad Chief of the Day and Boots was the Nipponese OD, he remarked to me after evening roll call, "Starting tomorrow each POW will get eighty grams<sup>1</sup> potatoes daily."

I replied with an incredulous, "Thank you. That's good news," as he went on out the barracks door.

It sounded like a fairy tale and we had been disappointed so many times with unfulfilled promises and, "So sorry. We change our minds," that I said nothing about it until the next morning when two carts, piled high with sacks of potatoes, arrived at the kitchen. Then I spread the story. Thereafter for a time our noon and evening soups were thick with a goodly portion of potatoes. On the next payroll we paid for them but there were no complaints over the charge.

All the while our work at the hill farm had continued without interruption except for Sundays. We had planted most of the tract in sweet potatoes and beans and hoped for an abundant harvest there before mid-summer. Vain hope! For some unknown reason the farm work suddenly stopped. The next we heard about it was a couple of months later when we were told that a herd of carabao had gotten in, eaten all the vines and wrecked the garden; hence we would get nothing from it. No one believed the story. We just assumed the Nipponese had appropriated the produce for their own use. Having put in all those laborious months and then gotten no return for our work made the very word "farm" anathema to us.

Our next visitor was Admiral Kiyoshi Hasegawa, Governor of Taiwan, who arrived on March 11 resplendent in his blue-

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<sup>1</sup>Eighty grams = about one and three-quarters pounds.



and-gold-braid naval uniform. His so called "inspection" consisted of having tea with the Camp Commander and staff at the Administration Building. Our job was to line both sides of the walk he would traverse and render an "Eyes, Right" (or Left) as he passed.

Our principal interest in his visit however, developed subsequently. Being senior to our "One Pig General," the Governor had brought *two* pigs, our portion of which enriched the evening soup to our gustatory delight.

Camp sentiment was unanimous for more and higher ranking visitors. When, a few days later, a representative of the Imperial Household arrived on an inspection tour we felt that at least three pigs was a sure bet. The bet lost, ignominiously. In fact, the whole idea died and was never revived.

It may seem silly to rate these occasional meat-in-the-soup suppers as worthy of comment but to us at the time they were tremendously important. Many felt that if we were forced to do without fats and proteins much longer we were doomed. Every bed in our little hospital (a room in barracks allotted to the sick) was full, most of the cases being due to dietary deficiencies.

Among these was our Colonel Paul D. Bunker, who had been seriously ill for some time. On March 16, 1943 he passed away from a combination of pneumonia and uremic poisoning. He had lost sixty-six pounds while a POW and had been bothered for months with malnutritional edema (swollen legs, feet, and ankles). The doctors' efforts to secure proper food for him had been unavailing and finally his system refused to function further.

Before the war Colonel Bunker had been a two-hundred-pounder and in the old days at West Point had been a Walter Camp All-American football selection both at tackle and half-back. He was a man of strong personality and forceful character which impressed itself immediately on those with whom he came in contact. For example, the day after the Corregidor capitulation a Japanese soldier snatched his fountain pen from his shirt pocket.

"No! No!" said Bunker vehemently as he slapped the soldier on the wrist and snatched the pen back. The Jap was so surprised that he merely shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

At Karenko Baggy Pants early displayed a liking for Colonel Bunker and went to his room occasionally to visit with him. This, coupled perhaps with their traditional admiration for physical prowess, explained the special consideration shown by the Nipponese authorities regarding the funeral arrangements.

An impressive memorial service was held at 11:00 a.m. March 17, out under the trees across the compound from our barracks. It was conducted by Colonel Bowler, a close friend of Colonel Bunker for many years. At General Wainwright's request the Camp Commander authorized cremation of the remains, although contrary to their regulations. Later in the afternoon a detail consisting of Colonel Valentine P. Foster and six enlisted men, with guards, took the remains in a truck to a crematorium in Karenko. There the casket was placed on two supports. Standing at "Attention" the American detail and guards rendered the hand salute. Next the casket was placed in the crematorium vault which was then padlocked and the key turned over to Corporal Iwai of the guard.

Colonel Foster and his detail then marched about three kilometers farther to the cemetery, the truck having been previously dismissed. There they prepared the grave for final interment, then returned on foot to barracks.

The next morning at 7:30 five of us, taking a suitable urn and led by the Corporal of the Guard, marched to the crematorium. Our group consisted of General Moore, Colonels Boudreau, Foster and Braly, and Major Brown. The corporal unlocked the vault after which the ashes were removed and placed on the two supports in the center of the room. While the Nipponese stood by respectfully we carefully transferred the ashes to the urn using the two sticks provided each of us by the proprietor. These were similar to large chop sticks but were to be used one in each hand.

Upon completion of this sad duty we returned to quarters, taking turns carrying the urn en route. During our absence a table had been arranged in the Orderly Room with two vases of flowers and the usual Japanese package of sweets. Here the urn was placed until time for the interment service. I located a piece of copper wire with which I fastened one of Colonel Bunker's identification tags around the neck of the urn. The other I attached to the wooden cross provided by the Japanese.

At 10:30 a bus arrived to transport the funeral party to the cemetery. This group included Lieutenant Generals Wainwright, Percival and Ter Poorten, representing respectively the American, British, and Dutch contingents. In addition there were several of Colonel Bunker's former Coast Artillery associates including General Moore, and of course Colonel Bowler, who read the Episcopal burial service at the grave. An enlisted detail and the Japanese guards completed the party. I carried the urn while Sergeant Frank Kazerski carried the wooden cross.

Upon arrival at the cemetery the funeral party lined up on General Wainwright, facing the grave, and I placed the urn in the grave. Colonel Bowler then conducted the final rites after which the enlisted detail filled in the grave and we set the cross in place.

Following General Wainwright's example each one then stepped forward, rendered the hand salute, and retired. In conclusion the Japanese guards, led by their officer, Lieutenant Wakasugi, stepped forward, uncovered, and bowed very low.

Thus, far from the land for which he gave his life, was laid to rest a fine soldier, a devoted husband and father, and a loyal friend. A few weeks earlier I had copied this Dowling verse from a notebook Colonel Bunker had loaned me.

Cut off by the land that bore us,  
Betrayed by the land we find,  
When the brightest have gone before us,  
And the dullest are most behind:

Stand, stand to your glasses steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize:  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

He had been "the next."

## CHAPTER 10

### HAM FROM CHICAGO

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IN THE fall of 1942 we had heard rumors of tons of Red Cross supplies having arrived on Taiwan but the months dragged by with none reaching our camp. On the March weighings we hit an all-time low with an average loss per man of forty-five pounds. Then on the 22d, out of a clear sky, came three truckloads of British Red Cross stores consisting of several hundred individual parcels besides certain articles in bulk such as canned corned beef ("bully"), meat and vegetables ("M and V"), sugar, cocoa, and salt. I'll never forget that marvelous feeling of a new lease on life as we saw box after box unloaded and carried into the storeroom. What matter if our special potato issue did stop instantly? The next question was, how soon would the Nipponese start issuing these much needed fats and proteins?

Along with this good news we heard another welcome announcement: the Camp Commander and Boots were being relieved and transferred. They departed on March 23, no tears being shed, and were replaced by Lieutenant Kojima as Commandant, with Lieutenant Kamashita as the new duty officer. Baggy remained with us.

The Old Captain's last requirement was an essay from each POW entitled: "Review of Personal Experiences in the Present War, from Start Until Becoming a Prisoner of War." They seemed to have an insatiable yen for making us write things and their curiosity as to what we were thinking about knew no bounds.

The new Camp Commander immediately called a Squad Chief's Conference in order to outline his policies and issue certain instructions. He was a nice-appearing Regular Army lieutenant, quiet spoken, and with a sly sense of humor. He created a distinctly favorable impression, relatively speaking. It was evident that he had very definite instructions from old

Fussbudget, the Main Commandant of All Prison Camps, but he indicated he would try to make it as painless as possible. Our subsequent brief experience with this officer confirmed our first impression.

The first change he announced was that orders had been received that all cutlery must be turned in, including pocket knives, mess kit or table knives, straight razors and scissors. Only spoons, forks, very small scissors and safety razors might be kept. This was supposedly on account of some incident involving a POW at some other camp. There were other minor instructions before he came to the subject uppermost in our minds—Red Cross stores. His statement, through the interpreter, ran about like this: "We wish to distribute part of the Red Cross stores as soon as possible but no invoice or instructions have been received. I have requested these and hope to distribute soon. Today we wish to learn how much we have and what. I have detailed Mr. Webb [the Australian Red Cross Representative who was a POW] and Colonel Wood to take this inventory by 3:00 p.m. today."

Anyway it was reassuring to know the supplies were in camp and we enjoyed conjecturing on the contents of the packages we hoped to be opening soon.

Exactly one week after Lieutenant Kojima took over, the Main Commandant, Colonel Nakano, descended on him for an inspection. The Nip soldiers called the old man their equivalent of "Big Noise, Little Do," but he did plenty to them that day.

After an early formation for us he spent the rest of the day putting the Nipponese through their paces with such exercises as Fire Drill, Bayonet Exercise and others. Before 5:00 p.m., his scheduled hour of departure, we lined the walk, by order, for a farewell salute. However, he was busy and continued to be for the next hour and ten minutes, haranguing the guards up in front of the Administration Building.

Finally, brief case in hand, he glowered past us and disappeared out the guardhouse gate while we returned to quarters

to a cold supper, the kitchen crew having dished up the soup and rice at the usual 5:30 serving hour.

Rumors had been current for several days that a senior POW group was to be moved and on April 1 it became official. Seventy-eight ranking officers and civilian dignitaries with thirty-nine enlisted men were to be transferred by rail to a new camp sixty miles to the south at Tamazato. The next morning they pulled out at 8:00 a.m., amid many cries of, "Meet you at the boat!" With them went their share of the Red Cross stores, none of which had been distributed as yet, a daily subject for universal griping by that time.

As usual after any marked shift in personnel a camp reorganization was in order. This included new squad and room assignments for everyone. Among other changes directed by the Nipponese, Colonel Nunie Pilet took over the duties of Personnel Administrator from Colonel Bill Enos.

The Sergeant Major for the permanent guard detachment at that time was a barrel-chested Nip soldier with a sort of junior-Tony-Galento build. However, as Colonel Bowler said, he was more like a "chimp" than a "champ." He was very proud of his physical development and we nicknamed him "Wakamoto" after the strong man pictured on the boxes of dried yeast tablets which the Post Exchange sold.

The morning after the camp shift Colonels Foster, Fry, and Galbraith, who occupied a small front room on the lower floor of barracks, were eating breakfast when Wakamoto walked across the grassy area in front of the building. Not seeing him they continued to eat. The Nip stopped, came over to their window, called them outside, flayed the three verbally in Nipponese and walked off leaving them standing at "Attention."

An hour and forty-five minutes later they were still standing there when the Camp Commander rode by on his bicycle. He stopped, asked what was the trouble, and was told the story. He did not release them but evidently stopped at the guard-house and told Wakamoto to do so as that worthy arrived on the scene shortly. Through Colonel Bob Hoffman, as inter-

preter, he went over and over the old stuff, that whenever a Nipponese came in sight anywhere a POW must jump to "Kiotsuke" and "Kei rei." Then he turned them loose.

The next move by the new Camp Commander was to call in all books and magazines to be inspected and stamped to indicate Nipponese approval. Afterward, bibles and other religious matter, dictionaries and atlases were returned to their owners while the remainder constituted a Camp Library. This proved to be a most popular innovation, with British Colonel Roper in charge, assisted by our Colonel Ed Atkinson.

The American group contributed comparatively little to the collection as most of us had done well to get ourselves through our difficulties without excess weight of books. Our British and Dutch friends however had brought considerable heavy baggage included in which were a goodly number of books. As a result the library boasted about three hundred volumes.

Then one morning we had an unexpected roll call formation in barracks, before daylight. The bugle blared "Tenko!" loudly so we dressed quickly and lined up in the hall. It seems that one prisoner was missing. Later investigation revealed that the absent member, American Private Carlton Hill, had been located. When discovered he was taking food from the swill bucket for the pigs over at the stock pens in one corner of the prison compound. When brought before the Camp Commander, Hill claimed he was cold and was starving for food.

Sentence: five days in solitary confinement in the clink on rice and water.

Perhaps this case served to remind Lieutenant Kojima of all the Red Cross stores, still withheld from us. In any event, the next day each POW was issued an individual Red Cross package. That was on April 9, which was the first anniversary of the fall of Bataan. Soon after supper squad details reported at the storeroom where the correct number of boxes had been laid out in squad piles. All had to be opened, the shredded paper packing removed (fire hazard), and the contents inspected by Baggy Pants before we could carry them back to our

rooms. Finally, about dark, each happy prisoner received a parcel for his very own.

What joy! What ecstasy! No Christmas morning children's rapture ever equalled this! Perhaps you will recall Fanny Hurst's play *Humoresque* of some years ago. As I remember it, a poor old Jewish couple was peering into a gift basket of food.

"It's manna from heaven!" exclaimed the old man.

"No papa," said the old lady, "it's ham from Chicago."

For us it was both. There were two types of packages but little to choose between the contents. Each contained cans of bacon, margarine, sugar, sweetened condensed milk, crackers, cheese, tomatoes, jam or syrup, a pudding such as apple or fig, a bar of sweet chocolate, a package of tea and a cake of soap. In addition there were about five other items selected from such as meat paste, liver paté, creamed rice, curried mutton, meat roll, beef and vegetables, or crab and tomato paste. Believe me, it was a happier gang of POWs who went to bed that night.

Bulk supplies previously mentioned were put on a weekly schedule of issue, approximately as recommended by our medical officers. Weights began to increase at once of course and in the next six weeks we picked up an average of nine pounds. Life definitely took on a brighter hue.

Of course we were still harassed daily by having to salute every private soldier far and near. There were eight of us in the room to which I was assigned at that time and we had moved the table near the window for light. It was not unusual during a meal for us to have to jump up as many as eight times to bow to some Nipponese crossing the open area in front.

Each evening after supper Wakamoto would line up a group of Nip guards before our barracks and put them through bayonet drill for an hour to the accompaniment of blood-curdling yells. There were no regrets when that guy was transferred elsewhere about May 1.

The day he left he appeared at our room after morning roll call, *and before breakfast*, with Sergeant Provoo in tow as interpreter, and wanted me to play the violin for him. You

never could tell what queer quirks their minds would take. It was a poor hour for a "command performance" but I complied with a couple of short numbers. Then he wanted to see any pictures we had. When no one admitted having any he moved on to the Post Exchange Officer's room.

The next change in our personnel occurred on May 5 when 31 POWs, 26 American and 5 Dutch, were transferred to Heito, a prison camp near Takao. Some of the British had stopped there a few days en route to Karenko. They told us it was a work camp of bamboo construction in a sandy area where the wind blew continually. The men were employed carrying rocks or working in the sugar-cane fields. We were to hear more of this group later.

Meanwhile our second Red Cross parcel was issued on May 11 amid rumors galore of moving to another camp, or being exchanged, or interned in a neutral country. But when several coils of grass rope were unloaded in front of barracks and details actually started tying up tables and chairs it was evident that a move of some kind was coming. Then Lieutenant Kama-shita, whom we had dubbed "Harold Lloyd," was sent off to prepare our new camp, said to be in western Taiwan.

The animal enclosures were next dismantled under Nipponese direction, and the materials tied up for shipment. Crates were made for goats, rabbits and chickens, but the hogs we were told were not to be transferred. That was good news and we eagerly anticipated the first slaughtering. Having drawn a blank in the vegetable farm deal we were overjoyed to think that the pigs we had raised would soon go into our soup.

Our pleasurable anticipation was quickly superseded however by gloom and anger, as word spread around camp that the Nipponese had sold our three largest pigs to civilians in Karenko instead of permitting us to slaughter them. The proceeds "had been credited to the farm account," we were told. It was the same old runaround.

"Work and you will reap the benefits," had said the Nips.

"In a pig's eye!" said we.

Ten smaller porkers still remained and a few hopefuls suggested that we might be permitted to eat them.

A few days later, to our amazement, the authorities put a group to work unpacking a considerable number of tables and chairs. It soon developed however that this was a temporary measure in preparation for an early visit by the International Red Cross Representative from Tokyo. On May 31 he arrived.

Elderly Swiss Dr. Fritz Paravicini, longtime resident of Tokyo and married to a Japanese, had been the Delegate from the International Red Cross to Japan for more than twenty years. He was accompanied by a Nipponese staff officer and an army interpreter.

Immediately after breakfast that morning the local authorities assembled the group of POWs whom they had selected, for an interview with the Delegate. This number included Colonels Thyer (Australian), Hunt (British), Fleischer (Dutch), and me, together with three enlisted men, Sergeant Provoo (American), Aircraftsman Pemberton (British) and Fireman Seelt (Dutch). When the Nips discovered Seelt had no shoes they sent him to borrow a pair.

We were then marched to the vicinity of Nipponese Headquarters where the visiting interpreter issued very specific instructions as to what matters we might bring up. Inasmuch as all remarks had to be translated into Japanese for the benefit of the local Commander and his staff, we were to speak slowly and distinctly. Our mentor stressed that the Delegate was in charge of the distribution of Red Cross supplies and that the injection of other subjects into the discussion was emphatically prohibited.

After Dr. Paravicini's arrival and the usual formalities with the Camp Commander, Lieutenant Kojima, we were led in to join them at the conference table. Introductions followed and we took seats. Kojima chose the head of the table, with the visitor and Nipponese staff on one side while we occupied the other. Iced ginger ale was served.

Dr. Paravicini was a tall, slender, gray-haired, frail-looking

individual who spoke excellent English and of course Japanese. He displayed a very mild manner throughout. While apparently adhering to the restrictions imposed upon him by the Nipponese Army authorities some of us thought we sensed in his attitude a sympathetic note of regret that intelligent white men should be in our position. Perhaps we were not so bright after all.

The following summary of the conference is reconstructed from my notes recorded at the time.

Question by POW: What about mail? Most of us have heard nothing from our families for more than a year and a half.

Dr. Paravicini: There are several thousand letters in Tokyo for prisoners of war. Formerly Nipponese girls did all the sorting but now American officers are assisting in this work. Letters are to be distributed as soon as sorted.¹

Q: Have our families been notified as to our whereabouts?

Dr. P: Yes. That information has been cabled to Geneva where it was card indexed and your respective governments notified. I believe the post cards you sent in February have reached their destination.²

Q: We have many emergency cases here requiring dental treatment. Cannot something be done for them?

Dr. P: turned to the Camp Commander who replied: We were having weekly visits by a civilian dentist. Treatment has been suspended but will be resumed later.

Q: Many POWs need spectacles badly. What about the services of an optometrist?

C. C: This will be taken care of later.

Q: In the matter of food, regardless of regulations, local conditions or cost, the fact remains that we all feel weak and continually hungry. We would like more to eat and the privilege of buying food through the Post Exchange. We have all lost much weight and gained comparatively little due to recent Red Cross issues.

Dr. P: We have many tons of supplies but getting them transported to you is almost impossible. We have fifteen tons at Laurencio Marques (Portuguese East Africa), and hope for an exchange ship this summer to bring that and other supplies to you.

¹It was nearly nine months later, February 22, 1944, before we received the first of those letters.

²They did about three months later.

The Camp Commander then called for a graph on which had been plotted, month by month, the POW weights. The Delegate noted the downward trend with recent slight upturn but the Camp Commander volunteered nothing on any food increases.

Q: Can you get us some clothing? Many are in great need of socks and underwear in addition to outer clothing.

Dr. P: Much has been asked—far beyond your local requests. Transportation is again the problem.

Q: Many of us have been without soap during most of our captivity. Can you get us some?

Dr. P: (Same as previous reply).

Q: We would appreciate a general assortment of books for the Camp Library. Are any available?

Dr. P: Yes. Some YMCA books will be coming along later, and also our Mr. Erickson will be sending some athletic equipment.

Q: The Dutch prisoners are worried about their families in Java and Sumatra. On what are they living? May POWs be permitted to send remittances to them?

C.C: Those families are under care of the Japanese Military Administration. Our General Staff is studying the matter of remittances from POWs to their families in the NEI.

Dr. P: Formerly we were in closer touch with the general situation as we were sending mail to Geneva via trans-Siberia, Tiflis and Turkey but as that is now closed we have no route for mail to Europe.

I hope you may keep in good health and return safely to your families.

We bowed out but were held in a nearby building until the visitor had been hastily conducted through camp and sped on his way. Upon returning to barracks we learned that he had been guided past the cook house, quickly in and out of one section of our quarters then out the gate.

Although this was an official visit by an International Red Cross Representative, the Nipponese authorities completely ignored the presence in camp of POW R. B. Webb, Australian civilian and an official Red Cross Representative.

Two days later insult was heaped on injury when the Nips sold our remaining ten pigs, fat and edible, to the city of

Karenko while enlisted details packed the remaining pens for shipment. Somehow we were not much interested in raising any more pigs, or starting another farm. Against the liabilities of our money invested and months of labor our chief asset had been some eggs for the hospital. The Nipponese had even taken most of those.

At last it seemed our move was imminent. We also heard that the Tamazato group would rejoin us. Sure enough, on the afternoon of June 5, the general officers, British brigadiers, and enlisted men who had left us in April marched into camp. As all beds had been packed they joined us on the floor for a couple of nights. A super-senior group, including American Generals Wainwright, King, and Moore, with Sergeants Carroll, Gonzales, and Kelly, had been separated from the others for transfer to a camp of their own. While we regretted losing contact with our former commanders we hoped it might develop some benefit for them.

An illuminating incident occurred about that time. Some days previously Baggy had had two sacks of Red Cross sugar hauled out of camp without apology or explanation. As our departure was impending Mr. Webb wrote a letter to the Camp Commander stating the situation, and asking for an issue of bread "in lieu," or, if not, what about the sugar?

A few days passed. Having heard nothing further he took advantage of an opportunity one morning to ask the Commandant what about a reply to his letter. Lieutenant Kojima had no knowledge of it. Webb then explained the matter and was told it would be investigated.

The Commandant evidently questioned Baggy regarding the letter for when we turned out for an area clean-up at 1:00 p.m. Baggy had Webb backed up against a tree in front of barracks and was apparently choking with rage. Webb eventually joined his squad for work but when, at the first rest period, he went to his room a moment on some minor errand Baggy nailed him, "for disobedience of orders by entering the building."

Result: To the guardhouse at once, in solitary confinement.

There he remained for about fifty-four hours or until the night before our scheduled departure. At that time the Camp Commander, taking Colonel Jim Thyer (senior Aussie) and the camp interpreter, Mortimer, went to the guardhouse and had Webb brought out. He then delivered a lengthy lecture to the POWs, the essence of which was that the Red Cross man had been confined "for disobedience of orders," but that he really should have been shot for "impugning the integrity of the Imperial Nipponese Army." He mentioned nothing with reference to the two missing sacks of sugar.

CHAPTER 11

WESTERN TAIWAN

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DEPARTURE on June 7 was announced and in preparation therefor a formation was held the previous afternoon. At that time the camp was divided for the trip into four companies or groups of about eighty each. Travel rations of bread and canned meat were also issued. Moving day dawned cloudy but by 7:30 the sun was out and doing its best. After an uneventful hike of five kilometers to the port and the customary Nipponese delays we finally boarded a China Coast steamer, the *Hozan Maru*, about noon.

An hour later we nosed out of the harbor and headed northward up the east coast of Taiwan. We were huddled below decks as usual but had an outside glimpse through the port holes. The coastline appeared very rugged with the mountains coming right down to the shore line. Here and there a tortuous hillside road could be seen winding in and out, far up the slope. After about four hours of this we dropped anchor in a rather wide bay opposite the town of Suo.

There were no docks, just the open beach, and we were some distance from shore. Moreover a stiff breeze was blowing, making the sea rather choppy. However a couple of native sampans finally came alongside and we started a hazardous debarkation from ship's ladder to sampan to shore. These native boats were the same type we had seen at Takao, being propelled and steered by means of the single large stern oar. Each time a loaded sampan approached the beach several natives rushed into the water and with the help of the next wave pushed one end of the boat up on the sand. After the passengers had clambered ashore the natives refloated the sampan which then returned to the ship for another load.

When all were ashore we lined up, checked the count, and marched about half a mile to the railway station where we sat down in the street to wait. About dark a train puffed into the



depot, slowed to a stop and the usual stream of travelers poured out onto the platform. Other crowds of curious natives thronged the vicinity watching us in wide-eyed wonderment. Evidently the congestion was more than the authorities liked for suddenly the air raid siren sounded. The hundreds of scared natives scampered for cover leaving us sitting alone in the dark street with our bags and ever-present guards.

It was 10:00 p.m. before our train was finally spotted on a siding and we were jammed aboard. Naturally all Nipponese trains are constructed to accommodate people of small stature. This was no exception. It was made up entirely of day coaches, having twenty undersized, wooden, double seats to the car, into each of which four POWs with their hand baggage were wedged. Sleep was impossible. Our ubiquitous guards kept windows down and shades drawn and the ensuing night was by odds the most uncomfortable I ever spent.

We passed through Taihoku about 1:00 a.m., rounded the northern end of Taiwan and started down the west side of the island. At Kagi, just before noon, several stretcher cases were unloaded into a truck for transportation to the new camp. At the next station south the rest of us piled off and climbed, twenty to the car, aboard a waiting train of narrow-gauge, sugar-cane dump cars.

Followed then an hour's chug-chugging to the end of that line. En route we picked up smiling, bespectacled Lieutenant Kamashita ("Harold Lloyd"), who had preceded us some weeks with an advance detachment of Nips. A further march of  $31\frac{1}{2}$  kilometers brought us to the village of Shirakawa, at the far edge of which our new camp was located. On the way many of us filled our pockets with green mangos from the loaded roadside trees under which we were passing. These ripened nicely in a few days.

The new camp set-up was anything but promising. A special barracks had been constructed for the generals but the remainder of the camp was part of an old Nipponese Army training billet. All buildings, including the generals' quarters, were

one-story wooden structures with gaping holes in the floors and leaky roofs. The window screens were valueless as no screens were ever provided for the doors—not even for the kitchen or the hospital. After a few days, bamboo beds were provided in the officers' barracks. Near each hut was an outside wash rack and a latrine. In a central location stood a separate cook house, equipped with six cauldrons instead of the four we had had at Karenko. Long grass, pools of stagnant water, and the millions of flies and mosquitoes spoke volumes on the lack of sanitation.

We were hardly indoors when a torrential rain descended, flooding the camp. As we sat there on the floor, trying to avoid the leaks and wondering what next, Harold Lloyd supplied the answer with an issue of half a dozen bananas each, followed by a halfway reasonable vegetable soup and rice. We foolishly hoped that this was a fair sample of western Taiwan chow.

The next day the camp was reorganized into seven officers' and two enlisted squads. I found myself Hanco of Squad 3, consisting of forty American colonels and Major Bob Brown. Roommates were again Colonels Berry and Bowler, with Colonel Nick Galbraith added as Assistant Squad Chief.

Lieutenant Kojima's brief tenure as Camp Commander was cut short by the return of our cantankerous old enemy, Captain Imamura, who had been at Tamazato with the generals. Kojima was transferred elsewhere but another junior officer, Lieutenant Hioki, joined us. Before the war he had been a vegetable market dealer in Hollywood. Somebody wished him onto a neighboring city by dubbing him the "Pasadena Kid," and so he remained. He spoke fair English and understood us perfectly. One day when he was in our room he got a great kick out of telling us about getting a ticket for traffic violation in Colonel Bowler's home town of Alameda, California. He disregarded the ticket and returned to Hollywood. A couple of months later a police officer walked into his store with the record and said, "Fifty dollars or else," so he paid up.

Our last glimpse of the civilian interpreter, Mortimer, had been when we marched out the gate at Karenko. His replacement was Nisei Private First Class Bob Yamanaka, reputedly a graduate of Mission High School in San Francisco, hence "Frisco Bob" to POWs. His parents were interned in the States at the time. He spoke breezy American, freely flavored with below-Mission-street slang. Had he chosen to do so he could probably have smoothed a good many rough spots for prisoners but he was so afraid the Nipponese authorities would think him pro-American that he went out of his way to appear severe and hard-boiled toward us, especially before other Nips.

Our smiling Karenko Medical Sergeant Miyata ("Charley Mayo") had been superseded by Sergeant Nagatomo, "Handle Bars" to us, in view of the style of mustache he affected. Still with us were Lieutenant Wakasugi ("Baggy"), Sergeant Oikawa ("Holy Cow") in charge of the farm, Corporal Iwai ("Simon Legree"), of the camp supply office, and Medical Corporal Matsumura ("Grumpy"), whom we would gladly have left behind.

In a few days the Karenko freight shipment arrived including the goats, rabbits and chickens, and work details started reconstructing the animal pens. More appreciated was the arrival of the library, augmented by a considerable number of books from the Tokyo YMCA. Colonels Freddie Ward, Kent Hughes (Aussie), and H. Van Kuilenburg (Dutch) took over the management of the library which became a continuing source of enjoyment and relaxation for all.

I have mentioned that the camp was infested with mosquitoes. We already had a number of recurrent malaria cases and these were soon in the hospital again. New cases developed daily until half the camp had been listed as malarial patients. Fortunately it was not a virulent type.

It was during this period that we were sent out several times on an unusual mission. Within about a kilometer of camp there were several areas where a particular weed, resembling dog fennel, grew in abundance. We understood it to be the

same plant from which the Chinese made the punk we all used as children to light fire crackers. Anyway, when dried and burned it was an effective mosquito preventive. Our job was to keep a supply on hand for nightly use by the Nipponese soldiers at the guardhouse.

Herded by a couple of guards a group of prisoners, each equipped with a piece of grass rope, would be marched out to the selected area and told to "start pulling." When the sentries were satisfied with the quantity secured each POW tied up his bundle, shouldered it and carried it back to camp where he spread it out to dry. The supply was then stored on the concrete under the edge of barracks and from this the privates of the guard helped themselves each evening.

I remember one of these trips particularly as on that occasion we passed through the edge of the neighboring village of Shirakawa. The whole Formosan community had evidently been ordered out to work the road that day, and I do mean the whole community. Men, women and children were working, digging, leveling and carrying rocks. Some little girls could hardly lift their heavy hoes. Each of several mothers had her most recent offspring slung to her back in true native style, but apparently all looked alike to the village official in charge who was growling his orders as we passed.

A few weeks after our arrival at Shirakawa Corporal Grumpy took exception to something in the British generals' squad at morning tenko and, to emphasize his displeasure, proceeded to slap Major General Key, the Squad Chief. Key wrote a letter of protest to the Camp Commander and turned it in to the interpreter which was probably as far as it ever got. Frisco Bob and Grumpy were pals anyway and they evidently decided they would handle the situation in their own way. Sending an armed guard for the British general they had him brought over to the Orderly Room in our barracks. American Sergeant Provoo was also present and numerous officers were within hearing. The two Nips castigated Key verbally awhile for writing the letter and on general principles, closing with:

"You British bow and smile, but in your hearts you hate us!"

Just to prove it was mutual they then knocked Key down several times and mopped up the floor with him before sending him reeling back to his room. Brave men were the Emperor's soldiers!

Our first batch of newspapers at Shirakawa came in about the middle of July. In the June 7 issue of the *Nippon Times* we saw confirmation of the Red Cross Delegate's report on mail. There was a picture of a group sorting POW mail in the Tokyo Post Office while the accompanying article stated that there were over 700,000 pieces of prisoner mail on hand with another load due to arrive on the next exchange ship. Everyone of us knew we had many letters en route. I believe that, except for the brutal beating and slaying of our comrades, nothing made us more bitter against the Nips than this willful withholding of our mail, without rhyme or reason.

Meanwhile old Fussbudget had been relieved and the new Main Commandant of All Prison Camps (in Taiwan) was a Colonel Sazawa. He arrived shortly for the first of his monthly inspections, included in which was a conference with several senior officers. Naturally one of the first questions brought up was the matter of mail; when would they release it? To which the colonel replied, always through the interpreter, that he had no information whatever on the subject. Such was the impenetrable wall we were facing.

A few days earlier we had heard rumors of another farm to be started. The result of our sub rosa discussion was that there was general agreement by all, I believe, to follow the Wainwright-Percival policy to work if ordered to do so or if absolutely necessary to sustain life but not to volunteer.

In the conference Colonel Sazawa indicated that he expected officers of this camp to work, regardless of age. He was told that we were not fit to work on account of insufficient food in the past; also that the climate was unsuitable for heavy manual labor and that the age and disabilities of many officers made work for them quite impossible.

"Even if fed up we are not accustomed to strenuous farm labor and cannot attempt it," we told him. "The Karenko farm was a total failure and was harmful to all. We raised a lot of pigs and did not get to eat them. We invested several thousand yen and much labor without adequate returns."

"The Karenko farm was badly handled. You must administer this one better," admonished the Colonel. *We* must!

"Of course you will be permitted to see the accounts," he added, to our genuine surprise, but it was clearly his idea that we support ourselves. As before, he made abundant promises that we would eat what we raised. Time would tell.

When asked how the war in Europe was going the colonel admitted that Germany was not strong enough to hold off Russia and assist Italy, closing unexpectedly with, "We believe internal affairs in Germany are bad." We POWs surely hoped so.

The following Sunday morning Baggy called all Squad Chiefs together, produced his farm account book, and dictated to us a partially itemized statement of receipts and expenditures. The totals were as follows:

|                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Receipts .....        | 9,320.50 yen |
| Expenditures .....    | 6,779.79 yen |
| Balance on hand ..... | 2,540.71 yen |

The itemized monthly totals did not reconcile in some cases but there was no comment, explanation, or discussion. Baggy then took us to task for alleged laxness in saluting.

"Any POW when talking with a Nipponese will stand at attention and not smoke," he said. "Offenders will be punished at that time by being struck by Nipponese officer with cane. For the second offense he will be put in the guardhouse."

That was that. When he had gone we looked over the figures he had given us and decided those eggs we had furnished the hospital back at Karenko had been a little expensive.

Then on August 16 Baggy left us. He had been on active duty for one year and was returning to civil life. The Post

Exchange had supposedly been one of his responsibilities but he had either lost his accounts or kept none. Anyway, the day before his departure Colonel Pat Callahan's assistant PX officers, Colonels Jack Vance and Vic Collier, made him up a statement for his successor, based on records they had kept from the start.

Then came a red letter day for about a third of the American contingent. Radio messages from home! For most of us it was the first news from our families since before the war.

We had arrived at Shirakawa with 337 POWs but had lost Colonel Frank Brezina two weeks later from a weakened heart due to malnutrition. His was the first grave in a new Camp Cemetery which we opened on a hillside about a half mile from camp.

Then in August two Dutch officers, Major General Overaker and Colonel Gosenson, had been transferred to Sumatra but 146 new arrivals from Singapore, Hong Kong and Taichou brought our strength up to 480. Ranking member of the new group was Major General Christopher Maltby, British General Officer Commanding in Hong Kong, and a brother of Air Vice Marshal P. C. Maltby, RAF, the then senior Britisher in camp.

Most of the newcomers were junior British officers and men from Singapore. Among their number was Chaplain Richard Kennedy, a war-time officer from St. Francis Xavier's in Dublin, who had been a Jesuit missionary in China for several years. He held the rank of Captain, British Army.

Another new arrival whom we welcomed was British dentist Captain John L. Badgett. While he had not even a pair of forceps we were glad to have a member of the dental profession in camp and hoped to obtain something for him to work with.

A few of the younger officers had stopped en route at Heito, the airfield camp near Takao to which thirty-one of our men at Karenko had been sent. From them we got a first-hand report on this work camp. Its normal POW population was about twenty officers and five hundred men. All lived in bamboo huts with sand floors and as it was very windy the sand blew in continually. Crowded sleeping quarters were assigned on

narrow board shelves along the sides. Prisoners were divided into three categories:

- A: Outside workers, carrying stones to piles or loading on dump cars, all day. (Midday meal was carried out to this group by officers, using push carts.)
- B: Inside workers, cultivating camp gardens and keeping the compound cleaned.
- C: Sick, unable to work.

Much sickness was reported, including malaria, diarrhea, dysentery and beriberi, with about one death per week. The only two doctors in camp did their best but had a very poor medical room and almost no medicines.

Before the arrival of the International Red Cross Representative each man was issued a new undershirt, shorts, and a coolie hat to wear on that day, but *not* before. Beatings were frequent, usually with a large bamboo stick. They had had no letters in or out and the food was poor although the workers did receive more rice than we were getting. In addition enlisted men were paid ten sen per day in scrip, but if no work, no pay. This was their only means for purchasing anything, such as cigarettes or fruit, at the Post Exchange. A banana cost ten sen. How would you like to carry rocks all day for a banana?

On September 1 we were authorized another letter home the instructions being: 100 words or less, printed in block letters and using only simple English phrases. No mention to be made of food, or weight, or treatment.

We were given to understand that thereafter one letter per month might be written but there was still no word about incoming mail.

The next day the order was issued, "Everybody fall in for work." When we lined up in front of barracks the interpreter announced that those unable to work should form on the right of each squad. The medical corporal, Grumpy, then went along questioning each of the incapacitated as to his disability. Some he excused while others were sent out regardless. His favorite expression, used to Colonels Cy Crews, Alex Campbell and



others was: "Mo shinu ho (n) ga ii," (Better you were dead!), varied sometimes with "Uso tsuki!" (You lie!)

We workers were then marched to the tool house, issued kamas (sickles), kuwas (hoes), yenppis (shovels) and pungis (baskets), after which we began the old grind of clearing weeds and grass preparatory to cultivating one of the valleys adjacent to camp. There was no doubt we were embarked on another farm venture.

The camp water supply came from a nearby reservoir but to our consternation it was announced on September 23 that the reservoir was dry and that we would have to carry water daily from a well outside the compound. Thereafter for several months every gallon of water used by the Nipponese guards or ourselves for cooking, drinking, laundry, shaving, bathing, or any other purpose we carried in buckets several hundred yards from an outside well and dumped into concrete tanks in camp. It was bad enough to have to carry our own but to lug water for the Nip soldiers to throw around at will really griped us.

One afternoon a group of sixteen generals from Squad 1 had been carrying in water for our kitchen. When enough had been brought Colonel Pilet, Administrative Officer, permitted the group to carry some for their own use. Upon returning with this load he dismissed them. A few minutes later one of the Nipponese guards, "Blubber Lip" to us, called this group of generals out of barracks and lined them up again. The complaint was *he* had not dismissed them. He raged loudly in Nip back and forth in front of them then whacked each one sharply over the head with a bamboo stick he was carrying.

The next day when our interview party of POWs started up to a conference with representatives of the Protective Powers the interpreter, Frisco Bob Yamanaka, passed the word, "It will not be necessary to say anything about that bopping yesterday as that is all over now,"—but it wasn't.

## CHAPTER 12

### PROTECTIVE POWERS

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1943 was a memorable day for POWs in that it marked the one and only occasion during our more than three years of captivity when we were visited by representatives of the Protective Powers, Switzerland for the United States and Great Britain, and Sweden for Holland. The delegates who came were M. Maurice C. Champaud, Swiss Consul from Kobe, Japan, and a Mr. Erickson from, I believe, the Swedish Consulate in Kobe.

An oral report of the meeting was given to all squads when our interviewers returned to barracks. However, the senior British officer, Air Vice Marshal Maltby, had one of his sergeants take a stenographic record of the conference with the Swiss Consul which he was kind enough to make available to me later. In view of the importance historically of this, our only contact with an outside official who could report directly to our government, I am glad to be able to record the proceedings in detail.

#### Preliminaries:

1. At about 9:00 a.m. September 24, 1943 the following POWs were assembled in the Orderly Room in barracks:

Air Vice Marshal P. C. Maltby (British)  
Brigadier General L. C. Beebe (American)  
Colonel J. H. Thyer (Australian)  
Captain W. H. Wilterdink, USN (American)  
Sergeant J. Catherall (British)  
Technical Sergeant N. H. Light (American)  
Major General H. deFremery (Dutch)  
Colonel P. Scholten (Dutch)

2. The Camp Interpreter then told them that they had been selected, with the Camp Commander's approval, to represent the POWs of this camp at an interview that afternoon with the

representatives of their countries' respective Protective Powers. If any one wished to decline he might do so and someone would be selected to replace him. None did so.

3. The Interpreter then instructed the group that they should be very careful about what they said because they were going to have to live with their captors, that the time available was very short, and that they should prepare a list of the points they desired to bring up, by noon, this to be censored by the Camp Commander.

4. At 10:30 a.m. Colonel Pilet, the Camp Administrative Officer, assembled the group again and issued the following instructions which he had just received from the Nipponese:

- a. POWS were to ask no questions.
- b. Only brief answers were to be given when they were asked questions; they were not to promote discussion.
- c. POWs should be very, *very*, careful as to replies they gave, as saying the "wrong thing" might have serious consequences, not only for the individual concerned but for the whole camp.

5. At 2:00 p.m. the group was assembled at the gate to the prison compound. At about 2:30 p.m. the party was conducted out the gate and up to the Camp Commander's office in the Nipponese area. There a staff interpreter explained that he was accompanying the Representatives of the Protective Powers on a series of visits to different camps. His orders were briefly as follows:

That there was no time to go over any list of points the POWs would like to bring up.

That nothing in any way derogatory to the Nipponese Army would be uttered.

That no specific instances concerning individuals would be mentioned but only generalizations that were applicable to the entire camp. (*Inter alia* he said that it was against orders for a Nipponese soldier to strike a POW on his own authority.)

That only one hour was available which would be divided

one half to the British-American conference and one half to the Dutch.

6. The interpreter then explained the plan of the Conference to be that the Representatives of the Protective Powers would ask certain questions of the POWs from a list previously approved by the Nipponese Army and that answers should be brief and to the point. He said that nothing pertaining to any camp except this one at Shirakawa was to be mentioned and agreed that the spokesmen for the two groups should be Air Vice Marshal Maltby and Major General deFremery.

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At 3:00 p.m. the POW representatives were conducted into the conference room where the following were assembled:

M. Champaud, the Swiss Delegate, with Nipponese secretary

Captain Imamura, Camp Commander

Lieutenant Hioki, Camp Staff

Lieutenant Kamashita, Camp Staff

Interpreter Yamanaka, Camp Staff

Also a staff officer and an interpreter believed to be from the office of Colonel Sazawa, the Main Camp Commandant

After introductions, POWs were told by the Camp Commander to be seated, after which he and all others, who had been standing during POW's entry, took their seats. Tea, cakes, and lemonade were served throughout the proceedings.

All POWs present gave their names and former assignments to M. Champaud in writing.

With the Camp Commander's permission the Delegate opened the meeting by stating his function and asking the POWs to put forward their points. Air Vice Marshal Maltby, the spokesman, suggested that the *modus operandi* should be adhered to, whereby M. Champaud should put his approved list of questions which the POWs should answer. This was agreed to. Each question was put by the Swiss Delegate in English. Then it was translated into Japanese. Then the answer was given, in nearly every case by the spokesman who

consulted his colleagues on several occasions. Questions and answers were taken down by M. Champaud and by both staff officers.

Q 1: Have you been permitted to retain your private property, namely, that with which you arrived in camp?

A 1: All knives, flashlights and tools have been taken from us; also some medicines which have later been issued to the hospital as required. Otherwise we have retained our private property intact. (Scissors, straight razors, matches, candles and cigarette lighters had also been taken. Later personal diaries, note books, maps and many private papers were taken.)

Q 2: How soon after your arrival in camp were you allowed to write to your families?

A 2: At Karenko two or three months elapsed before we wrote home.

Q 3: At what intervals are you allowed to write home?

A 3: At no regular periods heretofore. We have been told several times on rather short notice that we may write a letter. On an average we have written from four to six times since capture.

Q 4: What length of time usually elapses between the date of writing a letter and the date you receive an answer?

A 4: The answer to that question is best given by saying that the great majority in camp have not received a letter at all since their capture. A few US officers have had letters or radio messages. A few British had a letter or two at Karenko, and I understand a batch of British mail arrived in camp today.

Q 5: Have you sufficient bedding?

A 5: No enlisted men have mattresses and a number of junior officers who have recently arrived have none. Otherwise bedding is sufficient.

Q 6: Has any officer requested permission to write to the Swiss Legation and been refused?

A 6: None so far as I know.

Q 7: Is there a chaplain in the camp?

A 7: Yes, there is an Army Roman Catholic chaplain whose services anyone can attend. The Protestants however conduct their own services without a chaplain.

Q 8: What food do you get?

A 8: Three meals a day, at each of which we get a packed teacup-size bowl of rice-barley mixture, and another bowl about three times that size of thin vegetable soup. Occasionally there is a little meat in the latter. The last few weeks we have received a more

regular supply of better soup having had meat in it three times in the last ten days. (Forgot to mention occasional bananas.) We are feeling very weak as a result.

Q 9: Has there been any instance of collective punishment regarding food in this camp?

A 9: No, I cannot say there has been. (There was later.)

Q 10: Is there a canteen?

A 10: Yes, one has been going for about six weeks here at Shirakawa.

Q 11: Are canteen profits made use of for the benefit of POWs?

A 11: If there are any profits we do not know what happens to them. (It later developed that profits were averaging about two thousand yen monthly which the Nipponese said was being used for for the benefit of other Taiwan camps. However, prisoners from some of those camps whom I questioned never heard of such a thing.)

Q 12: Are there any clothing shortages?

A 12: We are in need of underwear, shirts, socks and towels for summer use. Most of us were captured in the tropics and have only cotton clothing so that many will want warm underclothing, warm socks, and a warm outer suit for winter. The Main Commandant is going into this matter.

Q 13: Are orders issued in a language you understand?

A 13: Yes. (A better answer here would have been, "Frequently, no.")

Q 14: Are there any serious diseases here?

A 14: As I am not a medical officer it is not easy for me to answer that question. There have been a number of malaria cases but no serious diseases. (There were cancer and tuberculosis cases later.) Shortage of drugs and medical equipment have made treatment difficult but the situation has improved recently. We also hope for Red Cross stores before long and that medical supplies will be amongst them. (M. Champaud stated that Red Cross stores were expected in Japan in two or three months time and of course, further time would be required for them to reach us. He apparently asked permission to send medical supplies to the camp. Actually the Red Cross supplies reached Shirakawa May 15, 1944, nearly six months later.)

Q 15: Were you allowed to keep your private funds when captured and was a receipt given?

A 15: No receipt was given but (at Singapore?) the money was placed to our credit in Postal Deposits. We see the accounts periodically and are satisfied that this is as good as a receipt.

Q 16: What pay are you receiving?

A 16: Officers receive the pay of their corresponding rank in the Nippon Army. Part of this is issued in camp scrip. Enlisted men receive five yen which is taken from officers' pay. The remainder is put to officers' credit in Postal Deposits after deduction of charges for messing, repairs, and large incidentals such as watch repairs, dental treatment, etc. Officers do not control the balance at their credit directly.

Q 17: Have you been called upon to do any unhealthy or prohibited work?

A 17: As officers we did not expect when captured to be forced to perform manual labor, in view of the provisions of the Geneva Convention. But it has been explained to us that everyone in Nippon works or does not eat and we are thus compelled to work. Very few of the officers have ever done manual labor; many are older men who find the farm work very trying, particularly in their present weak state due to undernourishment, and being under the tropical sun. Moreover, we fear the possibility of permanent injury from the combination of manual labor and insufficient food. Some have already occurred, such as hernias.

Q 18: Do you submit this as a complaint?

A 18: Yes.

Q 19: Have any of you lost weight?

A 19: Most of us have lost weight. The average loss of officers at Karenko last March against their pre-war weight was 21 kilograms,<sup>1</sup> and for enlisted men 10 kilos. (Should have said 12.) Some of us regained a certain amount when Red Cross stores were issued to us starting in April, especially the younger men. Red Cross supplies are now exhausted and we feel we are on the downgrade again. Personally I am now 19 kilograms below my normal weight.

(The Camp Commander interposed that the statement that officers had an average loss of 21 kilograms "was a lie!" The spokesman explained that this was against pre-war weights. Much discussion followed but it ended with M. Champaud recording an average loss for officers of 14 kilos as an approximation only. That seemed to satisfy the Camp Commander.)

Q 20: What opportunities have you for recreation?

A 20: Whilst working on the farm we have little urge for further exercise, but for those who do, an outside exercise ground is being prepared. As soon as it is fenced in, it will be available to those who want exercise.

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<sup>1</sup>1 kilogram = 2.2 pounds, hence 21 kilos = 46.2 pounds.

For indoor recreation there is a library with good books in it, but we would like more. We have our private things like cards and chess but more games would be appreciated. (M. Champaud said that the Swedish Delegate, Mr. Erickson, was the YMCA games representative and was making notes of our requirements.)

In answer to no question the spokesman raised the dental and spectacles problems, explaining that many POWs were badly in need of dental treatment having been without for many months while others were risking permanent injury to their eyes through lack of proper spectacles. He added that there was a dental officer in camp but he was without tools or equipment, and that these matters had been presented to the Camp Commander.

Q 21: Against what diseases have you been inoculated?

A 21: Typhoid, dysentery, diphtheria, plague, and cholera. (Forgot to mention tetanus and smallpox.)

Q 22: Have you an appointed representative who reports your views to the Camp Commander?

A 22: No, there is no one individual. The Squad Leaders, who do duty daily by rotation, represent on the day they are on duty such needs as have been sent to them in writing for submission to the Nipponese authorities.

In reply to other questions the spokesman replied:

- a. That we have no radio.
- b. That identification papers had not been taken from POWs to his knowledge.
- c. That we have two roll calls per day. (Changed later to additional night roll calls at will of the guards.)

The Camp Commander interrupted that he would like to say something about food and labor the gist of which was that:

Officers only worked two and a half hours in the mornings and two hours in the afternoons and when the planting season was over it would be lighter; that the sick were given preferential treatment; and that in point of calories POWs received more than the Nipponese.



Q 23: The Camp Commander then asked if the spokesman thought he had lied.

A 23: The spokesman replied that he would not think of accusing the Commandant of telling lies, but that *if* the work were confined to the hours he stated it would greatly ease the strain of the POW's manual labor in the tropical sun.

With permission a further matter was put. The spokesman explained that there were numerous officers and men who had relatives in the Philippines and Hong Kong to whom they wished to send money. Could this be done?

The Camp Commander replied that the Dutch had been permitted to send money to Java and he anticipated the same privilege would be extended to the American and British personnel.

The spokesman then asked if assurance could be given that the names of all POWs in this and other camps had been sent home, as failure to do so would inflict great hardship on their relatives.

M. Champaud replied that the Nipponese War Department gave a confirmatory list to the Swiss Legation and this was being dealt with at the present time.

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The meeting concluded with an expression of thanks to M. Champaud and the Camp Commander, to which the Delegate replied that he welcomed this opportunity to interview us, and that he hoped things would go well with us in future.

When discussing the meeting with me later, Air Vice Marshal Maltby said:

"It should be realized that only two or three of the POWs present had ever had any hope of such an interview; that there was no word of it in camp before 9:00 a.m. that day; that instructions on the conference were changed at the last minute and the POW spokesman could speak only from memory.

"In calm retrospect much more comes to mind that might have been said; however, I feel that there is no question that the Protective Power Representative got the true picture."

Our move to Shirakawa had meant no lessening of the essay writing requirements of our captors. For our first literary effort there they assigned the subject, "What you expect to do after the war." I believe most of the American oldsters expressed a desire to retire in California, Texas, or Florida, but there were no repercussions when Colonel Ed Aldridge calmly recorded his ambition to be a member of the American Army of Occupation in Japan after the war.

The next composition was a requirement for certain individuals nominated by the Nipponese, of whom I was one. Early in September I received a mimeographed sheet containing the following directive:

**FUTURE OF THE WORLD WAR II:** To be written frankly, neither taking into consideration your present situation nor the interest of Japan and your country, leaving our fate to Heaven, as the victory solely depends on God's will.

Presenter: Commandant Sazawa.

Date of Submit: September 10th.

This was their first admission that victory depended on God's will and not on the August Virtue of His Majesty the Emperor. Aping Will Rogers, I told them that all I knew was what I read in their newspapers but that it was apparent Germany was losing the war in Europe and that when that was accomplished we would proceed to destroy Japan. Also, that Japan was an industrial nation and that if she wanted to live and carry on as such after the war the best thing she could do was to surrender before Germany did and save her industrial and economic structure. It seems my advice was wasted.

Habitually, at work periods, squads would be marched up to the Nipponese area where they would exchange wooden clogs for shoes, draw necessary tools and equipment and proceed to the farm.

One October morning Squad 4 was held at the tool room when the rest of us departed. A half hour later, while we of Squad 3 were engaged in tearing down a stack of cut grass and

weeds from previous clearings and restacking it a few yards away, the back gate to the compound was opened and we observed the members of Squad 4 approaching in pairs. Across the shoulders of each pair was a bamboo pole on which they were carrying a bucket filled with the product from the benjos for enriching our compost pile.

I think we were as much enraged as they, realizing that it would probably be our turn next. Han-cho Colonel Gurdon Sage told me he had objected strenuously when the guards indicated the job for his squad; that a Nipponese officer had been called and General Parker (senior American) consulted, with the result that they were obeying orders that morning but a heavy protest was being filed with the Camp Commander. That afternoon the job was passed on to British junior officers.

The next morning Captain Imamura assembled the whole camp to hear him make a speech in reply to the previous day's protest. He stated substantially, "In Japan we save everything, and we do not consider it degrading work to clean out the benjos."

What he failed to admit was that ordinarily native Formosans with special carts did the job for the Nipponese Army. Just to show that he was still the boss, however, he had the British subalterns continue the motion for two more days. Later on it became a common custom for the Nips to let the benjos overflow, especially on weekends, then turn out our enlisted men to do the scavenging. Our insistent offers to pay natives to perform this loathsome task regularly got just exactly nowhere. Their thought processes were just different.

Along that same line, we were much surprised one morning to see a string of little native boys and girls, twenty-five or thirty of them, being led past our window by a Taiwanese guard. None could have been over ten years old. They marched in pairs, each pair carrying their shoulder pole and pail. One youngster had a large cup on the end of a long handle. We could hardly believe our eyes when the guard led the children to our benjo and started them dipping the urine from the ground tank into their pails. Each pair then carried its load

out the camp gate and over to their school garden for use as fertilizer. No slackers were the little girls. Each did her full share of the labor, but we couldn't escape a rather sickening feeling. The operation continued for several hours, nor was that the only time it occurred.

Among the few magazines in the library was an old *Reader's Digest* containing extracts from a narrative by Winston Churchill in which he described his experiences as a prisoner in 1902 during the Boer War in South Africa. A portion of it seemed so pertinent to our situation that Brigadier General Arnold Funk, Squad Chief of Squad 1, put a copy on his Bulletin Board. I quote:

#### A PRISONER OF WAR

It is a melancholy state. You are in the power of the enemy. You owe your life to his humanity, your daily bread to his compassion. You must obey his orders, await his pleasure, possess your soul in patience. The days are very long; hours crawl by like paralytic centipedes. Moreover, the whole atmosphere of prison is odious. Companions quarrel about trifles and get the least possible enjoyment from each others' society. You feel a constant humiliation in being fenced in by railings and wire, watched by armed guards and webbed about with a tangle of regulations and restrictions.<sup>2</sup>

The old Captain, making a tour of the barracks, saw it and took it as a personal insult. The result was another assembly in which he upbraided us for our lack of appreciation for his efforts in our behalf and prohibited posting such articles on bulletin boards in future.

The arrival of a contingent of thirty-one POWs from Java on November 8 raised our number above the five hundred mark. The four Americans in the group were Captain Tom Dodson of the 131st Field Artillery, Texas National Guard; First Lieutenant Jim Ferrey, AAF; Ensign Herb Levitt of the USS *Houston*; and civilian Captain H. A. Pedersen of the U. S. Merchant Marine. All were lucky to be alive. Levitt's tale of

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<sup>2</sup>From *A Roving Commission*, Winston S. Churchill, Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1939, N.Y., quoted in *Reader's Digest* for July, 1940.

the last hours of the *Houston* off Java was an epic. Captain Pedersen, too, recounted a hair-raising experience. He was an old timer, having made 486 crossings of the Atlantic during the twenty-five years preceding the war, in command of various "President" ships and others of the United States Lines between New York and London.

On April 27, 1942, as skipper of the M/S *American Leader* (U.S. Lines) of 14,000 tons, he had headed out of New York harbor for the Persian Gulf, being one of the last outgoing vessels before the convoy system was established for the South Atlantic traffic. His radio told him of sinkings ahead and behind him but he got through safely to Cape Town and on up to his destination at Bandari Shahpur, the desert end of the Persian Railroad on an arm of the Euphrates, perhaps seventy-five miles above the mouth. After unloading his cargo of planes, barbed wire, and other war materials for Russia, he called at Basra, then at Bombay on his way to Ceylon to pick up return cargo. There he took on a valuable load of tin, rubber, and twenty-five tons of opium, and cut back to Cape Town. The British authorities who controlled Allied shipping in those waters told him it was much safer to go via the Straits of Magellan and up the west coast of South America and through Panama to New York.

"There's nothing to bother you in the South Atlantic," they told him. "Every third night use your radio and give us your position."

Three nights later, (said Pedersen) I wrote out my message, left my cabin and went to the radio room to file it. Just then, at 9:00 p.m., a shell from a German cruiser at three hundred yards wrecked my cabin. I had escaped by seconds. On the boat deck there was an emergency lighting unit which had two tanks of fuel oil. It was the only thing on deck not fireproof and of course a shell hit this, setting the ship on fire.

The port-side boats had been wrecked so we tried to lower one on the starboard side but shell-fire smashed that, killing several men. The rafts remained. I remembered the secret code books so ran to the bridge, put them in a weighted sack and threw them overboard. When I returned to the deck the men and the rafts were gone. I had on my

third life preserver as the first two had caught fire. By the light of the fire on deck I saw one raft in the water close to the ship. I dropped to the well deck which was awash, stepped out into the sea and swam to the raft. One ship's officer there had a pencil flashlight. He flashed a message to the cruiser and we were picked up in about half an hour as were men from other rafts. The ship capsized and sank as soon as we left her. Eleven members of the crew were lost but we saved the remaining forty-seven.

On the German cruiser we were all treated in the sick bay, then given good quarters. Later we were transferred to a German tanker enroute to Java. At Batavia we were all unloaded and turned over to the Japanese. I was put in solitary in the guardhouse at Tanjong Priok for sixty days. I asked to be returned to the same German cruiser when I saw it in port for four days but my request was unanswered. Finally I was sent to Bicycle Camp in Batavia and then on up here, but I had to leave my crew in Java.

The new group also included a Protestant Chaplain, Australian Captain Thomas W. Bindeman, who immediately took over the conduct of Protestant worship. He proved himself a real spiritual leader as well as a fine mixer as he circulated through all nationalities daily.

The next inspection by Colonel Sazawa, the Main Commandant, occurred on November 30. Small contingents of American, British, and Dutch POWs had been notified previously to be prepared to attend an interview with the colonel. The local Camp Commander, his staff officers, and the interpreter were always present at these affairs. In the absence of Captain Imamura, Lieutenant Hioki was temporarily in charge of our camp.

Usually these conferences were held under an open shed on the farm side of the compound where a few tables and benches were available and tea and cakes would be served. At this conference the American group was scheduled to appear first.

A few days previously we had been called upon for essays on the subject of "Why your country is at war with Japan." Nine out of ten Americans had replied in vociferous capitals, "PEARL HARBOR!" Not a few had embellished their opinion of the Hawaii catastrophe with such choice adjectives as "cow-

ardly," "backstabbing," "inhuman," "uncivilized," and others. The colonel's recent perusal of these papers had not helped his disposition that morning. Launching immediately into the causes of the war, he asked each one his opinion on that, and also as to how the war would end. Most replies still held strongly to "Pearl Harbor" as the precipitating event and were tactfully noncommittal beyond that. Brigadier General Jim Weaver stated frankly: "I believe the war will be over quickly and with an inevitable American victory. Japan cannot compete with American resources."

Growing momentarily more irked the Commandant demanded tersely, "What were the four stipulations Secretary Hull gave to Ambassadors Kurusu and Nomura?"<sup>a</sup>

No one snapped them back at him immediately.

"Stupid," he exclaimed disgustedly in Nipponese. "Everyone should know those because they really caused the war. We could not comply with such demands. Our army was already committed. This war may last a long time or by a miracle it may end suddenly. Do you want to hear something about the war?" queried the colonel.

Much interest was evinced by all. He then followed with a recital of tremendous Japanese victories off Bougainville Island and in the Gilberts, quoting an account which we read later in detail in the *Nippon Times* of November 18, 1943. Closing his disparaging recital of our efforts in the Pacific, Sazawa boasted, "We sank a total of seventeen aircraft carriers between October 15 and November 25."

When the inevitable question of mail was brought up, I think by General Sharp, the Commandant replied by quoting Nipponese press items complaining of US failures in handling mail for Japanese internees and indicated that our mail was being withheld as a reprisal. He closed the subject by stating that negotiations had been under way for transmission of American

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<sup>a</sup>For Japan: a. Withdrawal from China  
b. Withdrawal from Indo-China  
c. Nonrecognition of the Nanking Government  
d. Break with the Axis

mail via Vladivostok but that due to the severe mistreatment of Japanese internees in the United States further consideration of this matter had been "indefinitely postponed." (Nothing like spreading a little cheer as you go through life!)

After some mention of Mussolini's rescue by plane, the colonel adjusted his glasses for a withering glance around the tables, then delivered his final blast:

"The Japanese Army is not going to lose this war," asserted he. "It may be settled by negotiations of some kind; however, every Nipponese who dies will take ten of the enemy to the grave with him!"

The interview being finished, as well as the tea and cakes, the American group returned to barracks.

Our British friends, who were next to appear, were less fortunate. For some reason they had incurred the colonel's special displeasure that month. As a result they were required to sit at "Attention" during most of the interview, hands on knees, fingers extended and joined, and—they got no tea or cakes, the bad boys! Among other things the Commandant told them, "The decision as to who will be victorious rests with the Almighty. In my opinion the US attitude may be the deciding factor. *They might make the peace offer.* . . . If the enemy withdraws from the Japanese theater of war, peace can follow tomorrow or the day after."

How do you like *that*?



## CHAPTER 13

### KATHLEEN MAVOURNEENS AND PEANUTS

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AS OUR second Christmas season in prison approached, the situation in camp brightened up a bit. Colonels Roscoe Bonham and Nick Carter had installed a bamboo pipe line into camp from an outside reservoir fed by pump from the wells. This largely obviated the necessity for carrying water, which was a big help. Old Captain Imamura had departed one December afternoon and was never heard of again. He had been succeeded by First Lieutenant Wakayama from a mining camp near Taihoku where he had left a terrible record, although he did better with us during the short period he was in command. The Post Exchange had acquired a number of musical instruments with the result that an embryo orchestra was in process of development. This tied in well with the idea of a monthly program or show which the new Camp Commander had approved and which the junior British officers were energetically furthering.

For some time we had been permitted to write a 100-word letter monthly to our families and we had assumed that these were being transmitted. Some doubt was cast on this one morning when a group of us, from major generals to privates, were cleaning up a garbage dump and rubbish pile which had accumulated during several years of Japanese Army occupation. I had just salvaged an old piece of canvas (from which I later made a pair of slippers) when one of our soldiers slipped something into my hand. When I could examine it unobserved I discovered it was most of the envelope and letter addressed to my wife, which I had written two months before. The Nipponese had torn it and thrown it out although I had been especially careful to say nothing objectionable. We wondered then if any of our letters were even leaving camp, but of course continued to turn them in whenever permitted.

At a meeting of all Squad Chiefs on December 8, Lieutenant

Wakayama outlined his policies and told us his plans for Christmas. He complained that many were not halting before bowing to him and criticized our work at the farm. (The farm had spread over many acres by that time.) For the holiday season he would provide some greenery for decorating rooms and there would be some extra food. Singing of carols on Christmas Eve was approved as well as Christmas morning religious services, while the afternoon would be given over to athletics followed by a show.

"I will do what I can within reason," he said, "to make it a happy occasion." And he did. The Christmas menu proved to be real pork stew and rice, supplemented by an issue of three bananas and a bun. Colonel Tubby Cornell, who had been detailed in charge of the kitchen the day before, received many congratulations on his initial efforts.

In the afternoon, as scheduled, there was an hour of volley ball, three-legged races and such, after which the whole camp enjoyed a program of music and short skits. A small stage had been erected on the open area in front of the hospital with materials borrowed from a nearby grade school. If the sliding curtain had to be assisted by one of the stage hands, that was all part of the entertainment.

Typical of the sketches was this one-act scene. The Master of Ceremonies announced that the next number took place in the apartment of a young married couple with the breadwinner, Tom, just starting to work.

### CURTAIN

Tom has on his overcoat and hat but the wife detains him while he notes quite a shopping list on a scrap of paper. As he buttons his overcoat he accidentally drops list on the floor. When outside he discovers the loss and returns quietly. His wife is busy sweeping and dusting on the other side of the room. He retrieves the lost note and tiptoes over, giving the wife a kiss behind the ear. She is very coy, without turning around.

"Oh, George," says she, "only two pints this morning."

### CURTAIN

Silly perhaps—but we needed something to be silly over, and we had to make our own fun. British Lieutenant Piper, as the wifey, wore a hair ribbon and dress from a trunk full of such things that had been brought up from Singapore. Don't ask me why. It was the clothing of a British Brigadier's wife and as it was of '39 vintage I couldn't help wondering what the lady would do with it in London along in 1945, or whenever the war ended.

Then there were other laughs including a takeoff on King Arthur's Court, interspersed with musical numbers, background for which was furnished by the orchestra led by British comedian First Lieutenant H. A. Hudson. The weather was mild and we were entirely comfortable in our threadbare cotton clothing.

Two days later the new Camp Commander was transferred to a T. B. hospital and Lieutenant Hioki took over. Among his first announcements was the statement that he planned to utilize every square foot of the compound, except the area required for formations, for growing vegetables and flowers and that he would allot the sub-areas to squads for cultivation. This was to be in addition to our outside farm work which would continue as before—all of which brought no joy to POWs. Most squads planted sweet potatoes in their plots, as they required less attention, once in the ground, than most garden truck.

With over five hundred prisoners in camp, including several nationalities, there were officers present who had served in many lands and climes, who could talk interestingly of their experiences. Others had hobbies they had followed for years. As a result various officers were invited to speak to this or that group on Sunday afternoons, or between supper and evening roll call. Thus an interesting and instructive hour would be passed and we felt that we were not altogether going to seed during our captivity. Meetings of any kind were still forbidden of course, so attendance was limited usually to the eight occupants of one of the larger rooms plus a few "casual" visitors.

Among the more enjoyable sessions that I recall were the following:

**Americans**

- Brigadier General Chynoweth—The Panama Canal.
- Colonel Berry—Big Game Hunting in Siberia.
- Colonel Bowler—The Educational System in the US.
- Colonel Lynch—Gold Mining in the PI.
- Colonel Mallonee—Oriental Rugs.
- Colonel Stickney—History of Firearms.

**Dutch**

- Major General Schilling—Travel in the NE Indies.
- Mr. Joel—Analysis of the News.

**British**

- Brigadier Curtis—Heraldry.
- Brigadier Simson—The Vale of Kashmir.
- Brigadier Crawford—POW in Mesopotamia, 1916-18.
- Colonel Ashton—Wine and Champagne Manufacturing in France.
- Lieutenant Colonel Hennessy—Travel in India and Burma.
- Major Grazebrook—Fundamentals of Music and Harmony.
- Captain Fairbairn—Police and Detective Work in Singapore and Straits Settlements.

All of these talks were well presented and found appreciative audiences.

The essay bug bit the Nips again toward the end of January and they came out with a requirement that everyone write a paper on the subject: "Reality of the most bloody engagement in the present Anti-Japanese Battle and view of that campaign." Some gory stories were turned in but we never heard anything more from them. They probably furnished the Main Commandant with action reading matter for the next month anyway.

Washington's Birthday 1944 climaxed the long tedious months we Americans had waited and waited for letters from home. Several hundred precious missives arrived for our group and were soon distributed. I received six. Unfortunately, some of our comrades still drew blanks. For most of us these were

our first letters since November 1941 and that's a long time in any language. A number learned that they had become grandfathers; others that they had lost wives, parents, brothers, or perhaps sons in the service. But the tenor of most of our mail, I believe, was to reassure us as to conditions at home and to encourage us to carry on and come through safely.

How long that might take was a daily subject for POW discussions. There were numerous pet slogans such as: "Home once more, in '44," or, "Thankful now to be alive, Home again in '45." Among the less hopeful, "Golden Gate in '48," or "Everything nifty by 1950."

Then we had plenty of Kathleen Mavourneens among our number: "It may be for years, and it may be forever."

These gloomy prophets predicted that when the end finally came the Nips would stand us up and "Rat-a-tat-tat" down the line with a machine gun.

"Why not," said they, "what will they have to lose?" According to the papers some of them are now losing their heads for similar uncivilized practices.

While Sergeant Handlebars was the senior Nipponese medical man, Corporal Grumpy really ran our hospital. He ruled on who went out to work and who might be classed as "shushin" (sick in quarters), for which fever of 102° was the criterion. He also authorized admissions to hospital and the issuance of medical supplies from the Nipponese storeroom. He was reputedly taking a correspondence course in medicine and not infrequently would assemble the POW doctors on hospital duty and deliver lectures on various subjects.

For instance, when an officer was admitted one morning suffering from gall stones, Grumpy drew the medical colonels a picture of a gall bladder.

"When a stone is too large to pass through this neck it becomes painful. Now you didn't know that," he told them.

The four officers were graduates of the Universities of Minnesota, Iowa, Edinburgh, and Sydney.

Colonel Spier, a very fine Dutch doctor, was relieved from hospital duty due to a clash of personalities with Grumpy. His

persistent requests for medicines for his patients would go unheeded day after day. When he complained Grumpy replied, "Who are you? The Dutch have no country!"

When speaking to POWs the Nip corporal always used the pronoun "omae" (you) which is only used when speaking to inferior menials. Spier insisted his patients were his responsibility and that he must have the medicines he requested.

One morning he needed some iodine to sterilize a wound. Grumpy tendered some aspirin.

"No, I must have iodine," insisted Colonel Spier, with the result that he was relieved forthwith. Incidentally he held degrees from the Universities of Amsterdam, Paris, and Vienna.

By that time a few individual parcels were trickling in to happy recipients. More letters had arrived in March and then on April 7 a third batch came in, but a few of our comrades were still without any word from home. Among these was one of our best enlisted men who was sitting quietly in a corner of the hut while others all around him were eagerly reading their States mail just received. This boy's parents had come over from Central Europe as children I believe, but he had lost his father before the war. He was from a mining town in Colorado.

"Cheer up, old man," said one of his friends. "Better luck next time. You're sure to hear soon."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "There's only one person who would ever write me a letter and that's my mother; but she can't read or write." His eyes grew moist. "But I know what she's thinking and what she would write if she could."

I am glad to be able to say that this fine soldier did hear from home later on.

Then there was another of our enlisted men who lost out on letters for a long time. One day he proudly stopped at my door and the following conversation ensued:

"I got one today, Colonel!"

"Oh fine! From home?"

"Yeah, from my mother."

"That's good. Everything OK?"

"Yeah. I've got a new step-father."

"Well! That's interesting. Do you know him?"

"Naw. I didn't even know the last one."

In a letter to a British officer his wife wrote from London: "The British War Office does not know where you are but it is convinced that if you are in Taiwan you are being overworked and underfed," on which we scored the War Office one hundred per cent.

Our farm had increased steadily as one tract after another had been added to the area already under cultivation. Our work covered a wide range and we never knew until we lined up for tools what the job for the day was to be. A native civilian with a half-grown carabao plowed furrows about three inches deep but otherwise it was all POW hand work. This included cutting the weeds and grass originally, digging out the roots, carrying them to a compost pile, preparing the furrows, planting the various crops such as sweet potatoes, tomatoes, corn, cabbage, and others, and eventually harvesting them.

For obvious reasons the choice job of the lot was planting peanuts. And so it was with pleasurable anticipation one April morning that our Squad 3 received an order to pick up half a sack of shelled peanuts and follow the guard. K. L. Berry shouldered the sack and off we went.

We were hardly well started on the planting job when the sentry yelled for me as "Han-cho" and complained (sign language) that the officers were eating more than they were planting—which was all too true. This was apparently not cricket and we were to desist pronto. It so happened that we had planted, hoed, and harvested a previous crop of peanuts of which we had received exactly nil. Here was a chance for a comeback. Everyone understood the complaint. The only difference thereafter was that we ate more while going down the rows away from the guard.

During a yasumé (rest period) he sounded off again on the subject and by the time we finished planting the plot at 11:15 a.m. he was really worked up. It was a little early to go in but

he lined up the squad and we were just about to congratulate ourselves on our good luck when it turned out otherwise.

Picking up a *pungi* (sort of basket) the Nip soldier placed it on the ground in front of the squad and said in effect, in Nipponese, of course: "Come on boys; shell out; empty your pockets. Enough is enough." Quite a few contributed a handful or two to the basket.

"Any more? Any more?" urged the guard two or three times. No more was offered.

He then circled the squad examining several bulging hip pockets and ordered Colonels Cordero, Fortier, and Roy Hilton to disgorge the contents of theirs into the basket. The truth was that most of the squad still had plenty of peanuts. Our attitude was that we had lost out for so long that we were entitled to anything we might recover. The three colonels in question and I, as squad leader, were then lined up before the squad and harangued long and loudly in Nip to which we returned stupid looks while I replied, "Sumi masen ga wakari-masen." (Very sorry, but I do not understand.)

By that time all the other farm work squads had gone into camp and we were beginning to think about that noon soup and rice. But the end was not yet. After more tongue lashing the guard walked up and slapped Cordero. Hilton jerked his glasses off before he and Fortier got theirs. For some reason I was spared.

Upon arrival in camp instead of dismissing us the guard yelled for Colonel Wood ("Oodo"), as interpreter. More talk followed, the essence of which, according to Wood, was that the soldier said we had done him wrong but as this was the first time he would not report the matter to Commandant. Then finally the belated, "Wakaré" (Break up), anglicized to "Walk away."

We all had a good laugh over the incident and several were munching peanuts for a day or two.

Another peanut affair a few days later was no joke. Squad 5 (American colonels) was engaged in cleaning a large sewage disposal ditch just outside the compound. On a concrete plat-



form nearby a lot of the peanuts we had grown on the farm were spread out for drying. During yasumé periods several hungry POWs helped themselves to peanuts. When they marched in at 11:30 a.m. and lined up to be dismissed from work one of the Nip guards told Colonels Braddock and Worthington to remain.

After they had been standing there at "Attention" for half an hour the Camp Commander, Lieutenant Hioki, appeared. He addressed Doc Worthington first.

"Been swiping peanuts, eh?" said he in his best American slang.

"Well, I hadn't thought of it that way," replied Doc. "I hadn't had any peanuts in so long I just wondered what they would taste like."

"You shouldn't do that. That's all for you," said Hioki, dismissing Worthington, who went on into the shoe room to exchange his shoes for the wooden clogs we wore within the compound. His pockets were still full of peanuts. Hioki turned to Braddock.

"Swiping peanuts, eh?" he repeated. "Do you realize you were stealing them from your comrades?"

"No," answered the colonel. "Those were our peanuts. We had raised them on the farm and as I was hungry I took some. Before God there was nothing wrong in that."

"You are the worst prisoner I have met," came back Hioki. "You have taught high school in Japan and should know better. [One wonders what connection?] Prisoners raised sweet potatoes on the farm and you've had them to eat. [We'd had a few.] Prisoners are to get these peanuts." [We knew only one way.]

Socko! The lieutenant's fist landed squarely in the unsuspecting colonel's face, breaking three teeth and knocking him down. As Worthington came out of the shoe room Braddock was on the ground trying to protect his head with his arms and hands while the Nipponese officer added a few kicks for good measure. Remember, this was the Camp Commander himself. Colonel Braddock told me afterward that he believed Hioki

had some pet peeve in the background and used the peanut incident merely as a pretext for the assault. Be that as it may, an American officer, veteran of two World Wars, over fifty years of age, was shamefully abused by a young Nipponese lieutenant who had lived for years in the United States and knew just what he was doing.

## CHAPTER 14

### COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING

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BY MAY the hot season was really on and we wore the bare minimum for farm work (we were bare all right), both for comfort and economy. I remember one Saturday morning when, with tools in hand, we headed for the farm with an enlisted men's squad just in front of us. The last man was a Dutch-Japanese, copper-skinned, barefooted, unshaved, wearing only a loin cloth and a coolie hat. Looking at him you would mentally comment: "Just a couple of jumps from the jungle." However, the next afternoon being Sunday, and games permitted, this same Eurasian was discovered to be Private Van Rhee, Netherlands Indies Army, graduate of a technical school in Holland and topflight chess champion. He was wearing blue shorts and an old shirt but still barefooted, as he circulated from table to table in the center hall of our barracks, playing ten opponents in chess simultaneously. One board was outside the door where he could not see it. In other words he was playing that one "blindfolded," and winning practically every game. Yes—brains are wonderful things.

"I'm out of practice," he told me. "I used to play all ten games blindfolded, simultaneously."

The whole Shirakawa camp was shocked on the morning of May 9 to learn that our friend and comrade Brigadier General Allan McBride had passed on, as he slept, during the night. It was hard to believe. We had all seen him the day before working with his squad, working all too hard as it proved. Major General Schilling of the Dutch contingent told me that he and General McBride had worked beside each other and that the latter had put out his usual conscientious effort, even though the sun had been extremely hot. That night he had suffered a slight stomach upset after the evening meal and the next morning he was gone.

While he had survived the terrible march out of Bataan he

had never been very strong as a POW and I hardly recognized him when I first saw him at Tarlac. Two days after his death an individual parcel arrived for him containing the vitamins and concentrated foods he had needed so badly.

On the occasion of his April inspection Colonel Sazawa assembled the camp in one of the enlisted men's huts. In a short speech in Nipponese he then boasted of our average gain in weight, since December, of three kilograms and reminded us of the exercise ground, Yasumé Park, which he had had us prepare on a hill overlooking camp. When interpreting the Colonel's remarks Yamanaka coined a brand new proverb. Said he: "You POWs should remember that 'Pride goeth before hunger'." We had swallowed our pride soon after surrender and had been hungry ever since so he must have been right.

The main Commandant then had Colonel Pilet read extracts from two letters supposedly written by parents of POWs, American and British, to the effect that they "knew we were being handsomely treated." He wanted us to write the same thing home. After a few remarks on Bushido he closed by stating that he was in a hurry and that if anyone wished to bring up any points they should do so in writing, through the Camp Commander.

Acting on this invitation the senior officers of the three nationalities submitted a combined letter setting forth their views.

It was headed:

To the Camp Commandant:
Through the Nippon Duty Officer:

No. 4 Prisoner of War Camp,
Taiwan.

Sir:

May 18, 1944

We understood the Main Camp Commandant to say in his recent speech that Prisoners of War would be treated according to International Custom supported by the Code of Bushido. International Custom for the treatment of POWs is codified in various Hague and Geneva Conventions, which we assumed was to be observed in our treatment.

Under your instructions we now submit our views in writing to you:

There followed then a detailed presentation of the matter in two columns, the left giving "Treatment under International Custom," while on the right was summarized "Our Treatment Hitherto." The following headings were discussed:

1. Status of POWs.
2. Humane Treatment.
3. Submission of Petitions.
4. Treatment of Noncombatants.
5. Hygiene.
6. Infirmary.
7. Food.
8. Clothing.
9. Mails
10. Transfer of Money.

The letter was signed by Major General Ilgen (Dutch), Air Vice Marshal Maltby (British), and Major General George M. Parker, USA.

The Nipponese authorities were anything but pleased over this letter. They disliked very much being accused of uncivilized practices. Lieutenant Hioki, on whom Sazawa had put the pressure, called the three seniors in and explained to them truthfully that in most cases he could do nothing about the complaint, being tied by Nipponese POW regulations. He tried strenuously to get us to state in writing that we *wanted* to work the farm and openly threatened those who would not. Thus the matter stood until the next visit of the Main Commandant.

Arrival of a shipment of American Red Cross Stores on May 15 brightened our prospects temporarily. There were enough food packages to provide each POW with one and a half while the miscellaneous articles included some clothing, toilet articles and tobacco, although not enough for all. A cobbler's outfit and sixty-five religious books were also included. These supplies met a very pressing need.

In the last mail to arrive Colonel Nick Galbraith had received a University of Chicago Alumni publication in which a letter caught my eye. It had been written from Bataan by a young

officer of whose death at Camp O'Donnell Colonel Vic Collier had told me. The war had been going less than three weeks when First Lieutenant Howard Rich (Univ. of Chicago, AB, '35; JD, '37), penned this message. I quote an extract:

Dear Folks and the Censor:

Bataan in the Field,
December 26, 1941.

Right now I am manning an outpost of a sort, and am sneaking this moment under a dimmed flashlight to catch up a little on my correspondence. . . .

I am convinced that the present situation is a matter so big that you and I pale into obscurity beside it. I am not sorry I came over here. No matter what course of action I might have chosen, I could not have hoped to escape this conflict. So, if it gets me, you will realize that I have had a rather full life in my short years—been to seven countries, thirty states, Hawaii, D.C., engaged in two professions, and, I believe I have demonstrated that I had the prospect of not being a complete failure in life. What more could you want? My record in school, in various activities, etc., should leave you with a feeling of satisfaction rather than grief. Just think of all the possible miseries that might have been in store for me had I lived on. . . ."¹

This fine young officer survived through the Bataan campaign but was captured two days before the final surrender. His Philippine Army unit was cut off and never heard from again but he, being an American, was tied so long by his wrists to the limb of a tree that his hands were paralyzed. He was then beaten and tortured until he almost lost his reason. When the Bataan captives finally reached Camp O'Donnell Lieutenant Rich was there in the hospital, almost dead from dysentery and blood poisoning from the infected wounds in his back. His hands were still paralyzed. During scattered lucid moments he told his story. He died two days later.

The same day that I read his earlier letter I noticed this special article in the *Nippon Times*, issue of April 20, 1944, quoting another Chicagoan.

¹*Private Maroon*, February 15, 1943, University of Chicago Alumni Ass'n., No. 8.

INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF PEOPLE

So-called Japanese Atrocity Stories Betray Gross Anglo-US Ignorance of Japan and the Japanese.

By Mitsuaki Kakehi

Written for the *Nippon Times*.
(Extract).

The news that Dr. Albert W. Palmer, in speaking at a meeting in Philadelphia, assailed the American Government for inventing Japanese-atrocity stories may have evoked little interest even among the reading public. But those who know something about this noted American churchman cannot but be tempted to explore the background against which this voice of justice and fairness was raised amid the clamors of war hysteria in his country. Dr. Palmer has been for many years President of the Chicago Theological Seminary and for some time had held the important post of Chairman of the Federation of Churches of Christ in America. Before . . . he was in Honolulu. . . .

* * *

What we are particularly interested in however, is another fact that the intimate knowledge of the Japanese people is at the background of Dr. Palmer's correct judgment of the matter. . . . Therefore, his statements that "*the Japanese soldiers do not commit any atrocities*" and that "*the Japanese are very clean and polite*" are backed by years of personal observation of and intimate contact with various types of the Japanese people, carrying far more weight than the unsubstantiated statements of political and war leaders of his country. . . .

That almost turned my stomach. Then in another issue the self-righteous Nipponese went on to point an accusing finger at us with this defamatory blast:

America's highly polished, apparently attractive exterior has cracked, showing the ugly veins of brutality, the shoddy cheapness of its soul. America has abandoned the thin veneer of civilization and openly adopted the methods of barbarians. . . .

I refrain from further comment except to hope that Dr. Palmer was misquoted.

Chaplain Bindeman, who was a frequent visitor in our room, had told us that many of Australia's seven million whites were descended from the early British penal colony of Botany Bay,

near Sydney, to which, a hundred and fifty years ago, even minor offenders in England were frequently sent. When Bindeman dropped into our room that evening I read him another *Nippon Times* despatch.

AUSSIE WIVES REACH SF

Lisbon, April 20: Ninety young Australian women who are the wives or fiancées of romance-seeking American soldiers in Australia, arrived in San Francisco yesterday. . . . With them were also fourteen babies.

"Thus," said Bindy, "we see what happens when the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers meet the daughters of the Prodigal Sons."

At Shirakawa we had heard nothing of the group system idea in vogue in Luzon and hoped the matter forgotten when one day early in June the Camp Commander (Hioki) assembled all Squad Chiefs and issued the familiar instructions. We were to be assigned to groups consisting of from eight to ten members each. These had nothing to do with the administrative division into squads but was purely a disciplinary matter.

"If one member of a Group should be seen climbing over the fence the others should prevent him at once so they would not be punished," explained Hioki.

"You know no one is going to try to escape here," I commented. "When we go out to work the only thing you need to worry about is to be sure to have a sentry to open the gate so we can get back *in* to that cup of rice."

"Yes, I know," he laughed. "But Big Shots think we should have groups."

We had groups from then on and very shortly were given a demonstration of how it worked. An old hen flew over the high bamboo fence surrounding the compound, in the vicinity of the American enlisted men's hut. Sergeants Gebow and Nugent caught her, slew her, buried the feathers and cut her up for cooking at the individual cooking arrangement near the pig pens. During the dissecting process Nugent was supposed to be on the lookout at the door. He had just stepped inside to pick up a cigarette when Nip Sergeant Iwai (Simon Legree) walked in and got an eyeful.

"What's that?" he inquired.

"Frog," said Gebow.

The Sergeant stooped over and picked up a wing from the pot. "No frog—*chicken!*" said he.

Carrying the evidence he then marched the two Americans before the Camp Commander who awarded punishment for the principals of five days in the guardhouse and three days for all others of their Groups.

"Can we have the chicken?" asked Nugent plaintively.

"*Hell no!*" yelled Frisco Bob Yamanaka, the interpreter.

The improvised knife which Gebow had been using had belonged, I believe, to another American soldier, Corporal Plummer. As all three of the boys were in different Groups that meant thirty men in the "jug within a jug" for the next three days, wherein was disproved the idea that when something is full you can't put any more into it.

On June 6 Mr. Max Pestalozzi, Swiss International Red Cross Representative from Tokyo, visited camp, having succeeded to this position upon the death of Mr. Paravicini. According to the report from members of our interview group most of the conference they had with the visitor was taken up with a discussion of the letter written recently to the Main Commandant by the three senior officers, and about which the Red Cross man could do nothing.

Later he was conducted along the hospital porch, past the animal pens, through the general's barracks only and on out the gate. We hoped he would not make the same report on our camp that he had concerning one he visited in Korea, as quoted in the *Nippon Times* of February 5:

Sanitary conditions there are extremely satisfactory and the camp authorities are doing everything possible to promote the welfare of the war prisoners.

The Domei correspondent then added:

These unbiased reports are attracting keen interest as a powerful

refutation of the unfounded charges the British and American Governments have been heaping on Japan regarding treatment of war prisoners.

The next few days saw plenty of action in camp. Colonel Sazawa was due on June 9 for his monthly inspection, hence a general cleanup was ordered. Farm work continued as usual and in addition we were hand excavating a sizable so-called fish pond just outside one corner of the prison compound.

On the 8th, Nipponese reaction to the senior officers' letter was indicated in a number of announcements from the Camp Commander's office. These included six new "Don'ts" in addition to tightening saluting requirements.

"Hereafter there will be several daily inspections by officers and noncoms who will punish any offenders," said Hioki, adding, "POWs have brought all this on themselves."

The next morning the Dutch officer contingent was ordered to report to the Main Commandant "on the hill." He wanted to know how many would sign to volunteer for farm work. There being none he sent them back and called for the Americans. A representative group consisting of about one third of each squad assembled before the colonel, in four ranks. With him was Interpreter Yamanaka. The latter then asked, "How many do not wish to work on the farm? Hold up your hands."

Everyone uphanded except two individuals in a rear corner.

The colonel said something to the interpreter who then announced, "Very well. You will not go out to work. You will stay in your rooms."

Absolute stillness reigned. Then Brigadier General Brougher asked, "Are we to understand that we are being punished?"

"No, no punishment," said Yamanaka, interpreting Sazawa's answer. Again silence took over. It was ominous, and I didn't like it. From my position in the rear center I interposed, "May I say something?"

"Yes," replied the interpreter.

I continued, "I am sure no one here contemplates any disobedience of orders. If we are *ordered* to work we will continue

to work as before, but the question asked was if we *wished* to work, and the answer to that is 'no'."

Yamanaka gave a very fair interpretation of this according to our Colonels Hoffman and Wood who were present, to which Colonel Sazawa nodded that he understood my remark. We were then dismissed and the British summoned briefly but they were not even canvassed on the work proposition. It was soon evident that, regardless of previous conversations, the Nipponese authorities considered they had a mutiny on their hands which they had to suppress. As Colonel Pat Callahan remarked, "By that time we had arrived at a complete misunderstanding with the Nips."

The next day two lists were turned in, by order, one containing the signatures of those who did not volunteer to work, the other those who did of whom there were only eight in camp, four being Americans. The general feeling, I believe, was that to volunteer at that stage of the proceedings was to give the Nips a clean bill of health on their violations of international custom theretofore.

Two days later the bugle sounded for roll call just after 1:00 p.m. As we lined up, wondering what the occasion might be, a Nipponese officer or noncom, accompanied by six guards, descended on each barracks and proceeded to take it apart, room by room, while for two hours we stood in the hall.

Then the Camp Commander really cracked down, undoubtedly under instructions from the Main Commandant. Aimed principally at our mental and physical distress the new orders comprised the following:

1. No one to lie down on beds, benches, floor, or the ground between morning and evening roll calls.
2. No playing of cards or musical instruments except Saturday afternoons and Sundays.
3. Yasumé Park exercise ground closed.
4. No food from the farm allowed. (We had gotten a few tomatoes and sweet potatoes.)
5. No visiting in another barracks nor through the windows.
6. Individual cooking arrangement destroyed.

7. "Work rice" discontinued. (We had been getting a small bonus of rice when working.)
8. No more monthly shows permitted.
9. Chaplains prohibited making pastoral calls.
10. Post Exchange stock to be curtailed.
11. British junior officer magazine, *Raggle Taggle*, discontinued.
12. Several inspections of barracks daily by the guards.
13. Additional night roll calls at the will of the guard. (Sometimes we had as many as three extra tenkos, fully dressed, during a night, to deprive us of rest.)
14. POW Vigilant Guards at night not permitted to read.
15. No POW permitted to salute his senior officer.

The next chapter in this program of harassment sent four of our number to the eso (guardhouse) for varying terms, on rice and water. A broken knife, which his previous camp had authorized, was found in the possession of British Captain Egan during the recent unannounced inspection. He drew five days. Brigadier Crawford's shoes were found under his bunk instead of in the shoe room. Three days for shoes. Lieutenant Mason, also British, and Dutch Colonel Van Manen were caught lying down and so were stood up for one day.

Crawford had been a Turkish prisoner in Mesopotamia for three years during the last war and was careless enough to get captured at Singapore early in this one. When Colonel Pat Callahan was having trouble at Karenko getting the Nips to provide various articles for sale in the Post Exchange, Brigadier Crawford gratuitously advised, "Callahan, if they don't get you what you want you should *pound on the table and demand it!*"

When Pat heard that the Britisher was headed for solitary in the guardhouse he scribbled him a note: "Dear Crawford: If they don't give you what you want, *pound on the table and demand it!*"

CHAPTER 15

COFFEE WRAPPER

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**J**UNE 1944 proved to be a very rainy month precluding outdoor work, but as the skies cleared in July the Japs were right on the job.

"During malaria season you will work cutting grass and weeds under the medical group in order to reduce mosquitoes," said their announcement. Within a short time we found ourselves working just as many hours as before but instead of the farm it was grass cutting and ditch cleaning.

On the morning of July 14 when Squad 7 (Dutch officers) lined up they were ordered to wear their wooden clogs for a wet job outside the compound. Marine Lieutenant Veenhuys appeared in sandals instead, which of course was wrong. When Grumpy jumped him he smilingly explained that his sandals were more comfortable. Grumpy, unmollified, and seeming to resent Veenhuys' smile, tried to slap the young Dutchman. The latter protected his face by lifting his arms which made the Jap angrier than ever. He was reaching for his sword when Veenhuys put his hands down in obedience to hurried instructions from two older officers standing by him. Grumpy then dropped his sword, advanced and took the lieutenant a full blow in the face with his fist, then ordered him to report to Jap Headquarters on the hill.

At the office Veenhuys explained, through the interpreter, that he had merely followed first instincts by raising his hands to protect himself and that Grumpy had misunderstood this for a menacing attitude. He didn't get to first base with that. As they saw it, he had "threatened the Nipponese Army."

Sentence: Solitary confinement in the guardhouse for ten days on rice and water.

Sequel: Having had no mosquito bar for protection, Veenhuys, upon being released, went to the hospital with a bad case of malaria.

Since August 1942 the sum of fifty-four sen daily for subsistence had been deducted from our pay accounts. Starting August 1, 1944 the charge was increased to one yen but there was absolutely no change in quality or quantity of food furnished.

Guards continued to parade through barracks frequently, looking for people on bunks, or just to make us stand and bow, so our POW warning of "Butch!" really got a workout. One day a Jap sentry with a sense of humor suddenly stuck his head in the open window of one squad room and yelled, "Butch!" On the sanitation work Grumpy and his cohorts made our daylight hours miserable while the harassing roll calls during the night still constituted a major annoyance.

On August 4 Colonels Les Lathrop and Al Balsam, with their respective Squad Chiefs (Colonel A. M. Mixson and I), were ordered to report on the hill. There we found the Camp Commander (Lieutenant Hioki), Interpreter Yamanaka and two guards. Hioki read something aloud in Nipponese after which Frisco Bob announced sentences of two days for Lathrop and four days for Balsam in the guardhouse on rice and water. When the sentries had marched the two officers off, the interpreter added to Mixson and me, "Next time anything happens the Squad Chiefs go in also." When I inquired as to the alleged offense Yamanaka said the officers had been reported for lying on bunks in the day time but that Lathrop had claimed extenuating circumstances.

When Balsam returned to us four days later, he was filthy, unshaved, haggard and hungry. He had been in a small room with no chair, furniture, no bedding and no ventilation. The benjo hole in the floor was almost full, probably never having been cleaned out. There was one small window for light. The guards had required him to stand during daylight hours except when eating the ball of rice passed in through a slot at the bottom of the door. Many mosquitoes, besides huge cockroaches and other vermin, infested the place. In other words, it wasn't nice. As had been the case with others before him,

the only item permitted in the cell, besides the clothes he wore, was toilet paper.

When Al signed the payroll next time he found they had docked him 5.00 yen per day while he was standing up in the guardhouse, in addition to the 1.00 yen daily for chow.

This treatment was in line with the best Japanese tradition as set forth in a special two-column article in the *Osaka Mainichi* of August 15, 1944, which I came by later without authority. I quote:

### DIFFICULTY GROWS

Americans are epicurean wild beasts. No nation on earth lives as much on meat as the Americans. This has deprived them of what should be the adequate quota of human decency. They have degenerated to such a depth that the resentment one would usually feel against a human being would be a luxury when applied to Americans.

\* \* \*

Since indignation toward the Americans would be a sheer waste of sentiment, mankind owes it to itself to exterminate them with the same positive zeal as a civilized community would manifest in eradicating obnoxious insects.

Bountifully endowed with resources as they are, the Americans have unmistakably begun betraying a limitation in quenching their thirst for extravagance. They do not come of our stock, that has been schooled to withstand endless hardships and frugality. We know we can carry on till *their name is mud*.

I'm sure Grumpy looked on us as so many contemptible termites.

A bright moment was interjected when a few Canadian Red Cross food parcels arrived and were distributed on the basis of one to each five POWs.

The one alleviating influence for many of us during those distressing months was the Camp Library, and Colonel Freddie Ward and his staff worked untiringly to make and keep it of maximum value. On the shelves we could find text books, biographies, histories, fiction, detective thrillers and poetry. With such continuous use many volumes went to pieces, of

course, and Colonel Bowler and Brigadier Duke put in many hours rebinding books with homemade flour paste and donated rags so they would last awhile longer.

Occasionally an individual parcel or the remnants of one would be delivered to some POW. Current instructions required the recipient to turn in promptly an itemized list of the contents of his package. One day Colonel Louis Dougherty was called to the interpreter's office where he was delivered the wrapping paper to his box—that and nothing more. It was slightly discolored and had a faint odor of soluble coffee. Knowing he was courting trouble, Louis turned in his list of contents as "Nothing." He was promptly sent for.

"What do you mean, insulting the Nipponese Army?" demanded Yamanaka.

"I did nothing of the kind," said Dougherty. "I merely complied with your orders to list the contents. There was nothing in the wrapping paper and I so stated."

"You accused the Nipponese Army of stealing your stuff," maintained the interpreter, as—Smacko! He slapped the American colonel a resounding blow.

"Listen," said Louis. "I'm an old man. [He was 62.] I know better than to accuse the Nipponese authorities of taking my package. Many people handled that box before you got hold of it."

"Well, you go back and make out a new report stating your parcel contained soluble coffee," ordered Yamanaka.

Louis came back grinning and complied. He was a grand old file who had made the long march out of Bataan and everyone was pulling for him to make it the rest of the way. And he did.

I remember hearing someone remark that the American sense of humor and the British lack of it kept life bearable but I must give our British comrades more credit than that. For instance, there was the notice one of them put on the Bulletin Board one day when there was much trading going on following the issuance of American Red Cross stores:



*Will Exchange: 1 bottle syrup for 1 package Union Leader Tobacco and 2 bottles syrup.*

(Signed) Colonel Hopeful

Then one morning Colonel H. V. Allpress, Royal Artillery, appeared on a grass cutting detail (no tools furnished) equipped with a pair of small scissors in one hand and a fan in the other.

Every few days some group of civilian officials would wander through camp, curious to see how white people lived, I suppose. When Colonel Pilet, as Administrative Officer, announced a clean-up one day for some "visiting firemen" the British generals' squad proceeded to prepare all fire-fighting equipment for inspection, but I really couldn't blame them for their nonfamiliarity with such an Americanism.

Of course we would get mildly riled when some of our British friends blocked the path while they argued over the high tariff on goat harness or something equally inconsequential, or at the bath house where some of them splashed more water on their unwilling neighbors than they threw on themselves.

On the other hand, we probably annoyed them many times and I can't forget that when a request went out for an air mattress for our Colonel Floyd Marshall, long in hospital with a lingering illness, it was British Colonel Bennett who promptly came forward with his for the American officer.

Most of the time our camp barber at Shirakawa was a little bald-headed British other ranks (enlisted man), Gunner Lapsley, of the 80th Tank Regiment, R.A.C. With a head like a glistening billiard ball, his nickname *would* be "Curly." He could give you a haircut before you were well seated in the uncomfortable homemade chair. Then he would probably say: "'Ave a little 'air tonic, sir? I find it very good for meself."

It was just his little joke, as none of us had seen any hair tonic since the surrender, any more than we had seen a movie or magazine or heard a radio. The price for a haircut was ten sen in Post Exchange scrip, although when cigarettes were plentiful some gave a pack of those instead.

Among three or four others who alternated with Curly were American Sergeants Dennis Lyhene, Hq. Luzon Force, and J. E. Parsons, 803d Engineers.

September 15 was a very hot day. Included in British junior officers' Squad 10 were Majors Dinwiddie and Howe and Captains Cumper and Fraser. When the squad went out to work that afternoon there was no interpreter around and considerable language difficulty was experienced as no one understood just what the guards wanted done or why they were so obstreperous. Finally Fraser sat down, being recently out of the hospital (malaria) and still very weak. When the guard remonstrated, Dinwiddie and others tried to explain the situation but this only resulted in more friction.

When they turned in from work one of the guards reported to the interpreter that he had had trouble and pointed out the four officers above as responsible. These were held at "Attention" when the squad was dismissed while Yamanaka lectured the quartet. Dinwiddie started to tell his version but was interrupted by four blows on the jaw from the interpreter's fist. The Jap then hit each of the others once. Grumpy arrived about that time and went down the line socking all of them twice.

Then the guard had to have his inning. He warmed up on Dinwiddie and Cumper but when he got to Fraser, who was already groggy, he knocked him out cold. The Britisher fell forward cutting his head open on the concrete, and started bleeding profusely. When showered with a bucket of water he came to and was picked up by Cumper and Howe, who helped him down to the camp hospital. I saw them passing the front of our barracks and wondered what accident had befallen Fraser, who was in terrible shape. Our doctors put him to bed pending investigation for possible concussion. Meanwhile, under Grumpy's scowling directions, Major Dinwiddie was cleaning up the bloody mess on the concrete.

Before morning tenko we saw Captain Fraser being removed on a stretcher from the hospital to his bunk in barracks, still looking very weak and ill. The Nipponese officer taking roll call that morning happened to be the Camp Commander him-

self. When we were dismissed, the senior British officer, Air Vice Marshal Maltby, left ranks quickly and caught Lieutenant Hioki before he got out the gate, asking for an interview. This was reluctantly granted, for 9:00 a.m. The following account of the interview that ensued was furnished me through the kindness of Air Vice Marshal Maltby:

At the appointed hour the AVM reported, and after long delay was admitted to see the Camp Commander. He told him that he appreciated the interview, that he wished very much to save him and POWs trouble and difficult situations, and that he wanted to offer a few suggestions. He then stated that as he understood the incident of the day before from camp rumors (visiting between barracks was not permitted, you recall), the story was about so and so (as given above). He proposed the following:

- a. That all punishment be given by an officer, after investigation, and not by NCOs or privates.
- b. That instruction be given the guards to work through the Han-chos or the interpreter in order to avoid language trouble.
- c. That Captain Fraser be returned to hospital as he was suffering from concussion and the medical officers thought he ought to be there.
- d. That a senior officer be allowed to interview the Camp Commander when problems arise.

The Nipponese officer replied that it was all our own fault for ceasing the farm work and dilated on the subject of food allowance and regulation. The AVM pointed out that malaria control or "policing" was work just the same and that the food we were getting was insufficient to sustain us properly. The interpreter, who was present, took occasion to contradict this statement.

The AVM then repeated his thanks to the Camp Commander for the interview and asked permission to investigate the incident by questioning those concerned and to report his results to the Nipponese. Granted. He then pointed out to Lieutenant

Hioki that we have to live together in this world and that mistreatment of so many officers and men who are influential in their own countries will have far-reaching effects, regardless of the outcome of the war; that happenings in these camps will be history. As the Camp Commander had no comment to make, that closed the interview.

The AVM's investigation confirmed his earlier report and he so informed Lieutenant Hioki who replied that he had investigated the recent affair and had taken the necessary action. Incidentally, Captain Fraser was not returned to hospital but was treated in quarters. As a postscript to the episode, Grumpy withdrew a number of permits authorizing sick-in-quarters cases, and ordered all bed patients in the hospital to be at "Attention" in the presence of any Nipponese.

Our enclosure at Shirakawa consisted of an inner barbed wire fence, then a 10-foot-high bamboo fence, outside of which was a spike bamboo chevaux-de-frise (constructed by our men), beyond which was a ditch. Whether all of this was to keep us in or our friends out, we never knew.

Colonel Sazawa had shunned our presence since June and we were without even the propaganda newspapers, but rumors were persistent that our people were making progress both in the Pacific and in Europe and that the Russians were going to town. With such an absence of factual data everyone was alert for any possible "inside story." You could buttonhole three POWs and tell them something and in five minutes it would be all over camp. As someone said: "You can't believe everything you hear but you can repeat it, especially if you have a fine sense of rumor."

A detail of our men was still taking care of the animals and once in a while a pig was slaughtered, but since the officers' discontinuance of farm work we had not shared in the farm products except on one notable occasion: Our prize porker was an old sow named Mary who had been a prolific producer. One morning after breakfast she very mysteriously lay down and died. There were many suggestions as to the

cause of her demise but the one most frequently quoted was that she had died of a broken heart.

The suspicious Nipponese would have none of her, but our own medicos certified her safe to eat. The result was that for the first and only time in history we POWs got to eat a whole hog we had raised. Old Mary went into the soup for the camp.

## CHAPTER 16

### TAIWAN TO MANCHURIA

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BY THE end of September 1944 there was increasing evidence that the Nipponese were "very unhappy about the whole thing." They had ordered all squad and private gardens destroyed and had fed the vines to the pigs. Air-raid drills had been held frequently and standing orders required that blackout curtains be drawn across windows before turning on lights at night. Almost daily we were harangued on not starting or repeating rumors.

Then on October 1, with less than twenty-four hours warning, they moved out the American and Dutch general officers. An air trip was indicated as personal baggage was limited to ten kilograms only.

An hour before their scheduled departure from camp, they were ordered to report on the hill with their hand baggage, for weighing. There were no Nipponese officers present but a number of Nip soldiers started searching through their things during the weighing, and extracting all written material they could find, such as diaries, personal notes, sketches, family records, etc. These were never returned. An hour later the group piled into a truck and disappeared out the gate.

Two days later the same procedure was followed with the British generals except that they were told: "Very cold where you go. Must take warm clothing."

It was known that some five hundred British letters had been in camp for over a month but had not been distributed. The Nipponese excuse had been, "Not censored yet," which was hard to believe. We felt sure all our mail had passed through Tokyo and Taihoku POW Headquarters and had been inspected at least once. A request was submitted to the Camp Commander asking that the letters for the departing group accompany them in a sealed package in possession of the guards. This was refused.

Strange to say there were four letters for Americans in this batch of mail, one of which was for me. I learned this through Marine FM1/c Dewey Danielson who worked as a clerk in the Interpreter's office part of the time. After that official (Yamanaka) departed with the American generals, Danielson slipped the four American letters out of the files one morning, left them with us over the noon hour to read and record, then returned them to the office after lunch. For this kindly act we were most grateful.

On the morning of October 7 the Camp Commander called a meeting of Squad Chiefs and announced: "All full colonels and some enlisted men will leave this camp in the near future." He included in the slate to go all the American contingent except eight officers who were below the grade of colonel and three enlisted men whom the Nips were using as mechanics. There were other instructions about packing, inspections, preparations for a journey of maybe three weeks including ship travel, and assurances that plenty of cold weather was in store for us. That really gave the rumor hounds a wide open field, and how they roamed it!

I asked Lieutenant Hioki about permission to write home again, reminding him that it had been over two months since we had written.

"No," said he, "must wait until later. We very busy now." One thing at once expressed the Nip psychology, all right.

For more than a month no individual parcels had been delivered in camp and my room was still zero in the percentage column. We four had about given up hope. One of Colonel Harry Peck's earlier letters had told him, "I'm starting this to you with two sticks of chewing gun: one for you and one for the censor." The letter contained one stick. Harry wondered which censor, American or Jap, had shared with him. In a radio message home, Roommate Bowler had included the request, "If permitted to send package, send full allowance in Planter's Peanut Candy." In August 1943 a 10-pound box had been duly dispatched to him via the exchange ship *Gripsholm*.

As we packed for departure there was no doubt in Bowler's mind as to which censor had *not* shared with him.

Plans for our departure brought the recollection that the whole camp was on the losing end of another proposition. Seven months earlier (in March 1944) the sum of two hundred and twenty yen had been received by the Camp Commander at Shirakawa from the Roman Catholic Fathers' Mission in Tokyo, to be used "for the benefit of POWs." That was good news and a letter of appreciation was prepared and forwarded that afternoon, signed by the senior American, British and Dutch officers. Several suggestions for the employment of this fund were submitted to Lieutenant Hioki but the plan he finally approved was to expend the amount, supplemented by about two thousand yen individually subscribed from our Postal Savings Deposits, for the erection of a stage or platform in Yasumé Park for services and monthly concerts.

Time marched on and in June when we refused to "volunteer" to work on the farm the punitive measures announced included, you will recall, the closing of Yasumé Park and cessation of the monthly programs. At the time of our exit from Taiwan, the Catholic Fathers' two hundred and twenty yen donation was still in Japanese hands—or pockets.

After announcing that we would leave on October 10, Lieutenant Hioki suddenly jumped the gun. Reveille on October 9 would be at 3:00 a.m. and we would depart at 4:00. A group of British soldiers worked till midnight trucking our baggage nineteen kilometers to the railway station at Kagi. This consisted mainly of Red Cross cartons containing our few possessions and tied with flimsy grass rope. Two rice balls were issued to each POW at reveille, one for breakfast and one for the train trip.

Then, soon after 4:00 a.m., we lined up in front of the hospital and moved out, there being 246 in the party. Patients rode in a truck while the rest of us, led by Lieutenant Kama-shita, marched about four kilometers to the end of the sugarcane railroad. An hour's ride in the grimy dump cars brought us to the main line railroad station where our train arrived

shortly. We crowded into the cars allocated to us and headed northward under the usual restrictions of windows closed and shades drawn.

We passed through Muksak, where General Wainwright and the other senior officers and civilians had been located, at about 4:30 in the afternoon and an hour later arrived at Keelung, the port at the north end of Taiwan.

Many buildings were of light-colored brick construction and large irregular areas of the vertical walls had been generously splashed with black paint in an effort at camouflage. After detraining we marched, via an enclosed elevated passage, about one-quarter of a mile to our ship, the *Oryoku Maru*, which appeared to be a modern vessel of about nine thousand tons.

We went aboard promptly hopeful that at last we were to be offered decent accommodations for a trip, but were shocked to be led down, down, into a dark afterhold of the ship where the usual double floor had been installed. Thirteen enlisted men from the Muksak camp had arrived an hour before us and were parked on one narrow shelf. We piled into the vacant space until we were practically sitting in each others laps, and as we sat our heads touched the supports of the floor above. Only two or three light bulbs were functioning so that the occupants of several sections sat in semi-darkness continually.

The only period during our captivity in which I kept a day-by-day account of our POW life was during this trip. Perhaps a few quotations from my diary, as recorded at the time, will serve to portray our experiences more vividly.

October 10. By the time all POWs got into our hold last night we were wedged in like sardines. It was beastly hot and I had just started to peel off when I was paged to report to the galley. Upon arriving there I found the new interpreter, a rolypoly shaved-head Nip civilian, Mr. Yoshida, together with a detail of our enlisted men. The interpreter explained that the food would be served in buckets containing chow for twenty people. There were also wicker baskets containing rice dishes and shallow tea cups. I told him to hold the deal

while I went back to divide our people into eating groups of twenty each. Before I had completed this he sent the men on down anyway with the buckets of food which resulted in some confusion which I regretted but could not help.

As we finished supper I was called for once more and it then developed that I had been designated as the prisoner OD. The interpreter gave me various instructions to transmit to all and suddenly the main switch was pulled putting us in complete darkness. I stumbled through the inky blackness to my bit of floor space where I had not even had time to undo my blanket roll. It was stifling hot; I was dripping wet and as there was no ventilation sleep was impossible.

Lights were turned on at 6:30 this morning and tenko held as we sat in our bunk space. It now appears that the eating groups of twenty have become our squad organization for the trip. We are not allowed on deck or out of our own compartment except to visit the benjo which is located a few feet down the starboard passage way. That convenience consists of four cubicles only—designed for use by little Japanese women. Port holes, which are just above the water, must be kept closed. Smoking is permitted near ash trays only and is prohibited between night and morning tenkos. I reported many missing light bulbs to the interpreter, together with a diagram, but so far no repairs. Did succeed in getting the ventilating system turned on which is a big help, especially to those on the upper floor near the blowers.

In the afternoon I was told by the interpreter to get two American, two British, two Dutch, and one Australian officer on deck, also six doctors and Colonel Bob Hoffman. A Nip doctor made a speech of some kind to our medicos and Hoffman. In the other group Colonel Louis Dougherty (senior line officer) and I represented the United States.

An interpreter from Colonel Sazawa's office then stepped out and announced that the colonel was very sorry not to give us a farewell address but that he was too busy and had asked him to read it to us instead, as follows:

I did my best for you to keep you in good health and spirits. I arranged for a playground and fish pond for your entertainment. However, some did not appreciate my efforts and I am sorry to part with unpleasantness. Some day I hope you will understand my good intentions. I still hope you return to your families in good health when the war is over.

You are going to a better and nicer camp. In token of my good wishes I am sending with you 1,050 kilograms of sugar as a farewell gift. I wish you to share this with your seniors who have preceded you. As you eat each bite think of me and Taiwan days.

In conclusion I wish you Bon Voyage.

The interpreter then explained that the sugar was accompanying us as it had already been loaded on the vessel but that dividing it would have to wait until we reached our destination. He then issued sheets of paper to each of us for a short "Thank you" note to the colonel. I wrote him we appreciated his gift of the sugar "which we have been told is on board for us."

When the colonel's message was passed on to squads, there were many remarks such as, "We'll remember the old bastard all right. He needn't worry."

I am still the OD. Interpreter Yoshida demurred when I suggested being relieved; said I was the duty officer for the trip but I hope to turn over to the next squad chief tomorrow.

At every opportunity today I've asked for drinking water as we've had none since coming on board and are rapidly being dehydrated. Our only moisture has been a few swallows of tea at mealtime.

Enlisted details return the food buckets to the galley after meals, wash the dishes on deck, and pass the baskets containing them down into the hold. Then it takes till the next meal to get straightened out as each squad has to trade or pass dishes back and forth until it has its quota. However, it's something to pass the time.

October 11. Quiet morning; still begging for water. We have quite a number of women and children évacués on board

and many wounded Nip soldiers. We have dropped down into the outer harbor after loading much rice yesterday so it appears we may sail during the night. Turned over the OD to Foster at noon today to my great relief. Ever since coming on board someone has been calling for me every few minutes during waking hours. This afternoon I got to our Shirakawa Sergeant in charge of the guard accompanying us, urging my water request very strongly so we were finally permitted a canteen of drinking water each. Everyone was spitting cotton.

Very good supper of fish and rice except that nobody has any room, it's sticky hot especially on the lower floor, and half the squads have to function in near darkness.

October 12. During the night we returned to the wharf at Keelung and this morning all évacués and wounded were hurried ashore. Very soon we understood why! Dozens of machine guns cut loose, also a few of heavier caliber, and occasionally we heard bombs detonating. Several waves of our American carrier-based planes came over apparently, and there was much excitement. The bulkheads to our compartment were wedged tightly shut and no going to benjo was permitted. We have no life preservers and no instructions as to abandoning ship in an emergency. It would seem that if hit we are to be drowned like rats in a hole. After waiting two and a half years to see a friendly plane overhead, we were shut in where we couldn't see them when they did come.

There were six raids in all during the day. No noon meal was served but we had rice and some little potatoes at 3:00 p.m. for the day. A few of our men permitted on deck to wash dishes said the harbor was paralyzed. Our light switch was pulled at 6:30, giving us twelve hours of Stygian darkness. What happens now, we wonder?

October 13. Soon after breakfast another air raid came over to the accompanying rat-a-tat-tat of machine-gun bursts and the frequent boom-boom of larger calibers. One bomb sounded dangerously close and the whole ship shuddered every time

the antiaircraft guns fired. Plenty of POWs who probably had not prayed in many a day were silently imploring the Almighty's protection about that time. Apparently our people were coming in at will as heavy antiaircraft firing opened up four more times during the day but the bombing objective for these raids seemed to be over on the other side of the wide harbor.

By 6:00 p.m. the situation had quieted down and we were permitted on deck for evening tenko. The ship appears largely deserted, with women, children, and wounded debarked. No activity was apparent in the harbor. Many boats were tied up here but most of 'em are high out of the water. No launches putt-putting about. Lights out at 7:00 p.m. for another long night.

October 14. Quiet day on board; so sign of sailing. Still having rice and potatoes for chow and we get a canteen of water daily but everyone is filthy dirty as we've had no baths since before leaving Shirakawa.

October 15. Only variation today was a piece of smoked fish with our noon rice. At evening tenko on deck the interpreter told me they had one thousand passengers booked for this ship and that when they came aboard there would not be room for all thirteen squads to come up at one time. I then suggested two squads at a time on deck aft with a fire hose for bathing. There was some discussion as to water but the Nip lieutenant who was standing by said, "We will consider."

Colonel Gil Bell (OD) was instructed to have five officers and five enlisted men write their "Impressions of the three-day bombing incident," to be turned in at morning tenko. That was first we knew that it had lasted three days. Bell and I specified as the two American officers. Our "impressions" were short and snappy.

October 16. Colonel Stu Wood gave us some dope he had gotten from one of the guards or a sub-rosa Nip paper describ-

ing how during the three days 1,100, 1,400, and 450 planes from a Halsey Task Force had hit harbors and airfields all over Taiwan. Wonderful news, but when do we get out of this mess?

After breakfast we were delighted to hear a call for Squad 1 to report on deck with soap and towels for a bath. Each squad went in turn, out onto the wharf alongside the ship where a POW detail turned the fire hose (fresh water) on the gang. Everyone soaped up, then got under the hose again to rinse. It was a grand feeling to get clean again after eight filthy days. Every car or truck passing by was camouflaged with branches of trees. We hear that one bomb hit just on the other side of the warehouse next to our ship, killing several Japanese, starting a fire, and knocking a big hole in the street. We heard the fire engines near and today the street repair unit was at work there.

October 17. To our delight two squads at a time were ordered out on the dock for baths today. An unusual incident occurred about the middle of the proceedings. The 5th Squad was stripped and busily splashing away while Sergeant Bland sprayed the group with a stream from the fire hose when a young Japanese woman came along behind the squad to board the ship. The 6th Squad members, stark naked, with soap and towel in hand, were just starting down the gangplank for their turn. The young lady calmly waited on the dock while these twenty jaybirds filed past her (much more embarrassed than she was), then came on up the gangplank. Truly we are in a different world.

Here we sit in our black hole; ninth day on board. How many more?

October 18. No baths today; very hot and stuffy below decks. Noon meal served at 11:00 and supper at 4:00. Just as lights went out cigarettes and toilet paper arrived for distribution. And the evening and the morning were the tenth day.

October 19. One of the chief pleasures we had contemplated in getting away from Shirakawa had been that we'd be leaving Grumpy and Joe behind—the latter being a Taiwanese cook-bugler who was frequently in everybody's hair. Unfortunately we drew both of them in the half dozen guards accompanying us. Fire-hose baths out on the dock were permitted again this morning. The 7th Squad was honored this time by five female spectators en route to board the ship. I always heard you could get used to anything.

October 20. Raining hard outside. All squads ordered to exchange upper and lower decks by noon. Much fuss and confusion ensued but it was finally completed. When you unpack sardines, then try to repack 'em, it's hard to get 'em in the same space. Numerous cases of diarrhea among POWs. Grumpy says we're eating too much. Some joke! Still no action to repair lights. Very hard to serve food, eat, and do everything you do in semi-darkness.

Without perusing the diary further, be it said that two nights later, on October 22, we dropped down to the outer harbor and were apparently under full steam going somewhere until 4:30 a.m. To our surprise the dishwashers reported after breakfast that we were right back in Keelung harbor; also that there were two sunken ships just off the port below.

That night, after having been on board for two weeks, we finally got away, both bulkheads and all portholes being tightly closed. Five mornings later we docked at Moji, Kyushu, which is just south of the Straits of Shimonoseki. En route we had a destroyer escort part of the way but there was no doubt the Nips planned that if the ship sank we should go with her. No life preservers were ever issued, boats or rafts assigned, or any instructions whatever given regarding our actions in an emergency. On the other hand, all the Nipponese we could see wore their life preservers throughout the trip.

Many new officials met us on the dock where, after much counting off, we were divided into two groups, the first being

Americans, the second, all others. Hundreds of police dogs in nearby kennels kept up a continuous vociferous barking. As we marched off I took one last look at our most recent hate, the *Oryoku Maru*, little dreaming of the horror that was awaiting her and her POW passengers on her next trip. We hiked about four blocks to the railway station and boarded the two front cars of a long train which pulled out immediately. On a large sign in the station we read, "MOJI," which settled several arguments as to our location.

Our train headed eastward paralleling the southern shore of Japan's Inland Sea. For the first half hour window shades on the right side only were drawn, suggesting that the results of some bombing might have been visible on that side. The countryside was under intensive cultivation, mostly rice, and many persimmon trees were loaded with luscious-looking yellow fruit, almost as large as oranges. Everywhere we saw women working at such jobs as railway car cleaners, freight handlers, station gatemen and watchmen. All wore uniforms. At one stop many school children, accompanied by a 10-piece band, sang songs the entire time but we never knew why.

About noon we detrained at Beppu, the most famous of Japanese hot springs resorts. We marched about fifteen or twenty minutes then halted—it's true, s'help me—at a sizable, neat, clean Japanese hotel, the Nichinami. Parking our shoes at the entrance we streamed upstairs and were soon assigned rooms with soft bedding on nice clean padded matting floors, with plenty of room for everyone. Unbelievable! !

In charge of our party was a Major Takata, a graduate of Columbia University, who had lived in the United States seven years and spoke perfect well-chosen English. He promised to tell us something about our destination. Meanwhile, we learned from a new interpreter that the generals had been there before going on to their camp and that we were to follow them in a week or ten days. He also told us that Beppu was quite a city, with over four hundred hotels operating there in peace time.

A hot bath in the basement, from real hot springs, was next

on the program. Returning we found hot soup, tea, and a roll waiting. I was afraid somebody would pinch me and wake me up. We ate at low Japanese tables, kneeling, or trying to, but it was plain they were not made for Americans. Also, many of us had bumped our heads on the overhead door jambs.

That night when the new interpreter came by he was full of conversation and we learned that the British and Dutch were in two other hotels nearby. He thought that the Western Front was "critical" and doubted that Germany would last out the year. Everyone felt cheered as we went to bed that night.

As the dining room was small we were divided into three sittings, or, I should say, squattings. Meals consisted of thin soup and a sour dough roll. No more rice. From the date our Corregidor bakery was bombed and burned until we reached Beppu, our daily bread, when we ate, had been rice. I figured it was 2,847 meals. For Bataanites it was more. Believe it or not, I still like rice.

A few days later several guards from our new camp arrived and we had a special tenko at 3:30 in the afternoon for the turnover. Each POW was checked by name and number, then our Taiwan guards departed. There were no tears evident. Speculation was rife as to our destination: Manchukuo, Honshu, Shikoku, or elsewhere on Kyushu? Our one roll per meal had been getting smaller and smaller and we were all most anxious to get where we were going and get settled.

Finally, on November 9, one month after our departure from Shirakawa, we had a formation, with the British and Dutch included, out on a school yard near the waterfront. Captain Horiuchi, of the Military Police, who was in charge of the movement, made a speech through the interpreter. Following him Major Takata, speaking in excellent English, told us that he was from the Prisoner of War Office in Tokyo and that while the captain would be in charge of our transfer to the new camp, he himself would be "behind the curtain, where he could lift a corner occasionally to see that all was going well." They said we would move out the next day, in two contingents and that we had a three- or four-day trip ahead

of us, including a ten-hour boat journey. There were many reports of conversations with the new guards in which they said we were going where it was very, very cold; that warm clothing would be issued, and that the generals were already there.

Accordingly, we left Beppu the next day by train, passing through South Moji and on to Hakata, a port halfway to Nagasaki, where we (the afternoon contingent) arrived after dark. Detraining there we rode bumpy street cars for twenty minutes, then hiked one-half mile in the pitch darkness and cold to a large waiting room on a dock. Eventually we went aboard the *Fukuju Maru* where we found the first group and after some shifting and rearranging everyone finally got bedded down.

The next day we got under way at 8:00 a.m. but as we were all below decks we could see nothing. In contrast with the *Oryoku Maru*, however, we had all been given life preservers, told to wear them, and had been assigned space on deck in event of emergency. It was really good to get away from that eternal hymn of hate in Taiwan. At 11:00 a.m., it being Armistice Day, we stood in silence for one minute (by permission). The Nipponese did *not* participate. Box lunches were issued for the morning and noon meals. We were told that we would spend the night in a hotel and resume our journey the next morning.

Also on board were about three hundred passengers, including many civilian men, women, and children. Separate "WCs" were provided for the sexes but it was evident that some of the women were not accustomed to such accommodations. For example, imagine the embarrassment of the American colonel who, standing at a wall-type urinal, suddenly noticed a little Japanese woman standing beside him waiting to use the same convenience. Another had neglected to close the door of the cubicle she was occupying in the men's room.

An all-day trip across the Straits of Tsushima brought us to Fusan, Korea, at about 5:30 p.m. We had just lined up on the dock when it was suddenly announced that plans had

been changed, and that we would march to the Town Hall for supper and take a train out that night, which we did. It was only about three blocks to the Hall but the streets and sidewalks were torn up the whole way and air raid shelters built on every hand. En route I noticed numerous Koreans in native costume with their peculiar fly-trap hats. Soon after we arrived at the Town Hall, a good box supper was served containing rice, vegetables and a piece of fish. Of course it was stone cold but there were buckets of hot water for drinking. After supper we sat around until nearly ten o'clock before going to our train. A civilian newspaper man talked quite freely to several in the Hall which brought us partly up to date. According to him:

Hitler was still on top in Germany, but situation critical.

There had been two changes of Government in Japan since Tojo.

General fighting was then in progress in the Philippines, there being four American divisions in Leyte.

Roosevelt had carried thirty-five states; Dewey, thirteen.

Hakata had been bombed by thirty four-engined bombers two hours after our departure that morning, hence the sudden decision to rush us on out that night.

Sometime about eleven we headed up the Korean Peninsula, in third-class day coaches to be sure, but nevertheless much more comfortable than any Nipponese train we had previously encountered. Blankets were issued to everyone and in a short time the aisles were full of sleeping POWs while the rest of us dozed in the seats through the night.

Plenty of ice greeted us with the morning as rice paddies everywhere were frozen over. We made many long stops but at least we were on our way. Native houses were of mud with thatched roof and we saw more Koreans with their long white robes and tall hats. For meals box lunches were provided, with a fine crisp red apple added at Antung where we crossed the Yalu River into Manchukuo. From the train we saw many apples in the street markets.

By that time it was cold and snowing but the Nips came

through with a jacket, woolen pants, a winter overcoat and another blanket for each of us so we didn't suffer. Most of the things issued were captured British clothing from Hong Kong. After about two hundred miles of mountainous country we entered the broad Manchurian plain, passed through Mukden at 2:00 a.m., and stopped for breakfast at Ssupingkai. Instead of rice we drew two flat Vienna loaves of bread and, a half hour later, boiled sweet potatoes.

Turning west off the main line we continued (with many stops) till at about 2:00 p.m. we reached Cheng-chiatun, a small town in the edge of the eastern Gobi desert. Major Takata was awaiting us on the platform, having undoubtedly come straight through in a first-class train. From maps snatched from our train it appeared we were about 150 miles northwest of Mukden and about the same distance southwest of Hsinking, the capital of Manchukuo.

After tenko on the station platform we marched a half mile to our new prison compound. It was bitter cold and I envied the Nip officers their fur-lined caps and warm gloves. Nevertheless we were lined up in an open area and had to stand there, like so many chunks of ice, during nearly two hours of formalities. I had on everything they had issued me, including an extra overcoat, but I was never so cold in my life. There were speeches by Lieutenant Matsumiya, the new Camp Commander, Lieutenant Murata of the new Main Commandant's staff in Mukden and said to be a graduate of the University of Kentucky, and then the Commandant himself, Colonel Matsuda. All spoke through the new camp interpreter, Private First Class Takeuchi, a former professor in the University of Mukden. We were then divided into groups according to room assignments and again we signed up not to escape or communicate outside. All signatures probably looked alike as everyone was numb by that time.

At long last we were permitted to pick up our things and go on into the two-story brick barracks where we were delighted to find our friends, the general officers who had preceded us,

including Generals Wainwright, King, and Moore. When one of our group expressed the fear that he would never thaw out, one of the generals replied, "No wonder! It's forty below zero!"

CHAPTER 17

VE-DAY

OUR NEW set-up included 354 POWs, divided into six squads of approximately sixty each. The following Squad Chiefs were designated:

- Squad 1: Colonel Sam Howard (USMC)
- Squad 2: Torpedoman John Martino
- Squad 3: Group Captain C. H. Noble, RAF
- Squad 4: Brigadier E. W. Goodman
- Squad 5: Colonel Gurdon Sage
- Squad 6: This writer

Camp officials already functioning when we arrived were:

- Administrative Officer: Brigadier W. A. Trott
- Commodities Officer: Brigadier General Clint Pierce
- In charge of
Red Cross Issues: Brigadier General Arnold Funk

We were told the camp was one of several branches of the Hoten Camp in Mukden, all being under control of the Main Commandant, Colonel Matsuda.

Our barracks, while disgustingly dirty with grime, gave promise of reasonable comfort in the winter to come. In the middle section, bays, having twelve iron bunks each, opened off center hallways that extended through the building on both floors. The two end sections were partitioned into smaller rooms. Each bay was heated by means of a coal-burning Russian stove, "Pachika" to POWs. These were tall cylindrical affairs and rather temperamental, but served us well when we learned their ways. One-story washrooms and latrines extended to the rear from the lower hall at each end of the barracks. Other buildings, all one-story brick, included a fair hospital,

Nipponese guardhouse and barracks, storerooms, and a combined cookhouse and bath.

The whole compound was surrounded by a terrace surmounted by a brick wall. Openings, at suitably spaced intervals, permitted the emplacement of defending weapons, while at the corners, projecting concrete pillboxes allowed enfilade fire along the walls. It would appear the original builders visualized possible difficulties in this area. Paralleling the wall and a few feet inside was a charged wire fence. We knew the wires were charged because we saw a dog electrocuted when trying to pass through.

From our second-story windows we could see the nearby Manchurian town of Cheng-chiatun and, on clear days, the open fields for miles beyond. During dust storms, of course, it was hard to see across the room. I wore a flu mask for hours, several times, in order to avoid breathing so much dust.

The Nipponese authorities detailed certain prisoners to carry the food and boiled drinking water from the cookhouse to squad rooms. Each food bucket contained chow for twenty. Bread, in individual rolls, was issued instead of rice, while the vegetable soup provided was a distinct improvement over the Taiwan variety. A portion of nourishing soy beans in the soup was not unusual, varied occasionally with millet or maize. Sometimes the grain would be cooked with potatoes into a sort of patty. If you could eat what was furnished there was enough to sustain life but it was far from a pleasurable diet, nor could you hope to rebuild depleted strength on it. Many of our group had taken devastating colds the day of our arrival and were most anxious for some of the body-building items in the Red Cross food parcels we knew were in the storeroom but the Nips would authorize only an occasional small issue per person.

Our supposed 1,050 kilograms of Taiwan sugar from Colonel Sazawa had suffered a serious diminution en route. The Taiwan guards, Grumpy, Joe, *et al*, had accounted for one sack at Beppu. About half the remainder failed to reach Cheng-

chiatun but General Funk apportioned what did arrive as soon as the Nips permitted.

The same shoestring situation that we had encountered throughout Jap-controlled territory obtained also in Manchuria. The Co-Prosperity Sphere had become the Co-Poverty Sphere. Thereby General Clint Pierce, as Commodities Officer, had his troubles. He was lucky to get a small broken fire shovel for our room replaced in about six weeks.

"When hall light burns out use one from rooms at night," the Nips told him. When he tried to get buttons to supply vacancies on POW overcoats they were all ready with a reply: "You do not need 134 overcoat buttons. Look! There are two rows on each overcoat. You use only one row. Cut the others off and give to those who need. That is Christian."

What could he say?

They did give us each some heavy underwear and socks, four blankets, a mattress for the iron bunk (mine was stuffed with kaffir corn stalks), and the usual rice pillow.

Some of our Dutch friends who had been at the Muksak camp described one of their letter-writing experiences to me. It seems that on one of Colonel Sazawa's periodic visits he offered to transmit any letters that the officers wished to write to their families in Java or Malaya.

"You may write anything," he told them, "and a special Japanese officer who is going to the southern regions will deliver them personally and bring replies when he returns." Many took advantage of this seemingly generous offer to write to their loved ones. After two or three months the Main Commandant was again in camp but when asked about replies to the letters taken he rather avoided the issue. Pressed by Governor General van Starckenborgh for more specific information on his own letter to his wife the colonel said the Japanese officer had not delivered it personally: that Mrs. van Starckenborgh was not at home and he could not find her.

"But that is impossible," insisted the Governor General, knowing from other letters that his wife, together with those of all the higher civilian officials in Java, was in prison at

Struiswyk. Thereupon Sazawa became angry and stated that the Japanese officer had been very busy and had not had time to do anything about the letters. Many of those who had written felt that the whole affair was a ruse to trick them into writing their thoughts frankly.

An early move by the new regime was to assign us new POW numbers. I ceased to be No. 25 and became 1631 instead, or "ichi roku san ichi," as the Nips prescribed that we know our own numbers in Nipponese.

The substitution of bread for rice in our diet raised the question of how to slice it. Possession of knives in Taiwan had been fraught with untold hazards but there seemed to be less hostility toward us in Manchuria. Some thin sheet-iron discovered in rear of the cookhouse offered a solution and Colonel Ray O'Day was right on the job. Throughout our captivity he had been a general benefactor, proving himself amazingly handy at making something out of nothing. He had made stools, tables or chairs for many; had repaired watches and spectacles, and at Beppu had cut hair all day long. Our Russian stoves provided means for a little individual cooking so O'Day was soon turning out bread knives, frying pans and spatulas from the sheet-iron. A loose coil of barbed wire furnished him material for toasters. It was a common saying that, "When better gadgets are made, Ray O'Day will make 'em." Later, after Red Cross issues began, Doc Worthington specialized on butter spreaders which he presented to all comers.

On December 1 our seventeen super-senior American, British and Dutch POWs, with an equal number of enlisted men, left us again for an unannounced destination. The only Americans in the group were Generals Wainwright, King and Moore, Technical Sergeants Hubert Carroll and Gordon Gonzales, and Private First Class Lloyd Kelley. Again we wished them lots of luck but with much lighter hearts than at our previous parting twenty months earlier.

Our third, and by all reasonable prognostications our last, Christmas in prison camp was approaching. Cheerful Colonel

Frank Nelson remarked, "Well, this is another December when I don't have to worry about my Christmas shopping."

Colonel Louie Bowler chimed in with, "I'd like to send Mr. Cordell Hull a Christmas card and tell him, 'Don't look now but the Japs are still in Manchuria.' "

In fact, they were very much present. Lieutenant Matsumiya, the Camp Commander, was in barracks a part of every day and patrols of the guard passed through hourly, day and night. However, there was very little of knocking people around, sentries contenting themselves usually with reporting any supposed violations of the numerous camp regulations.

With the permission of the Nipponese officer I again assembled our choir group and rehearsed Christmas carols which we then sang during a tour of the barracks on Christmas Eve. Our Christmas dinner, served for the evening meal, consisted of pork stew, fried fish, corn bread, and apple cobbler. This, with an issue of Red Cross sugar and soluble coffee, did very well.

For New Year's Eve, always with permission of the Nipponese, a program of skits, monologues and music was staged by Brigadier General Brougher and Australian Colonel Kent Hughes. My old violin and bow were in a precarious condition but still functioning. With several mandolins, guitars, harmonicas, a ukulele and a piano accordion in camp, I was able to put together a little orchestra to accompany the group singing of a number of old favorites. Colonel Ted Lilly ably led the singing.

Although he understood no English, the Camp Commander attended, with his staff. However, when Dutch Colonel Fleischer began reciting a martial poem in French, accompanied by vigorous gestures, even Matsumiya knew something was different. He began hurried consultations with his staff but our Administrative Officer, Brigadier Trott, sensing a misunderstanding, explained the number to Interpreter Takeuchi who clarified the situation for his superior.

There was one number on the program, however, that rang the bell with all hearers, regardless of age, nationality or posi-

tion. That was Colonel Brig Young's rendition of that perennial favorite, Ernest Lawrence Thayer's *Casey At The Bat*. His facial contortions and expressive gesticulations brought gales of laughter from POWs and Japs alike. His "Kill 'im! Kill the Umpire!" would have done credit to the most ardent fan of the Mudville nine, while his closing, "Mighty Casey had struck out," almost left them in tears.

Up in the squad room Colonel Young had the habit of discouraging rather loudly and sometimes continuously for extended periods. To his credit be it said it was usually a good story although likely to be replete with expletives and unprintables. Some of his neighbors across the hall had rallied him occasionally with cries of, "Louder! Louder!" but without noticeable effect. Then one day a roommate, Colonel Dinty Moore, brought up a book he had found on the library shelf.

"Here's a 'priority' book for you, Brig," lied Dinty. "The librarian was very anxious for you to get it as soon as possible and asked me to bring it up to you."

"The hell he did," said Brig, reaching for it. "I didn't know I was in for a 'priority' book." He read the title. It was, *Public Speaking As Listeners Like It*.

When Interpreter Takeuchi returned from his New Year's pass to Mukden he reported; "No good time at all. Nothing to eat; nothing to drink. I could only go to cinema."

For us the turn of the year brought a message of hope and courage from the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva, which was posted on our Camp Bulletin Board.

TEXT OF YEAR-END MESSAGE TO PRISONERS OF WAR AND CIVIL INTERNEES

Once more you are passing the festive season far away from your homes. The International Red Cross Committee addresses the following message to Prisoners of War and civil internees of all nations, and asks all Camp Leaders to post the text in their respective camps:

To you Prisoners disseminated in a world of war the International Red Cross Committee brings an affectionate message of comfort on this last day of 1944. It does not ignore your grief and your anxieties. It also knows how increasingly painful the separation is the longer the

days of your captivity drag on. It is with this knowledge at heart that the IRCC and its three thousand collaborators in Switzerland are doing everything in their power to bring you help and relief.

To all of you and to all those who are dear to you they send their sincerest wishes.

Geneva, Switzerland, December 31, 1944.

We knew that our captors had appropriated many thousands of the Red Cross food packages sent to us but the fact remained that what we had received had probably saved many lives and I for one felt very grateful. On the other hand, the two visits we had had from the International Delegate to Japan, completely fettered by a tangle of Japanese Army restrictions, had been quite barren of results as far as we could tell.

Both of our chaplains had been left at Shirakawa so we had to revert to our earlier custom of lay leaders for religious worship. Roman Catholic services were scheduled for ten o'clock Sunday mornings in the Library bay, with the Protestant services an hour later, for which I continued to lead the music with the old violin.

The Camp Commander was present the first morning and announced through the Interpreter that he would not interfere in any way with our form of worship; that he understood a little about it, having attended a Mission School as a boy; however, that there must be no address or preaching, and that a member of the camp staff must be present. It was usually Private First Class Takeuchi who would sit in the enlisted men's bay opposite and chat with one of them or discuss camp problems with Brigadier Trott, the Administrative Officer.

In that far distant Manchurian village on the other side of the world, completely shut off from outside communication, we seemed and were a very long way from home and loved ones. Our last mail, received back in Taiwan, had been written a year and a half earlier. And so, at our church services, almost invariably, the leader would call for a few moments of silent prayer, first for our comrades in the many prison camps and

then for our dear ones at home. This would frequently be followed by the singing of this old hymn:

Holy Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesus Saviour, Let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, oh keep them in their weakness,
At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them,
Near to Thee.

One Sunday morning when Australian Colonel Jim Thyer was the Leader he used a prayer which I considered very appropriate. I think he had written it. At least, he introduced it and later furnished me a copy.

Prayer For Our Own Well-being

O, Almighty God, King of all Kings and Governor of all things; whose power no creature is able to resist; to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners and to be merciful to them that truly repent; protect and preserve us, Thy servants, we humbly pray, while held in captivity; help us to measure the manifold blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us since our surrender and to weigh them against the privations, indignities, and discomforts we have suffered, and so to realize how thankful we should be for the protection Thou hast continually afforded us.

Help us at all times to be tolerant with one another, and to give practical help to our comrades who may be sick in body or in mind. Let us not be unduly elated or depressed by the news from outside, but help us to maintain an even optimism through our faith in Thee. Give

us foresight to appreciate the many tasks which lie before us on liberation and to prepare ourselves for them as fully as we are able to in our present circumstances. Help us to think wisely, to speak rightly, to resolve bravely, to act kindly.

Bless us in body and in soul; make us a blessing to our comrades, and fortify us with patience so that we may endure our present state with a dignity worthy of our countries which it is our desire to serve more fully in the years to come.

We ask these things through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

Amen.

Before Christmas the Camp Commander had directed General Funk to submit a schedule for Red Cross issues, spreading the stores on hand in the warehouse over a six-month period, or until June 23, 1945. Before we were well started on the issues Funk proposed, the Nipponese sent a part of our stores to a civilian internee group in Mukden. A little later they announced that the next shipment, presumably from the States, had been torpedoed by American subs and that the amount on hand must be spread throughout 1945. The final result was that one day per week we would receive a couple of items. With no heat in the building used for a store-room anything that would freeze was frozen. Before issuing to us the Nips would puncture all sealed cans thus forcing immediate consumption in order to prevent deterioration. One week we might draw a chocolate bar and a can of spiced pork; a week later two packages of cigarettes and a half can of powdered milk might be the issue, followed in another seven days with one-half pound box of cube sugar and a small can of soluble coffee.

I find in my notes that on January 28, 1945, three 2-oz. cans of soluble coffee sold for \$20.00 cash. Money meant very little to us in those days.

Colonel Louis Dougherty had been a patient in the Camp Hospital ever since our arrival at Cheng-chiatun but was able to be up and about his room. Corporal Danny Nugent, one of our enlisted men who thought a great deal of Colonel Dougherty, would drop in to see him every day, and, before

taking his departure, would always pause at the door and ask, "Well, anything I can do for you, Colonel?"

There never was so Dougherty would reply, "No, thank you."

This had been going on for several months when one day Louie had an inspiration. When Nugent started to leave that afternoon and asked his usual question, "Could I do anything for the Colonel?" Dougherty snapped back, "Yes, damn it! I want some ham and eggs, sunny side up, some nice brown buttered toast, and a pot of coffee for my breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Yes, SIR!" said Nugent. He clicked his heels, gave a snappy salute, and disappeared.

"That'll fix 'im," thought Louie. The next morning there was a knock at the door and Nugent entered bearing a covered tray. Without a smile he removed the cloth and Colonel Dougherty beheld two eggs, sunny side up, a piece of fried Spam, buttered toast and a pot of coffee! When you're completely stopped you can't stop any stopper. That was Dougherty. He's still marveling at the miracle the corporal performed and, I might add, so am I.

With the Christmas orchestra as a nucleus, Colonels Dick Mallonee and Ted Lilly had gotten a stringed instrument group together for informal musicales. This gang gave lots of pleasure with an hour's program before evening tenko, a couple of times a week, in different sections of the barracks.

Alternating with these entertainments British Brigadier A. M. L. Harrison put on his gramophone concerts, varying the programs with both popular and classical selections. While we were at Shirakawa the Nipponese had permitted Harrison's enjoyable gramophone evenings to continue although banning all other programs. Of course it was slightly annoying to have to interrupt a Beethoven Symphony several times while we POWs got to our feet and bowed to the Emperor's soldiers as they passed, but, after all, who was Beethoven?

On February 16, 1945 Colonel Matsuda arrived from Mukden for an inspection. His arrival attracted considerable in-

terest, not particularly on his account, but because of his Manchurian taxi conveyance. An ancient automobile body had been remodeled by removing the engine and front wheels and axle. A droshki tongue and front axle had then been substituted, the wheels having iron tires while the pneumatics remained on the rear. Drawn by two white Mongolian ponies with the driver proudly perched where the engine belonged, the whole contraption presented a picture you would not soon forget.

After a tour of the camp Colonel Matsuda held a short conference with our three senior officers and members of the camp staff. It was quite formal and all stood throughout the session. Our needs were put forward and he agreed to look into most of them. He disclaimed any knowledge of POW private papers lost at Shirakawa although two letters had been submitted on that subject; he would consult his medical staff about the services of a dentist and an optician. No incoming mail had been received, he told us, and the difficulties of censorship made outgoing mail a problem. There were no chaplains in Manchukuo. When asked about newspapers he stated it was impossible to get the *Nippon Times*, adding, "Don't worry about the war." He closed the conference with this assurance: "I am under orders of the Emperor to protect you in mind and body."

We could think of lots of things he could do to help both.

Soon after that we were able to make an arrangement which was unique, to say the least, in the annals of newspaper sales. Our bathhouse out in the rear of barracks adjoined the one used by the Nip soldiers, thus providing an opportunity for unobserved conversation between one of our men, Private First Class R. L. Longmire, and a member of the guards. It is proverbial in the Orient that every man has his price. At any rate, the American and Jap agreed to an exchange of two wrist watches for four Hsinking Japanese newspapers on the following basis: one watch with the first paper; five or six days later, the second paper to be delivered; five or six days later, the third paper to be delivered; second watch upon delivery of the fourth paper a few days later, which would close

that series. In perhaps a week another round would start.

Colonels Hoffman and Wood worked industriously translating the Jap version of the news, while Colonel Gurdon Sage, a newspaper publisher in civil life, tied in with them, putting the items into good news release form. These little sheets were then circulated to Squad Chiefs to disseminate the contents to members of their squads. The utmost care was exercised to keep the matter quiet in view of the hazardous position occupied by those concerned. The morale effect of getting the news was incalculable.

Brigadier C. L. B. Duke and Colonel Freddie Ward ran the Library at this camp unassisted but had to share the room with the barber shop. The camp barber was a British Marine named George Rogers, as loyal a limey as ever drew rum ration. One day when he was cutting my hair I said to him:

"When did you come out here, Rogers?"

"Oh, back in '39, sir. I was in Fleet Reserve, an' I left me 'ome for a fortnight trainin' cruise."

"I'll not go down to the 'arbor wi' ye," sez the Missus, "a fortnight passes afore ye know it. God pertect every 'air 'o your 'ead," says she. "Ave a good time dearie; 'urry 'ome!"

"OK," says I. "An' I wound up in 'Ong Kong!"

I was reminded of the English lady who was visiting one of their convalescent hospitals and asked a soldier if his bed was comfortable. "Oh, yes mum," he replied. "We've 'air mattresses."

"Air mattresses!" she exclaimed. "How nice!"

"Yes, mum, 'orse 'air," he answered.

Anyway, I 'anded the barber some cigarettes for my 'aircut and 'urried upstairs to write down 'ow 'e 'ad said it.

The Japanese characteristic of self-delusion and saying what they wanted to believe was aptly illustrated in this bit of charming fantasy gleaned from the *Manchurian Daily News* of January 10, 1945:

PLANS TO CAPTURE B-29s UNDAMAGED

Tokyo: Jan. 10, 1945 (Special to the *Manchurian Daily News*).

There is a plan among scientists in the Empire for taking alive the B-29 bombers, those vaunted "super-air fortresses" of America, to convert them into smart air busses for postwar tourists into the Yankee-land, according to a recent issue of the Asahi.

Another news item unfortunately was not so fantastic. The Japs thoroughly enjoyed telling us that in the bombing of Mukden by American B-29s in December the POW camp had been hit and many had been killed or wounded. Later we were to learn how tragically true was this report.

The sequel in our camp was a conference which the Camp Commander called with the three senior officers at which he proposed that we dig shelter trenches, for our own protection, in the open area in front of barracks. The only alternative that he offered was that all sign a statement relieving the Nipponese authorities for responsibility for our safety. This, the senior officers felt, no one should do. The result was that we dug three-and-a-half-foot shelter trenches for the camp while the ground was still frozen several feet deep. It was like picking through concrete.

One day a native chimney sweep was working on one of the hospital stoves. He was a poor, ragged, emaciated Chinese who looked like he'd never had a square meal in his life. A POW patient asked a Nip guard standing by if he might offer the man a cigarette. The guard nodded his approval. As it was noon and a very cold day the POW then asked if he might give the coolie a little hot soup and a roll. That was OK'd also by the sentry as he took his departure. Just as the native finished eating, three other guards arrived and proceeded to beat the tar out of the lowly Chinese. How could such a psychology ever hope to consolidate Asiatic peoples under Japanese ideology?

On March 12, 1945 we were permitted to submit a fifty-word letter home, our first since the previous August at Shirakawa, Taiwan. These were censored, then typed on cards which the interpreter brought around for us to sign. Some of the messages had been so hopelessly hashed up that the writers

refused to sign them. One sentence in Col. Nick Galbraith's letter was beyond Japanese comprehension so he got by with, "On way here had visions of meeting Davy J."

A few days later fifty POWs were permitted to turn in messages to be broadcast. These were a straight propaganda proposition. As far as I have heard neither the letters nor radiocasts ever reached the States.

On March 15 the Nips ordered all fires out in stoves on one side of the barracks and called in our heavy underwear. Two weeks later fires in remaining heaters were extinguished and we had to turn in our overcoats although it was still plenty cold.

Our food at that time had been considerably reduced from November standards. The only vegetables in the kitchen store-room were frozen potatoes and desiccated carrots, of which much had so deteriorated that they could not be used. So the Camp Commander probably figured he had a good case when he called in Brigadier Trott, the Administrative Officer, and broached the subject of starting a farm. Conversation was through the new Interpreter, Lance Corporal Waku, who had replaced Private First Class Takeuchi. Trott asked that the three senior officers be brought into the conference, which was done.

Lieutenant Matsumiya then proceeded to outline his proposition for raising pigs and chickens, and planting a garden.

"Food is very scarce around here," the interpreter said, "and you will have the benefit of what you raise."

Our people stated that they had no faith in any garden proposition, rehearsed the whole story of our farming experience from Karenko on, and explained why POWs wanted nothing to do with the idea.

Our next word on this matter came on April 10 when the three seniors and all squad leaders were assembled with the Camp Commander. The Japanese officer had evidently reported the situation to the Main Commandant, Colonel Matsuda, who had laid down the law to him. He very plainly was most anxious to get us to agree to his proposal. He told

us that this was not Taiwan, that he was interested in the welfare of POWs, and that the garden he contemplated would occupy only a small space within the compound.

"Up to now I have treated you with sincerity," he stated. "If any do not wish to carry out the plan they will be administered according to regulations. If anyone refuses to do his part it will be considered an act of bad will and will be so treated."

The meaning of his threats was not explained. Although a few of the British and Dutch prisoners favored accepting the proposition the American contingent was solidly against it. I had two Dutch colonels in my squad. One of them, Col. C. H. C. Waal, told some of his countrymen with whom he was discussing the matter, "Ve Americans vote one hundred per cent ve von't vork!"

When the final showdown came however, all nationalities presented a united "No" to the farm proposition. It would seem the local commander lost considerable face by not putting over the Main Commandant's "volunteer work" plan. Anyway, on April 20, Lieutenant Hijikata, Labor Officer on the Mukden staff and a very pleasant chap, arrived to try to save the situation. During the morning the three seniors and Brigadier Trott were again called into conference on the matter. The Japanese officer was a graduate of Cambridge University and spoke English fluently so no interpreter was necessary. Our people were coldly unresponsive to the lieutenant's personal plea and expressed themselves freely to the effect that they wanted neither hide nor hair of the farm, especially as Hijikata revealed that an "outside farm" was contemplated.

That afternoon Trott alone was called in again. The Niponese officer and the local interpreter, Lance Corporal Waku, were present. The Lieutenant opened the conversation by saying, "I want to talk to you about the farm."

"Holy Mackerel!" exclaimed Trott. "Didn't you get your answer on that this morning?"

"Yes, but I want to talk some more about it," replied the officer.

From there on Trott summarized the dialogue in shorthand which he later transcribed for our information. The conversation ran about as follows:

Hijkata: How many acres do you think it would require to raise enough potatoes for this camp for say—six months?

Trott: I don't know. I'm not a farmer.

Hijkata: (After some computations) I think about ten acres would raise enough potatoes and some other vegetables besides. If the POWs would only forget their experience in Taiwan.

Trott: Oh Bosh! All this Taiwan talk is just so much "baloney" as far as the issue here is concerned. Can you not understand that our people are not going to volunteer to work at heavy manual labor? Personally the only way I'll ever work as you propose will be when there's a Nipponese bayonet at my back. Your government is faced with two alternatives: 1, either you will violate the accepted custom of civilized nations for the past thirty or forty years and order these people to do heavy work, or 2, you will drop the whole matter. There is no in-between ground.

Hijkata: (Amazed) You are being very frank.

Trott: I have said the same thing to the Camp Commander here ever since this matter was broached. Have I not, Corporal?

Waku: Yes.

Hijkata: Why did you not tell me this before?

Waku: The Camp Commander was my boss and I told what he ordered.

Trott: I saw this trouble develop in Taiwan and I made up my mind to speak frankly if it ever came up again. I have done so every time it was mentioned here. You people talk about an approaching food shortage. Why if there was good will in Tokyo our governments would put more Red Cross stores in here than your railroad could carry.

Hijkata: Oh, but they are having food shortage also.

Trott: Will you let me telegraph to my government, *today*, asking that additional Red Cross stores be rushed to these POW camps?

Hijkata: Well, of course, that is up to higher authority.

Trott: That's just what I'm telling you. If there was good will in Tokyo we would have plenty of Red Cross, not to mention mail and many other things. Incidentally, my government would not think of

placing a junior lieutenant in command of such a camp as this. Just before I left India one of our most distinguished major generals was placed in command of the Italian Officers' POW Camp.

Hijkata: The Lieutenant in command here is the representative of the Emperor!

Trott: As such we respect his position, but we cannot accept his work proposition.

Hijkata: Well, thank you very much. I will inform the Main Commandant of the situation just as you have so clearly stated the matter.

He extended his hand in farewell and that was that. Many congratulated Trott on his handling of the matter but he protested he had no desire to pose as any camp hero. "It was really very easy," he said, "as I could speak to him just as we talk to each other." The important thing however, was that the farm was never mentioned again. Lieutenant Matsu-miya was promptly relieved and transferred elsewhere and scowling young Lieutenant Ikeda arrived to take his place.

On April 23 General Parker, the senior American officer in camp, submitted the following letter:

Prisoner of War Camp,
Hoten, Manchukuo,
April 23, 1945.

To: Camp Commandant:

Sir:

In accordance with the Geneva Convention it is respectfully requested that the following message be transmitted by the most expeditious means available to the representative of the Protective Power for the United States in Tokyo, and that the cost thereof be charged to my personal account:

"Have been notified by the Nipponese authorities that a local food shortage for prisoners of war is expected in the near future and that an acute shortage may occur later. Also that a vessel transporting Red Cross supplies for prisoners of war from the United States to Japan was torpedoed and sunk and no additional Red Cross supplies can be expected. Urgently request that this serious condition be communicated to the United States Government and that I be advised relative to action taken."

(Signed) George M. Parker, Jr.
Major General, US Army

If anything developed from this we were not so informed.

At Lieutenant Ikeda's first Saturday inspection he poked into everybody's private papers, toilet articles and clothing. Nip non-commissioned officers accompanying him were doing an even more thorough job. Turning to Brigadier Trott, who was in the party, Ikeda inquired (through the interpreter): "Have you ever been inspected like this before?"

"Yes," replied Trott, "this is not the first time we have been subjected to this indignity."

I don't know how the interpreter put that remark in Japanese but the inspecting party became much more circumspect from there on.

In the next few days things really happened. From our occasional Hsinking newspapers we were getting the news of the final stages of the European campaign and found it very hard to be nonchalant around the Nips. A month earlier one of them had told our men, "Bad news for Americans in papers," but would not explain his remark. Then our translators read a dispatch about like this: "The Allies may use the sudden-death-of-Roosevelt trump card as an entering wedge for peace."

We were profoundly shocked but still could not be sure until later news items spoke of "President Truman." Then we knew our great war leader and Commander-in-Chief had passed on.

On May 9 Lieutenant Ikeda called Brigadier Trott into conference, speaking through Corporal Waku. The Jap officer seemed in a most conciliatory mood. He complained about our lack of obedience to his orders ("petty barrack room annoyances," he called them), and asked Trott to tell him the reason "quite candidly and honestly," which was a phrase the British officer had used previously. Among other things Trott told him: "Above all else, we want to be left alone. In general, when an authority issuing an order is hostile, you will get unwilling obedience. Your whole manner and facial expression since coming to this camp have been frankly hostile."

He might have said "a continuous scowl." Ikeda's reply was one for the book. "All my life my face has been my

worst enemy (which we could well believe). If I see things I don't like I show it in my face. I find it difficult to deal with senior officers. I am very shy naturally and I speak no English."

Two mornings later the camp was chattering like a sewing circle about a special formation at 8:00 o'clock that morning over by the guardhouse. The Camp Commander, all the Nipponese soldiers and a number of civilians were lined up. Lieutenant Ikeda, in white gloves, then read a formal paper of some kind to them, after which all bowed very reverently toward the Imperial Palace.

That night, around midnight, Gen. Al Jones waked his roommate, Gen. Clifford Bluemel, from a sound sleep in order to note, from their window, a vociferous celebration of some kind in the Chinese section of Cheng-chiatun. This continued until 2:00 a. m.

Exciting events were undoubtedly transpiring in the world but with the discontinuance of Nip soldiers' use of the bath next to ours, the papers were no longer coming in. Corporal Nugent's ingratiating ways had won him the good will of one of the Nip orderlies however and as a result he was able to trade him a pair of POW boots for three newspapers.

On the morning of May 15 our interpreter group (Cols. Bob Hoffman, Stuart Wood and Gurdon Sage) had just started working on these papers when I happened to pass down the hall and Gurdon called to me. "Hey, Bill!" he said, handing me one of his customary Nip cigarette wrapper news releases. "See how the boys like this one."

It contained only one sentence and the ink was still wet. I glanced through it and gave a suppressed, "Wow!" as we shook hands. He turned to give the news to his squad while I hurried on down the hall to mine. "FLASH! Gentlemen!" I announced as I entered our double bay. Everyone huddled quickly. "Will someone watch the hall?" I asked.

"I'll take it," offered Col. Virgil Cordero.

I then read them this historic announcement, from the May 11 Hsinking paper: "The unconditional surrender of the German Army, Navy and Air Force was signed at Rheims, France,

at 2:41 a.m., May 7, 1945, effective 11.01 p.m., May 8, 1945."

Going quickly to my other rooms I spread the good news then passed the "flash" on to Brigadier Goodman, the next squad leader.

In a few minutes there were other details covering movements of our armies, junctions with the Russians, and names of prominent German leaders captured. To say we were thrilled or overjoyed is entirely too tame. Yet we couldn't let on. The question uppermost in everyone's mind was: "Now, how long for Japan?"

Many of the senior American POWs had known General Eisenhower intimately. With our inordinate pride in his success his name was on everyone's lips—that is, almost everyone. This next story is told without the slightest adverse thought of gallant Field Marshal Montgomery, whose marvelous fighting record speaks for itself.

A British colonel, discussing the European Theater with a Dutch officer, remarked: "I am really amazed at the record General Montgomery is making in this war; how he brilliantly drove the Germans back across North Africa, then his superb campaign in Italy, and now his stupendous success in North Germany. He is really the outstanding officer of the war."

"Yah-um-um," nodded the Dutch general, "und vat vas te name of te American cheneral vat command te whole ting?"

CHAPTER 18

BULL'S EYE

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**T**HERE is an old saying that if something is inevitable—*relax*. Accordingly, soon after arriving at Karenko in the summer of 1942, I had decided to take no notice of time or days. (My watch wasn't running anyway.) For years different members of my family had urged me to "Slow down," and so, in my first letter home (in November 1942) I had proudly written: "You will be pleased to hear that I have learned to relax, and to eat onions." (Both accomplishments would be reassuring.)

To be honest I must admit that during the summer of 1944 I had my watch repaired and occasionally stole a glance at our home-made calendar. But with the news of Germany's collapse and rumors that the POWs in Manchuria were to be concentrated, our hopes for an early termination of hostilities rose by leaps and bounds. Of course, a few die-hards still maintained that Japan would fight it out to the last man.

Throughout our captivity I had tried to hold what I considered the right mental attitude toward our situation. Every day I had said to myself, "Nothing these people can do is going to prevent me from seeing this thing through and walking down that gangplank to my family when it's all over."

That mental concept didn't cost me a cent and it was a lot easier on my digestion than the thoughts a few of my friends were holding. A mild sense of humor along the way may have helped. Anyway, as we packed for departure the way was growing brighter. Perhaps that "perfect day" of liberation was not too far around the corner.

In preparation for clearing the camp a general clean-up was ordered. Colonel Matsuda would inspect before we left. All day on May 18 we stood around, waiting, but he never showed up. He did go through the hospital. Colonels Jim Gillespie and J. Bennett (British), who were on duty, stood at attention

when the colonel entered their room. He only stayed a moment, asked the interpreter something, and went on out. Later, when questioned, Corporal Waku said the Old Man had asked, "Who are these pigs?"

At 7:00 p.m. the Camp Commander, accompanied by about twenty guards, descended on our barracks where the guards quickly posted themselves all over the building. The lieutenant then went through each room, systematically searching each POW's hand baggage for articles of food.

They seemed to fear that food in our hands during a trip might result in our escape so this shake-down was to see what we had and collect all we could not consume prior to departure. Most everyone had tried to save a Red Cross item or two such as a chocolate bar or a box of raisins but all these came under the ban. Tea or coffee were the only articles permitted as they were not life sustaining.

On the day set for departure we were up at 4:00 a.m., had a breakfast of corn meal mush and hot water, and by seven o'clock had turned in all our Nip property. We then sat around all morning. About 9:00 o'clock our enlisted men made a trip to the depot carrying eighty pieces of heavy baggage which the Nip carts could have hauled but didn't.

At noon we formed in front of barracks in three car-groups as planned by the Nips. Colonel Sam Howard had the 1st Group (119 POWs), I the 2d (119 also), while Group Captain Noble had the 3d (82), including two stretcher cases. He also had the Nip guard detachment and considerable baggage. Seventy pieces of heavy baggage were still on the ground at the end of barracks when we started to move out so we paired up and managed to carry it to the station, one-half mile away, where we had to take it into the cars with us. As we marched out the camp gate Colonel Nap Boudreau remarked that it had been just six months and six days since we had entered. All of us would like to have known where we were headed.

On every move we had made under Nipponese control the transportation furnished had been grossly inadequate. This

time it was even worse. The train we found waiting at the station consisted of several freight cars and three ancient day coaches, one for each car-group. I asked the interpreter the seating capacity of each car.

"One hundred," said he.

That meant nineteen men in the aisle, in addition to much baggage. The car for our second group was a particularly dilapidated specimen. Many windows were out and had been replaced by boards. It hadn't seen a coat of paint in at least ten years. We crowded in and got settled, by which time it was one o'clock.

One dry brown bread bun per prisoner was issued, which, after mush and hot water at daylight, was not very satisfying. Our destination proved to be the Main Camp at Mukden where we should have arrived by dark that night. Instead, we made so many interminable stops that it was 1:30 the next afternoon before the train was finally switched to a siding in the northeast edge of Mukden and we unloaded. Our travel rations had consisted of two more sour dough stale buns issued en route. With no water, no fresh air from doors or windows, and no sleep we were damn glad to get off that train.

A twenty-minute hike brought us to the Main Camp. On the way we passed through a scattered industrial section. Whenever a native got within even shouting distance of our column the Nip guards barked savagely at him. Even two tiny Chinese tots were shooed away.

Once inside the wall of our new compound we put down our baggage and lined up, ten deep, in front of a small speaker's stand. After much right dressing and counting off the Nips in charge decided we were in proper form to hear the Main Commandant's welcoming address.

Soon Colonel Matsuda appeared and read his short speech. The interpreter followed with a previously-written English version. It was very courteous as I remember.

We then re-formed according to POW numbers, within nationalities. The American contingent was divided into five squads or sections, four for officers and one for enlisted men.

With Nip soldiers for guides each section was then led to its quarters. Colonel Vic Collier was designated as the American Administrative Officer and the following Section Leaders were announced: Brigadier General Funk, Colonels Howard, Sage and Braly, and Navy CPO Ferari.

The camp occupied an area of some six acres. It was surrounded by a gray brick wall about ten feet high, surmounted by three strands of high-tension charged wire. Twenty feet inside the brick wall was a barbed-wire fence beyond which we were not permitted to go.

The buildings were two-story affairs of the same gray brick. There were three large barracks in addition to Nipponese Headquarters and the administrative buildings such as cookhouse, hospital, and utilities.

Each prisoner was issued a Nipponese straw mattress, bedding, and a china bowl and cup for messing. No beds. Mattresses were laid on two decks, the lower being about a foot above the room floor while the upper, reached by ladders, was about five feet higher. Normally there were five bunks on a deck section. With eight decks per room that made forty POWs per administrative section for roll calls, food, hot water, and dissemination of orders.

According to old timers in camp most of the guards were civilians (in uniform however) who had served their four years in the army. ("Yard birds" to POWs.) As one of the Dutch remarked at the time: "Dis iss no camp; it's a yail!"

Our arrival brought the prisoner population to 1,233. Most of this group were enlisted men who had been in Mukden since November 1942, working in nearby industrial plants. Several hundred were employed in the Manchurian Machine Tool Company while a smaller group of perhaps 125, worked at a crane manufacturing outfit. In addition there were about four hundred other enlisted men employed at three branch camps scattered around Mukden. No. 1 was a leather tannery, No. 2 a textile mill turning out mainly canvas, while No. 3 was a sawmill. A dozen officers, headed by Major Stanley H. Hankins, accompanied the group from the Philippines.

One corner of the compound was an open area used as a sort of exercise yard. Camp regulations required all POWs to vacate buildings and lie on the ground in this area during any air raid alarm. And there they were on December 7, 1944 when ninety-six B-29s raided the Mukden vicinity. Main objectives of the bombing were the airfield, the railway station, and a small-arms factory adjacent to the camp. This factory was completely destroyed by explosions and fire, leaving only the gutted outer wall shell which was clearly visible from our second story windows. Numerous Nip fighters and antiaircraft fire attacked the formation but the big bombers couldn't be bothered. Four fighters were shot down.

On the next to last trip over one B-29 pulled out of the formation temporarily for some reason and jettisoned a couple of bombs. One of these hit a latrine in the prison camp and started a fire. The other, most unfortunately, hit the frozen ground in the open area, inside the barbed wire fence, where our men were lying. Bull's-eye!

Bomb fragments flew in every direction. Some hit the buildings a hundred yards away and about seventy-five feet of the outer brick wall was blown out. When the smoke and dust cleared away a tragic picture was awaiting. Seventeen men had been killed instantly and two more died shortly thereafter. Thirty-six others were injured, some of them very seriously, losing arms or legs.

According to eye witnesses it was a pitiful scene; yet courage was not lacking. One man who had been with us on Corregidor, Private Melvin A. Bumgarner, 60th Coast Artillery, was lying on the floor in the hospital after the bombing. Although his right arm was horribly mangled and part of his brain exposed from a head wound, he was fully conscious. When Captain Neville Grow spoke to him he replied: "They can't kill me. I'm not ready to die yet." Nor did he. The arm had to be amputated and his life hung in the balance for days but when we arrived in Mukden his cheerful grin was one of the first to greet me.

Most of the prisoners with whom I talked seemed to think

the dropping of two bombs within the camp was accidental. One B-29 had a forced landing and its crew was captured. Some of the local Nipponese told our men that they found an aerial photo map of that area in the plane, on which the bombing objectives and the POW camp were plainly marked.<sup>1</sup> One thing is certain. Nothing was done by the Nipponese to indicate to an aerial observer, in any way, that this was a prisoner-of-war camp. The captured bomber was exhibited for some time in Mukden to the amazement of the natives who told our men of its size and manifold appurtenances.

A tragic pall hung over the camp for days as the men mourned the loss of friends and comrades with whom they had suffered so long and so much. It was the greatest single disaster that had befallen them since becoming prisoners of war. In order to avoid a possible recurrence, all who were physically able turned out to dig shelter trenches in that same open area. The ground was frozen several feet deep but in a few days sufficient zigzag foxholes had been dug to protect all POWs from anything but a direct hit.

Two weeks later, on December 23, another raid occurred. Again nearly a hundred B-29s participated and while they flew over the camp their targets were on the far side of Mukden. Several prisoners told me they could hear the heavy rumble of bombs very distinctly as they crouched in their foxholes.

One bomber exploded in mid-air within full view of the camp. In the course of the two raids about a dozen American aviators had been captured. The Nips had interned them in a house near the main camp. We were to hear their story later.

June 14 marked a memorable day for one of our number whom everyone admired and respected, my good friend, Colonel Abe Garfinkel. On that date he completed 45 years of active service in the U.S. Army which included a distinguished record in many important assignments. After breakfast that morning many crowded around him to extend congratulations.

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<sup>1</sup>AAF officers told us after liberation that our Mukden camp was shown on their maps as an airplane parts factory.

## CHAPTER 19

### MASS MURDER

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ANOTHER group of prisoners had arrived at the Mukden camp a month or more ahead of us. Among these were officers and men who had been at work camps on the Japanese islands of Honshu, Kyushu and Shikoku. As the war drew closer to Japan they had been transferred to Manchuria.

With them came many of the group we had left in Taiwan the previous October. They had followed us northward in February 1945 and, after various vicissitudes had arrived in turn at Moji, Mining Camp, Fukuoku, Fusan, and Mukden.

At Fukuoku a third contingent had joined the party. This group of 216, plus ninety-five men left at Camp 3 near Moji, were all that remained of over sixteen hundred American POWs whom the Japs had started out of Manila on the infamous *Oryoku Maru*, back in December.

From these officers and enlisted men we heard almost unbelievable tales of horror, brutality, inhuman savage cruelty, and murder. Yet they had seen these things with their own eyes. The Japanese Army's complete scorn of International Law and civilized practices had made a mockery of morality and turned its soldiers into sadists. Far from any fear of being called to account they gloried in the fanatical belief that under the Emperor they could do no wrong. They thought no more of abusing a prisoner of war than of rubbing out an ant and probably found it much more enjoyable. That is just one of the million reasons why the Japanese Army and its teachings must cease to exist.

Two of our Corregidor officers, Captains Charles L. Kasler and Stockton Bruns, had been at Tenagawa Camp, on Honshu, fifty miles south of Osaka. Soon after arriving there in the fall of 1942 the Japs told all in the camp that they were slaves for life of the Tobishima Shipbuilding Company; that the only

way they'd ever go home would be in "chi sai hoko" (little white boxes of ashes).

One of their number was a Private Tyler, of Battery B, 60th Coast Artillery. In April, 1943 he had become unbalanced as a result of severe mistreatment, prolonged starvation, and exposure. Repeatedly he was beaten for offenses no sane man would commit. The American senior officer reported to the Nips that this man was a hospital case and should not be sent out to work, to which the authorities paid no attention whatever.

One day Private Tyler disappeared from camp. Being hungry he stopped at the first house and probably asked for food. The natives there sent word to the camp that an American was in the house. Soon guards arrived and took him back to camp where he was thrown into the guardhouse and sentries on duty beat him terribly.

A couple of hours later two men, armed with long heavy sticks, arrived at the guardhouse. They may have been Military Police. The guards admitted them to Private Tyler's cell where they proceeded to beat him to death in cold blooded murder. His agonized screams could be plainly heard. POW officers protested vigorously to the Camp Commander but to no avail.

"Who are these men? Why do you permit this?" they demanded.

"Shut up and get out, or I'll put you in the guardhouse," he snapped.

When the American was dead other prisoners were called in to clean up the cell. Bloody vomit everywhere indicated internal hemorrhages.

Our people were never able to secure the names of the two strangers but the Nipponese Camp Commander was present in camp during the whole incident and ordered or approved the murder. His name, together with other details, were reported after liberation to the American group investigating war criminals.

The Fukuoku coal-mining camp on Kyushu consisted of American, British and Dutch prisoners of war. The mines had no safety precautions whatever and almost every day men were brought in with injuries which sometimes were serious. Broken arms or legs were not infrequent and one man's back was broken by a heavy block of falling slate.

One of the officers in the group from Taiwan was Major J. W. Raulston, Medical Corps, of Richards City, Tennessee. He had been moved north from Luzon in October 1944. Two or three days before his party of 1,250 debarked from the Jap transport, at Takao, Taiwan, four other American POWs had been put aboard. They were blistered from exposure and looked to be in bad shape physically. One of them was unconscious. No communication with the quartet was permitted but later, when all were transferred to camps in Taiwan, Raulston had a chance to talk with one of the men, Chief Warrant Officer Binder, US Navy. This was his story:

On October 11, 1944 a group of about eighteen hundred American POWs from Nichols Field and Bachrach Motors details in Manila and officers from Cabanatuan had left Manila on a Jap transport, in a convoy of several vessels. After a couple of false starts they finally got off and headed northward. En route they were attacked by at least one sub and a tanker was hit. It blew up with a great flash and disappeared in a few seconds.

A few days later, while cruising in the China Sea between Hong Kong and Taiwan (they thought), their ship was torpedoed in the late afternoon of October 25. The Nips all abandoned the ship which continued to float for a couple of hours during which time the POWs had the run of the vessel. Some prisoners, including Binder and a friend, busied themselves preparing rafts but most, being nearly starved, gorged themselves on food from the galley. This was unfortunate. When the ship sank most of the hundreds of men in the water became violently ill. Meanwhile darkness shrouded the scene of horror.

By morning Binder and his mate, still clinging to their raft, could see very few others and by the second morning all had disappeared. The next day these two men were picked up by a Jap destroyer and taken to Takao, Taiwan. Two other survivors had been rescued by another enemy destroyer and joined them at Takao. These were Staff Sergeant Philip Brodsky, Medical Department, and Corporal Glen S. Oliver of a Minnesota tank battalion. When the Japs discovered they were Americans they had started to throw them back to the fish but finally decided not to. The four men were then put aboard the transport with the other prisoners, as previously stated, but were held, under guard, incommunicado. So far as Binder knew this group, only, remained alive of the eighteen hundred who had left Manila.¹

Major Tom Dooley told me that he had been on duty at the camp hospital at Shirakawa when the man who was unconscious was brought in and that the American died without regaining consciousness.

Many prisoners who made it through safely to Japan in the 1944 transfers from the Philippines ran into brutal conditions in the work camps to which they were sent. Such was the experience of 153 Americans who spent the winter of 1944-45 at the mining camp of Funatsu, on the main Japanese island of Honshu. I heard some of the details of their treatment later from Staff Sergeant Larry W. Wozniak, QMC, of South Bend, Indiana.

There were 200 British POWs already at Funatsu when we arrived. It was a lead mining camp, seventy miles up in the hills from Osaka. Our senior officer was Captain Lyles, who had served with a Philippine Army unit in Bataan. We were allowed three yasumé days per month from the mines, on the 5th, 15th and 25th.

It was very cold there last winter and everyone suffered more or less as no one had adequate clothing. The Japs would allow only one small

¹Five other Americans survived, it seems. They retrieved a lifeboat, reached the China coast and eventually got through to the American lines, according to an article, "We Prayed to Die," by Harry T. Brundige, in *Cosmopolitan*, April, 1945, p. 53.

Red Cross box of charcoal per day for the heating stove for sixty men. I thought I'd never get warm again.

Then of course the food was very short so the prisoners who had to carry all supplies from the village to our camp would take chances trying to steal a little food, or charcoal for the fire. Anytime one got caught it meant a terrible beating.

We would be punished for lying on beds in the daytime, or failing to salute some Jap soldier, and many other things. Slapping, beating, standing in front of the guardhouse naked in winter time while sentries threw buckets of cold water on you, or withholding your food, were some of the punishments meted out.

One evening at supper time one of our men, Private Mann, was missing. The Japs called a special tenko but no one had seen Mann. The next morning forty or fifty civilian policemen in black uniforms were all over camp, looking where the prisoner might have gotten out.

About three o'clock that afternoon they returned bringing Private Mann. He was taken to Headquarters for questioning and Captain Lyles was present. Then the Japs started beating the American soldier with a lead pipe. We could hear it and see the blows through the window. They must have broken half the bones in his body as they beat him to a pulp. Captain Lyles was also beaten about the head and face with a rubber shoe.

Then Private Mann was dragged over to the guardhouse and put in a cell. Captain Lyles spoke to the Camp Commander about medical attention for him from our doctors but such permission was refused. The Japs announced he would be on one third rations for ten days but he was past eating anything. The second morning after that he was dead.

Staff Sergeant Wozniak had been with us on Corregidor, and had been held there in a work party by the Japs for nearly a year after surrender. He gave us some interesting angles on happenings on "The Rock" after our departure.

Our work party at first consisted of about 500 men. Then in June 1942 forty-five officers headed by Colonel Kirkpatrick² arrived from Cabanatuan. Thereafter the work party was reduced each month until only a handful remained.

Many Jap visitors, especially sailors, came to Corregidor on sight-seeing trips, starting in July 1942. Battery Geary, or what had been

²Lieutenant Colonel L. S. Kirkpatrick, who had done a magnificent job in command of Fort Drum during the war. He died on Corregidor, April 27, 1943, from pneumonia.

Battery Geary, was a special object of their curiosity. You remember, sir, that when that battery was blown up one of its eight 12-inch mortars landed some one hundred yards away up on the edge of the golf course. As a part of their metal salvaging operations the Japs took two tractors and a detail of POWs and after two days of arduous work had finally dragged it down to the dock for shipment. During the loading out process, when the crane had the big cannon in midair, something suddenly snapped and down went the old mortar to a watery grave. The Japs were so astounded they were speechless, then gave way to a kind of sickly smile. The Americans smiled too, not so sickly.

About October 1942 Navy divers, under Japanese orders of course, began recovering some of the Philippine silver buried in San Jose Bay south of Corregidor. When many silver pesos began appearing for purchasing goods at the camp store the Nips ruled that no silver would be accepted.

Soon after that two Jap sergeants who had just returned from Manila announced, by whispered rumors, that a Red Cross ship would arrive with supplies in December and would repatriate a certain number of POWs on her return trip. The lucky names would be selected, they said, from a list then being compiled, and, if you wanted your name on the list it could be arranged for the little matter of 25.00 pesos for an enlisted man, or 50.00 pesos for an officer.

At the time there were between four hundred and five hundred officers and men on the Rock and most of them contributed. As one officer explained it, you didn't believe the story, yet there could be something to it, and if you had any money you felt you had to come in. Accordingly the two noncoms collected thousands of pesos.

Some time later they announced that plans had been changed and that there would be no Red Cross ship. The money which had been put up would be used to erect a monument to Japanese dead at Agla-loma Point, in Bataan. However, just to show that they were good fellows, they were going to Manila soon, and upon their return each POW who had contributed would receive *either* a package of smoking tobacco, *or* a kilo of sugar.

Now there was a polite racket that would have done credit to some of the best brains in Alcatraz!

Also in the Corregidor work party had been First Lieutenant Kenneth W. Ramsay, 60th Coast Artillery. It was a pleasure to find him at Mukden and also Major Arthur Peterson of the same regiment and Captain Bob Lawlor of the 92d CA. It had been three years since our separation at Bilibid Prison in Manila

when they moved out to Cabanatuan while we went to Tarlac. But we were shocked and grieved to hear their heart-breaking story of suffering and death on their way north from the Philippines. It was appalling that so many of our intimate friends had died, and so cruelly and needlessly.

This next narrative is compiled from numerous conversations I had with the above three officers, and also Major A. J. Van Oosten, 45th Infantry, and Lieutenant Claud Fraleigh, Dental Corps, US Navy. All of these were in the ill-fated group which the Japs shipped out of Manila in December 1944 on our old enemy, the *Oryoku Maru*.

American air attacks against enemy installations on Luzon had begun on September 21. Within a short time the Japs were concentrating American POWs at Bilibid and occasionally shipping out a boatload. A high percentage of these groups was officers inasmuch as most of the enlisted men had already been sent north in earlier working parties.

On December 13, 1,631 POWs were marched from Bilibid to Pier 7 in the Port Area. Late in the afternoon several hundred Japanese women, children and workmen went aboard the *Oryoku Maru*. The vessel was camouflaged. The prisoner group was then loaded, "shoveled in" said Ramsay, and the ship pulled out beyond the breakwater. She sailed at dawn on the 14th.

On that day there were seventeen separate attacks by American planes, bombing and strafing. The POWs were divided between the forward, center and aft holds and were down about the water line as there were no portholes. Toward evening a bomb damaged the steering mechanism and the ship apparently put back into Subic Bay, thirty miles north of Manila Bay. Horses had been shipped to Luzon in these holds and the hot stench from manure and urine was overpowering. There was no ventilation. The only fresh air was from the small uncovered portion of the well, high overhead.

"By the morning of the 15th thirty-five had died from suffocation," said Van Oosten. "We had over six hundred in

the forward hold and had had only four buckets of water and one meal of rice and fish."

There is no question that many of the prisoners were irresponsible by that time. Many stories were being circulated in the Mukden camp of how crazed men had slashed the wrists of those who had died, then sucked their blood for moisture.

Around 10:00 a.m. our planes found the ship again and a good-sized bomb hit in the aft hold, killing more than two hundred outright and wounding many. The ship settled on the bottom about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach.

"When the ship was first hit," said Ramsay, "some started up the iron ladder out of the hold but were immediately shot by Jap guards. Perhaps an hour later they told us to go ashore. I got hold of a small lifeboat and made several trips carrying wounded cases to the beach before the Japs stopped me."

Lieutenant Fraleigh's experience was slightly different. Said he: "When we were told to go ashore I was among the first on deck from the center hold. I went aft along a passageway and as I turned a corner by a galley I saw four or five Americans in there eating. Red Cross supplies the Japs had stolen from us were on the table and shelves. Just then Jap Lieutenant Toshino came up and saw the Americans eating. He pulled his pistol and commenced shooting into the galley. I saw two men fall, decided it was no place for me so ran forward, dove into the water and swam ashore."

According to Van Oosten there were many Jap corpses on deck, wrapped in straw mats.

"We rummaged around," said he, "looking for life preservers but only a few were found. An improvised raft carrying non-swimmers was being pushed ashore by two strong swimmers. When a cross current caught them the Nips yelled to the two men to go ashore so they had to drop the raft. A Nip machine gun then killed all on the raft. Many were shot in the water, being pointed out to the gunners by Lieutenant Toshino from the bridge of the ship."

Between 1,200 and 1,300 were finally concentrated in the tennis court enclosure of the old Olongapo Navy Yard. Five

days were spent there, the daily ration of food being two spoonfuls of raw rice. A truck movement to San Fernando, Pampanga, was next on the schedule where half the prisoners were quartered in the Theater Building while the other half were in the Provincial Jail compound, sleeping on the gravel.

On the morning of December 24 they were loaded in and on top of Manila Railroad box cars, as many as 180 to the car. They rode all day and all night without food or water, arriving at San Fernando, La Union, at 4:00 a.m. Christmas Day. Some Christmas! Three miserable days were spent there. Then at dawn on the 28th they were taken in landing boats to a cargo ship which they dubbed "The Barn," never learning the real name. The last two hundred and fifty were taken to a second ship. Van Oosten continued:

All this time we were still in our underwear as when we swam ashore we could carry nothing. We would be under way in the daytime and anchor in-shore at night, going up the coast of Luzon. One second lieutenant went nuts and jumped overboard. The Japs shot at him.

On New Year's Eve we reached Takao, Taiwan. We had very little food or water until the 5th when they started giving us one or two meals daily and some water. January 8 was a sunny day and they let us up on deck about midday. Twenty-nine British and Dutch who had been with us at Cabanatuan were taken ashore that day. Then the Nips started loading sugar into the lower level of our hold and moved some of us into the forward hold where coal had been before.

The next morning, January 9, we were attacked by American planes. There were four near misses, then a bomb hit the cross beam over the forward hold hatch, dropping it into the hold. The beam and bomb killed 220 instantly. Probably another 150 were wounded at the same time. We called for doctors and medical attention but got no response. One officer climbed a rope ladder and asked a sentry for help. The answer was to cut down the rope ladder leaving no way to get out of the hold. For the next forty-eight hours the Japs left us alone with our dead and dying. The bodies were stacked up at one side. A hole in the side of the ship solved the latrine problem.

Finally, on the morning of the 11th, they lowered rope slings into the hold and removed the bodies of the dead by crane. When all were out a rope ladder was lowered and the rest of us climbed out and down into the center hold where about thirty had been killed.

Lieutenant Fraleigh picked up the story there:

At Takao I was on the work party on a barge which removed the bodies of those killed there when our ship was bombed. As the bodies were removed from the hold and lowered to the barge one of our officers counted 279. Some thought there were more; I do not know. We took them several miles back into the harbor, to what we judged to be a crematory.

A few days later those who remained were transferred to a regular Jap troop transport and sailed northward in a convoy, halting at night as before by small islands.

"We got food and water twice daily," Major Peterson told me. "The allowance was one cup to four men and the water was usually quite salty. We were towing the bow half of some old hulk and having lots of trouble. Eventually we dropped it in some harbor.

"By that time we were well into January winter weather, and getting farther north every day. Most of us were in our ragged cotton underwear only. Many died every day from exposure, starvation, dysentery and dehydration. At night four of us would lie spoon style in order to try to keep two men warmer. We would trade positions hourly. Once when it was time to change, Dick Smith^a had died in my arms as we lay there. When we reached Moji on January 29 there were only 495 of us left and all in bad shape."

At Moji clothing was issued to some. Others were given a blanket or an overcoat. The 110 worst cases were sent to a hospital of whom only thirty-three survived. Major Van Oosten was one of the thirty-three. The others were distributed to various camps around Moji. On April 25 those who could travel had been assembled at Fukuoku where they had joined the other contingents headed for Manchuria. They had dropped off 130 in Korea, under Lieutenant Colonel Curtis T. Beecher (USMC), the remainder continuing on to Mukden.

The morning after our arrival Peterson and Lawlor were in

^aCaptain Richard A. Smith, 91st Coast Artillery.

our squad room, surrounded by former Corregidor officers plying them with questions about friends. They could only reply sadly:

"Suffocated that first night out of Manila."

"Killed in the bombing at Olongapo."

"Killed in Takao bombing."

"Lost on the October 11th boat." (The 1800.)

"Died en route to Moji."

It was unbelievable! Yet it was true! So many of these fine men whom we'd known for years, gone west. We knew their wives and children. What could we say to them when we returned? I was to hold the little boy of one of them on my lap as I told him, "My name is Bill too; and I knew your daddy a long time before you were born."

And he was to say to me, "Was my daddy brave?"

And I was to say to him, "Yes, little Bill. Your daddy was a very fine brave soldier; and he wanted you to grow up to be a fine big man to take care of mommy and sissy."

A check-up of all available information seemed to indicate that of the pre-war officer strength on Corregidor of 350 only 125 remained alive. I grieved especially to hear that my intimate friend and valued assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Clair McC. Conzelman, had died just before reaching Moji.

Thus after nearly three years of privations, untold suffering, abuse, and humiliation, the lives of over three thousand Americans had been snuffed out. Three times that number had already died at O'Donnell, at Cabanatuan, and in the many vile work camps. All could be laid directly to Japanese Army negligence, inefficiency, and willful, studied, criminal maltreatment. Most of our captors didn't care. *It's high time they were made to care!*

CHAPTER 20

BRIGHTER SKIES

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**T**HERE were a number of excellent musicians among the hundreds of POWs in the Mukden camp. In February, 1945 they had gotten together, with Nip permission, to practice for a musical show. Rehearsals were held in the boiler room where space was available and there was some warmth. However, when some of the men threw their cigarette butts on a pile of hot ashes instead of in an ash tray, the Camp Commander called off the show and took away their instruments. When he returned them a month later all were so disgusted they said, "To hell with it!"

Soon after our arrival the members of the orchestra decided to get together again. The trouble was they needed a leader and I was asked to take over. I found they all read music and had manuscript parts for several numbers. Instrumentation consisted of violins, mandolins, guitars, piano accordion, trumpet and string bass. Permission was given by the Nipponese authorities for us to practice two evenings per week in a hall that was a sort of combination library, barber shop, and Red Cross Issue Room. The place was usually crowded as the men were starved for music.

The bass viol had been made in 1943, in the camp utilities shop, by Captain Neville L. Grow, 92d Coast Artillery, who had remarkably demonstrated that necessity is the mother of invention. He managed the wooden parts from scraps he salvaged in the shop. A melted aluminum mess kit provided metal for pegs which meshed with fiber gears. Fiber board came from extra POW number tags. An amazing combination of potassium permanganate, iodine, and alcohol, snatched from the hospital, made an excellent mahogany stain which Captain Grow sealed on with shellac smuggled in from one of the factories. The problem of strings for a bass fiddle was a real poser; but it was solved. When a hog was slaughtered, Grow

secured the gut, cured it with a styptic pencil and salt solution, twisted it into strings and let it dry. They worked admirably. The completed instrument had every appearance of a professional job. Of course there was no bow but a "swing" musician picks the bass viol strings more than he bows them anyway.

This experiment was so successful that Captain Grow and Sergeant Slick Johnson, 59th Coast Artillery, then made a beautiful guitar.

Our men working in the nearby factories went out at 7:30 a.m. carrying a noon bun of bread. POW cooks accompanied them to prepare the noon soup at the factory and all returned to the prison compound at 5:30 p.m., after three tenkos going out, and three coming back. They were only allowed two days off per month which were usually, but not always, the second and fourth Sundays. As soon as the orchestra was a going concern I began staging concerts for the afternoons of these bi-monthly Yasumé days in order to provide some entertainment for the men. A typical program was the one on July 3, 1945. Included were selections by the orchestra, group singing of old favorites led by Colonel Ted Lilly, and several special numbers. The latter included songs by the American Octette, an astonishing guitar duet by Johnson and Butterbaugh, an enlisted vocal trio known as Lowry, Mose and Sam, and a tenor group of songs by Captain Wilterdink (USN) for which I contributed violin obligatos. The programs were well attended and I hope may have assisted in boosting morale in the camp.

By that time our outlook was brightening steadily. Thanks to our Chinese friends who were also employed in the factories and to the courage and ingenuity of EM 2/c E. L. Kilmer, USN, we were getting copies of the Mukden Japanese paper almost daily.

For months Kilmer had smuggled the little news sheet into camp each day by folding it into a strip and sliding it into the lining of his trousers, under his belt. As Nip inspections at the camp gate became more rigid he devised a safer scheme. The heels of his Red Cross shoes had metal caps. He hollowed

out the leather heels and arranged the caps so they would slide open or shut, swinging on a pin at the back. Two short screws held each cap in place when desired.

Kilmer would get the paper from the Chinese at the factory, hide it in his hollow heels, swing the caps into place, and tighten the screws. He'd then kick his heels around a little in the dirt and dust and that evening step up to the inspection gate, before entering the compound, without batting an eye. The suspicious Nip guards were never the wiser.

When we reached Mukden this had been going on for more than a year. From these papers we had the welcome news of the steady progress of the Pacific campaign, as the iron ring closed in on Japan. Equally encouraging were the jitters plainly evidenced in the Jap propaganda.

May 30 (1945) being our Decoration Day, a party of fifteen POWs was permitted to visit the Camp Cemetery and to hold a memorial service there. Major General George Parker, Jr. headed the American group with Major General B. W. Key as the senior British officer in the party. Chaplain (Captain) Robert P. Taylor, formerly with the 31st Infantry in Manila, was the official chaplain for the occasion. I was glad to be included in those named to go.

The trip was made in a charcoal-burning truck and required twenty-five minutes for us to reach the Cemetery, in the northern edge of Mukden. En route I noticed numerous interesting sights. For instance, there were many foxholes dug in the sidewalks, probably an aftermath of the previous December bombing. Most shop doors were closed but curb markets were flourishing. I looked longingly at the many trays of red apples and yellow pears we saw on the sidewalk. In a poorer section of the city through which we passed we encountered the usual smells of a Chinese laboring community.

With a reputed population of one million, Mukden had long since expanded far beyond the ancient city wall. As a result that enclosure was being torn down. It appeared that anyone wanting gray bricks knocked them off the old wall and hauled

them away. Constructed centuries ago, the barrier was probably forty feet high and about sixty feet thick.

Other sights were a tall, crumbling pagoda several hundred years old, and many two-wheeled pneumatic-tired burro carts, heavily loaded with such things as flour, soy beans, grass rope, pipe, junk, et cetera. Electric street cars were crowded to capacity with additional passengers struggling to get aboard at each street corner.

The people all appeared well fed and the animals were in good flesh, reflecting the tremendous productivity of Manchuria. The natives were going about their affairs in a business-as-usual manner with noisy sidewalk bazaars, individual peddlers with wares in baskets slung from a pole over the shoulder, or bicyclists pedaling their way through the crowded street traffic. Except for the frequent foxholes the war seemed far away indeed.

Our route cut across the northwest corner of Mukden, then led out of the city on a hard-surfaced road paralleling the main-line railroad and a high tension power line. At the edge of the city we noted, to our right, a granite obelisk about one hundred feet high. This we were told was a monument erected to honor the Japanese soldiers who died in that vicinity during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. It seems that a great battle was fought there, just north of Mukden, during the retreat of the Russians.

Upon arriving opposite the POW cemetery we detrucked and were led by the Superintendent Officer, Lieutenant Fukazawa, about two hundred yards up a path to a level grassy area where the graves were located. A large cross of 6" x 6" material, standing about ten feet high, marked the front. Between this and the first row of graves, we stood while Chaplain Taylor conducted a fifteen-minute Memorial Day Service.

Following this we were allowed about ten minutes to look around. The cemetery was not fenced but appeared well cared for. It measured about 120 feet by 150 feet. The graves were in rows, thirty to a row, divided into three tiers (center, right, and left), with a six-foot path between tiers. There were eight

rows complete except for the last two graves, making a total of 238 buried there, all but two being Americans.

Each grave was marked with a white cross. On the front had been cut the man's name and POW number while on the back was his army or navy serial number. The only exceptions were the three graves in the sixth row where were buried the three men who escaped on June 22, 1943. These men, Sergeant Joe B. Chastain, USMC, Corporal Victor Palliotti, USMC, and EM 3/c Ferdinand Merigolo, USS *Canopus*, were later apprehended, tried and executed. The *Nippon Times* claimed they had killed a Manchurian policeman who tried to arrest them in a village near the Siberian border. We will never know. The Nipponese authorities would not permit crosses to be placed on these three graves, only a vertical marker. No other POWs were present at the trial, execution or burial of these three Americans.<sup>1</sup>

Quite a few fragrant blue crocuses were blooming in the grass about the cemetery although I must say the dandelions seemed to have the ascendancy. A medium bomber from the nearby airfield droned overhead. Hangars were clearly visible off to the west, beyond the railroad tracks.

When our inspection was completed we marched back to the truck where the driver was busy firing up for the return trip. As he turned a hand crank blower on the left side, thick black smoke poured from the front half of the truck, then a broad flame shot out from beneath the cab. This went out as the smoke cleared and the satisfied driver cranked up his engine in front. Thereupon we clambered aboard, sat down in the dirty truck bed, and returned to camp over the same route. Chaplain Taylor expressed our appreciation to the Superintendent Officer for his courtesy.

Most of the deaths among Mukden POWs had occurred during the winter of 1942-43, which was before the brick barracks were built. The men lived in miserable hovels and had to hike over four kilometers, in sub-zero weather, to their fac-

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<sup>1</sup>After liberation, and just before our departure from Mukden, a party went out from camp and put crosses on these graves.

tory work. Food, clothing, and the heating arrangements were entirely inadequate and many succumbed to the rigorous winter they encountered. Several men told me of having eaten native dogs which had wandered into camp.

One of the earlier Superintendent Officers had been an English-speaking Jap, Lieutenant Miki. In a round of the camp one day he found an American soldier lying on his bunk, which was forbidden. The POW explained that he was sick.

"You lie!" exclaimed Miki. "All of you lie like rats!" Whipping out his sword he held the point at the American's throat. "I'm going to kill you right where you stand," he grated. "Any word you want to send home?"

The American never flinched but looked the Jap coolly in the eye.

"Did you hear me?" continued Miki. "I'm going to kill you right now. Have you any word for your family?"

"I'm not afraid to die," said the POW.

The Jap officer glared at him a moment, then sheathed his sword and walked away.

A few of the more recent arrivals had been in a work party at Nichols Field in Manila before leaving Luzon. They had been quartered at Pasay Elementary School and had hiked the two miles to Nichols Field, regardless of the weather.

"If you had no shoes you went barefoot," said one of the men. When one prisoner got a newspaper from a Filipino the Japs discovered it and stood the American at "Attention" all night. The next morning they made him hold a steel axle out horizontally. Whenever he would lower it a little the guards would hit his arms from below. They finally broke both arms. The man was permitted to have a doctor set the fractures but then had to walk around as he was not allowed to lie down.

It was not unusual for the men to be gotten up for night roll calls, with calisthenics added. On one of these occasions the Jap officer concluded by passing down the line, socking everyone with a leather blackjack. Then he asked the group, "Do you know why?" Of course nobody knew. "One man was heard whistling tonight."



A few Red Cross News folders reached us in July, 1945. One of them, dated July 1, 1944 contained this item:

Many letters continue to be received from American Prisoners of War and their families, thanking the Red Cross for the weekly food packages and other supplies furnished to the men. . . .

To clarify the situation once again, the food packages, clothing, and certain comfort articles supplied to our prisoners of war and civilian internees abroad are paid for by the United States Government. The American Red Cross supplies all medicines, medical equipment, dental supplies and dental equipment, medical parcels and orthopedic equipment. From its own funds the Red Cross also provides the initial capture parcel, which is a collapsible suitcase containing about fifty items of immediate need to the newly captured prisoner. The American Red Cross, moreover, sustains the whole apparatus for procurement and shipping of the goods which are moved abroad.

That "initial capture parcel" reference was certainly news to us. I inquired of men from a dozen different POW camps and no one had ever received or heard of such an article. If any were sent our way the Japs must have appropriated the lot.

The Jap newspapers we were getting continued to tell of mass B-29 bombings of Japanese cities. Always "the fires were extinguished by 5:00 a.m." We heard also of the successful though hard-fought Okinawa campaign and the "daring exploits" of the Special Attack Units (kamikaze planes). They printed in full the July 26 Potsdam ultimatum to Japan, adding the government's announcement that no attention would be paid to it. We wondered.

The guards were troubling us less than formerly, seeming to sense that their situation was not a happy one. Then one evening, after the eight o'clock tenko and before "lights out," the Corporal of the Guard came through, stopping in our squad room. This was very unusual at that hour and no one noticed his arrival until he commenced yelling in Nip.

"Kura! Baka!" (Hey you! Stupid Fools!)\* "Naze kei rei sen ka?" (Why don't you salute?) Half the squad had gone

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\*The vilest epithet the Japanese know.

to the wash room but all who were present jumped to "Attention." The Corporal continued to fume and rage, finally saying something about "Han—cho" (Squad Leader). I was up on my shelf where I'd started to get ready for bed.

"Hey Bill," called Colonel Nick Galbraith, my assistant. "Come get this guy off our necks." I climbed down the ladder and stepped over in front of the Jap corporal. He pointed to several buttons unfastened and started to scold me loudly, coming back to why hadn't I called attention, and why hadn't we saluted him? I fell back on my dumb act.

"Sumimasen ga wakarimasen" (Very sorry but I do not understand). By that time he had a wad of the front of my shirt in his left hand and was getting ready to sock me with his right. He had worked himself into a terrible dither and I realized something had to happen pronto. Everyone was standing rigidly at Attention.

"Kiotsuke!" (Attention), I suddenly yelled. "Kei rei!" (Salute). Everyone bowed. The Jap was so surprised he turned loose my shirt and returned the salute without pasting me. I suppose he realized that gave him an out for he turned immediately and marched off down the hall.

Shortly after that the Camp Commander, or Superintendent Officer as he was called at Mukden, released to us about fifteen thousand POW letters they had on hand, some of which were more than two years old. Most of them were for the factory workers of the original Mukden camp although there were a few for the officers. I received one, the same one Marine Danielson had sneaked out of the files at Shirakawa for me to read before he returned it to the pack.

When our men came in from work on August 6 they were really excited! The Chinese workers that day had been more so!! *Russia had entered the war!* This was followed quickly by the news of the Hiroshima atomic bomb and its unprecedented destruction. We had all been prisoners of war for thirty-nine months or more. No one who hadn't could appreciate what hearing these things meant to us.

"In ten days Russians be here," said our Chinese factory friends. Gosh, how we hoped so!

On August 15, at 1:15 p.m., our Colonel Floyd Marshal died after a lingering illness. He had put up a brave fight over many months and we were especially sorry that he could not have lived at least until liberation.

Our 1,500 factory workers who had gone out as usual after breakfast were all back in camp by 1:30 p.m. During the afternoon the 150 men from Branch Camp No. 1, a textile mill, were brought into the main camp by trucks with paulins over the tops. They told how guards at their factory had rushed out with bamboo spears and wooden rifles amid great excitement, to quell a riot in the Chinese city. There were also rumors of Russian advances and more bombings of Japan while the Japs with us were definitely in a tailspin. Part of their excited agitation was probably caused by sudden orders from higher authority to move some of the POWs southward. All generals and British brigadiers and thirty enlisted men were included. This group had been told to be prepared and travel rations of bread and potatoes were packed and in the Camp Commander's office.

The next morning at 8:30 a memorial service for Colonel Marshall was conducted by Chaplain Bindeman with Colonel Ted Lilly reading the eulogy. Most of the camp attended this service as did Colonel Matsuda and his staff. Interment was at the camp cemetery north of Mukden, using the Masonic burial service. A party of fifteen made the trip by truck, returning to camp by about 11:30 a.m.

Many POWs were sunning themselves or walking around the open area quadrangle at 11:45 when a large plane was seen to circle low over the airfield north of Mukden. Suddenly numerous parachutes, large red ones, were seen descending from the plane with what appeared to be packing cases instead of personnel. "Just some Jap training activity," we thought.

Just then came the announcement that the travel ration potatoes would be in the noon soup and that the bread would be distributed for supper. It was clear that there had been a sud-

den change in plans. A Jap interpreter was seen to receive a message by phone and throw up his hands with an all-is-lost expression. Japanese guards were conspicuous by their absence from our quarters.

All afternoon men from Branch Camp No. 2 were dribbling into the Main Camp. About 4:30 p.m. the word flew around that a strange group of aviators were inside the main gate. From where we congregated to look over the fence we could see, near the guard house, four white men and two orientals talking to Japanese officials but not bowing or saluting. They had evidently arrived in a truck from which several Jap soldiers were unloading numerous red parachutes, cartons, trunks, and other baggage. Two officers were still wearing their side arms which was unthinkable for POWs but many of the incredulous refused to grant that the war could be over. After supper, from a vacant room to which we had access, we saw the officer in charge of the party seated in the Jap Colonel Commandant's office, conferring, smoking, still wearing his .45, and having tea with *sugar* in it. I decided positively this was no prisoner of war and that he must be an emissary of some kind.

That night nobody slept. Excitement was high, with the air simply electric. Had the war ended or was it about to? The next morning soon after breakfast, August 17, the three senior officers were called to Japanese Headquarters. A half hour later they returned and each made a brief announcement to members of his own nationality. General Parker's statement to the American group was short and to the point:

There must be no demonstration of any kind.

An armistice has been declared between Japan and the United States, Great Britain and China. It is understood fighting still continues between Japan and Russia.

For the present we are still under Japanese control and "protection" and will remain within the prescribed limits of this compound. The Japs still have the guns so be careful about starting any disturbance that would bring them into our side of the compound. That is all.

At one o'clock General Parker assembled all Squad Chiefs and his staff officers for a conference. Present also were the six members of the American OSS team who had dropped out of the blue the day before. In charge of the group was Major J. T. Hennessy, Coast Artillery. Then there was Major Robert F. Lamar, MC, Corporal H. B. Leith, who spoke Russian, a radio corporal, a Nisei interpreter and a Chinese interpreter.

According to Hennessy: "We came from General Wedemeyer's headquarters at Chungking. Five days ago we were told to prepare to go on an urgent assignment. Some of our people were supposed to drop leaflets up here explaining our mission but evidently something went sour and none were dropped.

"Not knowing what sort of reception the plane would encounter we decided to parachute in. We flew over the field and tossed out our stuff then went on a couple of miles and bailed out over a cabbage patch where there were no Japs. We had picked up our parachutes and started up the road when a Chinese ran up smiling and agreed to lead us to the POW camp. Soon however we met two platoons of Jap Military Police coming on the run, with fixed bayonets.

" 'What are you doing here?' demanded the excited lieutenant in charge.

"Through our Nisei interpreter I told him that the war was over and that we wanted to be taken to the American POW Camp. He wouldn't believe me. We were all blindfolded and taken to MP Headquarters where we were held prisoner for about four hours. Finally, when the word about the armistice came through they removed the blindfolds, loaded us and our stuff into a truck and brought us on over here.

"The supplies we have with us include four large cartons of cigarettes, nineteen cases of K rations, and several cases of medical supplies including six bottles of whiskey. We also brought a radio with which we hope to contact Chungking tonight at six o'clock. General Wedemeyer wants to know the number of prisoners here, by nationality, and their condition, also what supplies are most needed. An immediate effort will

be made to send a roster of this camp to the War Department.

"Plans are being made to evacuate you as soon as possible and I have demanded that a Japanese airport be made available to land our planes."

Hennessy then brought us up to date briefly on the war, especially in the Pacific and explained the difficulties of fuel supply for planes flying in the China Theater. Returning to his experience of the previous day he said: "The MP colonel told me there was nothing left for him to do but commit hara kiri. 'Don't let me interfere with your politics,' I told him."

General Parker then announced: "The Japanese authorities will take the usual roll call tonight and tomorrow morning, after which we expect to take over the administration of the enclosure. No one will make any attempt to depart from the limits now set by the Japanese. Caution everyone that there must be no demonstration or rioting and to be extremely careful about fire."

Accordingly the word was passed and we duly restrained ourselves for the final formations. Warrant Officer Otagura was the Jap OD as there was nobody on the staff junior to him to whom he could pass the embarrassing and thankless job of taking that last roll call. I'll never forget my feeling when I had finished my Squad Chief's report to the OD and bowed for the last time to the Japanese Army.

"Hold up your head!" I said to myself, "You're a white man again!"

In the late afternoon of the 17th fourteen American aviators were brought into the main camp.<sup>3</sup> These men had been shot down in the B-29 raids of the Mukden area during the previous December and January. They were from three different ships and had been kept at a small branch stockade about one-quarter of a mile from the main camp. Each was promptly surrounded by a crowd of fellow prisoners who wanted to know his story.

The next day Major Lamar was taken by car to contact

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<sup>3</sup>For list of this group see Appendix.

General Wainwright and his group at their camp about one hundred miles northeast of Mukden. Then on Sunday, August 19 we had a general Thanksgiving service for the cessation of hostilities where we sang, from the bottom of our hearts, *Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*, although it was reported that the new British slogan was, "God Bless America and that new atom bomb!" While still restricted to the limits of our compound, we were running our own camp and the Japs were keeping out of sight on their side of the fence. Meanwhile we were trying to realize that the war was over, that we were done with "Kiotsuke!" and "Kei rei!" and that within a short time we would be heading toward home and loved ones.

## CHAPTER 21

### RAINBOW'S END

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PREPARATIONS for departure being in order I decided to put on a final concert while the musical instruments were still available. After supper, outdoors, on the evening of August 20 seemed like a good selection. Patriotic airs having been banned during our captivity I thought it would be fine to begin the program with the three National Anthems. The British group opened with *God Save The King*, followed by our Dutch friends with *Het Wilhelmus*, after which we Americans sang lustily *The Star Spangled Banner*.

As the orchestra swung into a medley of old favorites an orderly arrived with a call for the three seniors and Sergeant Hurley to report at Headquarters. Led by Colonel Ted Lilly and the orchestra the crowd then joined in group singing of *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag*, and *Show Me the Way to Go Home*.

A second interruption brought the order, "All POWs assemble on the north side of the Hospital Building."

Upon arrival there we found several Russian officers, headed by Captain Efim Gehtman, Red Army, standing on the hospital steps with our three seniors. Over at one corner of the crowd stood the Japanese officers, eleven of them including Colonel Matsuda, while a tall Russian officer stood by. A cheer broke from 1,700 throats as the Red Army captain stepped forward; then there was instant quiet as he started speaking, in Russian. American First Sergeant Walter S. Hurley, of Company E, 31st Infantry (born Vassily S. Atanoff in Odessa), acted as interpreter.

"Gentlemen of this Allied Prison Camp: In the name of the Russian Red Army I proclaim that from this moment forward you are *free!*"

(Prolonged cheering and whoopee!) The captain then continued:



"Russia entered this war ten days ago. Since that time we have marched across country, over hills and valleys, and where there were no roads for more than 1,000 kilometers (they were a mechanized outfit from Outer Mongolia) and have arrived victoriously." (More cheers!)

"I congratulate the United States, Great Britain and Allied Nations on this great victory and for releasing the world from Japanese oppression."

(Wild cheering! The Jap officers over in the corner looked completely whipped. Lieutenant Oki, the medical officer, was crying.)

"Is General Wainwright among you?" asked the Russian officer.

It was explained to him that General Wainwright had not arrived from the branch camp where he had been imprisoned and that Major General Parker was the senior American officer present. The Russian then continued:

"I am now going into conference with your senior officers reference your early departure from this camp for your homes." (Vociferous approval registered!)

"You will now return where you were prior to this meeting and carry on as *free men!*"

General Parker then stepped forward and replied, "I am sure I speak for all of you when I express our thanks and appreciation to the Russian Army and congratulate them on their great victory!"

That ended the meeting and the crowd returned to the scene of the concert. It was a hilarious bunch of POWs that broke into *Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here, California Here I Come!* and *Happy Days Are Here Again!* Colonel Brig Young had just recited *Casey at the Bat* when the word was passed for us to line up along the near side of the open quadrangle. It developed that the Russians were planning to march the Japanese officers and men in and disarm them before us.

Within five minutes this ceremony was in progress. Eleven Jap officers and about thirty enlisted men were marched out into the center of the clearing where they laid down their

arms including rifles, pistols, machine guns, hand grenades and officers' sabers. The senior Russian officer then selected a pistol from the pile and presented it to General Parker as a trophy. By that time it had gotten dark and details were hard to see. For the Japanese that was perhaps their only consolation in this saddest as well as most embarrassing moment of their lives.

Sergeant Hurley again officiated as interpreter. An American Officer of the Guard and enlisted guard detail were called for and reported promptly in the center of the field. Hurley then announced: "The Russian officer is now picking up rifles and handing them to the American guards. General Parker directs that there be no demonstration and that everyone remain quietly in place."

A full moon which had been obscured by clouds came suddenly into view. Hurley continued: "The Russian officer has directed that the Japanese be paraded before you and marched out of this compound *forever!*"

And out they went. Flanked by American guards carrying Jap rifles our former captors were marched out in column of twos by Colonel Alex Quintard, Provost Marshal, as the crowd of POWs opened a passage to let them through. A few of our men could not resist returning the "Hayaku! Hayaku" (Hurry, Hurry!) which had been yelled at them for more than three years. The Jap soldiers were confined in the Guard House while the eleven officers were quartered in one large room in another building.

While this was taking place hundreds of Chinese thronged the main gate—such a sight they had never seen before! Japanese soldiers put in their own guard house, guarded by Americans with Jap rifles! Gone were the arrogance and bravado! Gone the loud domineering attitude! They were just a bunch of dejected, whipped-down Orientals with the blackest of futures awaiting them in the years to come.

We still had 125 men at Branch Camp No. 3 on the other side of Mukden from whom we had heard nothing. On the

morning of the 22d several trucks from our camp went over and brought them in. Their story as pieced together from several sources was about like this:

At noon on August 15 they had been told, "No more work at factory." That night about midnight, one of the guards told them the war was over. They did not know whether to believe him or not, but the next day it was very apparent that something had happened. Restrictions generally were relaxed although the Japs were still in control of the compound.

On the evening of the 18th the Russians arrived, in tanks, and drove right through the wall. They lined up the Japs and asked the Americans whether to shoot any or all. The POWs replied that, with the exception of one case, Lieutenant Ando had done reasonably well by them.

"OK," said the Russians, "the gates are open. Go as you please."

For the next four days members of the camp rode everywhere with the Russians, having the time of their lives. When finally brought into the main camp they were somewhat the worse for wear and whoopee but still boisterously happy.

In the next two weeks many things happened. As soon as radio communication had been well established with General Wedemeyer he had sent in a B-24 to land at Mukden, bringing a processing team, sound movies, chewing gum, candy and cigarettes. His initial plans called for evacuation by air to Chungking via Hsian. No trains were running as all Japanese railroad officials and lesser employees had absconded upon the approach of the Red Army. The Russians therefore had to take stock and organize a railway system before they could start operating trains.

Meanwhile we were regaled by the sight of our former tormentors working under American guards, filling up the fox-holes POWs had dug, leveling off the ground for an athletic field, emptying the garbage cans and similar chores. As a matter of fact these Japs were most fortunate to be living within the safety of the compound as outside the Chinese and

the Russians were merciless. There had been some looting and lots of rioting, especially between Chinese and Japs.

One morning I secured a pass from our Headquarters for Staff Sergeants Bob Branch and Weldon King and myself to go to the MKK factory to try to locate a camera. There had been some trouble there earlier when Jap guards, left by the Russians temporarily, had fired at looting Chinese. We went in a truck accompanied by Captain Neville Grow, three armed guards and a work detail of ten men. It was about a mile by road. During the entire route a multitude of Chinese lined the streets, cheering, clapping, bowing, saluting. At the factory gate there was a rush to see who would have the honor of opening it for our truck.

Once inside we found the Jap guards gone and literally thousands of Chinese of all ages absolutely taking the factory apart. It was a sight one might see once in a lifetime. The heavy machines could not be moved, of course, but everything else was being carried, carted, pushed, rolled, or wheelbarrowed away. From old men and women down to tots who could barely toddle everyone was in a dog trot taking something with him. I saw one poor old soul staggering along under the load of a big mimeograph machine. Heaven only knows what he thought he might do with it. We were too late on the camera mission but the work detail loaded the truck with electrical supplies and stationery and we returned to camp.

That afternoon another American plane landed at the airfield and an hour later one of the passengers, Captain Roger Hilsman, Jr., (USMA '43 and later of Merrill's Marauders) walked into barracks inquiring for his POW father, Colonel Hilsman. A more dramatic meeting can hardly be imagined. Father and son stayed together until they returned to the States.

On the morning of August 24 the first former prisoners departed for home when two B-24s took out thirty-two hospital patients. Then at 10:00 a.m. a formation was held at which Brigadier General Lewis Beebe, Chief of Staff, announced that the bars were down and the front gate open, but to be back

by 7:30 p.m. Previously there had been insufficient Russian troops in Mukden to guarantee safety. POWs proceeded to take over the town. Every Russian tank had three or four American soldiers atop seeing the sights. Sake, sam-shu, vodka, port wine and beer flowed freely. Souvenirs which the crowd brought back to camp included Jap sabers, field glasses, tommy guns, rifles, helmets, cameras, kimonos, bicycles, and a saddle horse.

Following the first entrance of the Russians the city had been in turmoil. Everything Japanese had been wrecked and looted; then all shops regardless of ownership were sacked. Rival gangs fought each other and quite a number were killed, especially during night battles. By the time we were allowed downtown, however, things had quieted down but I saw several corpses lying in the streets and alleys.

Since all stores had ceased to function as such the Chinese sidewalk merchants were doing a land-office business; in fact, they filled half the streets in the busy section. And how they did love to bargain! Meanwhile millions of Chinese children were underfoot everywhere.

Russian headquarters were at the Yamamoto Hotel (formerly the Chosen, and finest in Manchuria), which they were operating for their own use but not for the public. All banks and business houses were not only closed but tightly boarded up, and with Russian Red flags nailed across the entrances. The many billions of yen which Japan and her nationals had invested in Manchuria since 1931 had become a total loss in the complete crushing of Nipponese domination of East Asia.

The street-car system had ceased to function. All motor transportation had been commandeered by the Russians, leaving only bicycle rickshas (not many) and the one-horse carriages known phonetically as "acudimars." Four of us could crowd into one though the Chinese thought nothing of piling six to eight on one vehicle while the poor pony struggled along. We called these contraptions "droshkis" for the Russians. I never saw one that didn't look like it was about to fall apart.

One day when Bowler and I had gone to town together we ran into a crowd of POWs at a prominent street intersection. In the center of the group was one of these battered conveyances loaded down with cases of beer. Nearby, seated on a horse he had acquired the day before, was an American sergeant who was hailing all comers to join the party while the droshki driver busily opened bottles of beer. In the next few days most of the stock on hand at a Japanese brewery was carted out to our camp. Fortunately the alcoholic content was very light.

Our senior group of General Wainwright and party were in a small camp about one hundred miles north of Mukden. When the Russians got the railroads in order they sent a special train north for this group but four hours before it arrived the generals had taken off, joining a Russian truck column heading for Mukden. Nothing was heard of them for two days but they finally arrived safely. Two planes which were standing by at the airport took them on south together with about eighteen ranking officers from our camp.

The processing team preparing us for evacuation was thoroughness itself in making us safe to associate with. We were defleaed for half a day. Concurrently we were inoculated for smallpox, typhus, typhoid, cholera, and plague, as the army was taking no chances.

In Mukden the Free French Consul, Mr. Renner, and his family had been held as prisoners in the consulate for more than four years. After our liberation they kept open house continuously for the officers and men of the camp and many of us shared their gracious hospitality more than once.

The local airfield was not long enough for our heaviest planes to land there. However, for several days in a row, three of those giant, sleek, silver B-29s flew up from Okinawa and dropped us tons and tons of supplies by parachute. It was tremendously thrilling to see them zoom overhead, then suddenly release a dozen brightly colored parachutes, each conveying its own case of food or clothing safely to the ground. In this manner everyone received an ample supply of candy

bars, canned fruit, gum, cigarettes, socks, shoes, handkerchiefs, underwear, coveralls and caps. As these huge four-motored monsters would roar overhead they seemed the very incarnation of power and I was glad to be on the receiving end of a mission of mercy instead of the bombs they had been delivering to the Japs. If we could only have had a lot of them in the Philippines in 1941!

The sound motion picture equipment brought in on one of the early B-24s furnished nightly outdoor movies for the camp. As a preliminary, Master Sergeant Fred Friendly, from the Press Relations Office, contributed a chatty half hour replete with human interest items from the various theaters of the war in which he had served.

On the evening of September 8 we had a special pre-movie show put on by a troupe of Red Star entertainers. A stocky lieutenant colonel climbed on the platform and introduced the show with a rousing speech (in Russian), which we applauded noisily. With a broad smile of appreciation he pulled out a large amber comb and combed his thin fringe of remaining hair until he left the stage. The program consisted of music by accordion and balalaika players, wrestlers, jugglers, and a pair of adagio acrobats and contortionists. All were excellent in their line. In appreciation the American MC asked for contributions, which resulted in a veritable barrage of packages of cigarettes, chewing gum and candy bars showering the stage.

All supply planes, which had been arriving from China at the rate of three or four per week, had taken out full loads of sick or near-sick POWs so that over three hundred and fifty from the Mukden camp were already on their way home by that time.

About supper time on September 9 a batch of Stateside mail arrived bringing letters for almost everyone, written after news of our liberation had been announced. These were real letters, not mere 24-word messages, and were overflowing with joy over the anticipated early home comings. Many contained pictures.

I welcomed especially one news item in mine wherein my wife told about our old friend Major General Bill Marquat having sent her my personal diary, "found when Corregidor was retaken." Some Jap soldier had evidently salvaged it for a souvenir from G-2 files after our surrender in 1942. The American paratrooper who recovered it had scribbled a pencil note on the first page.

Captured.

17 Feb. 45

Morrison Pt. (Corregidor)

Jap cave.

No evidence of writer.

That evening, before the movies, Lt. Col. Donovan, who was in charge of the processing team, announced that Navy transportation was then available at Dairen for all personnel as fast as they could be taken there by rail. He also stated that the Russians thought they could take the 1,300 remaining in camp in two special trains, and that the first would go the next afternoon.

Accordingly the next day at 1:30 p.m. 759 of us loaded into trucks and rolled out of the POW compound en route for the Mukden Railway Station. We had actually started home! I experienced no pangs of regret leaving the squalid sights and habitual odors of the Chinese poorer section through which we passed, nor do I care to see again the beautiful though soiled Persian rugs of the Yamamoto Hotel.

Our special train consisting of engine (minus headlight), two baggage cars and ten passenger coaches finally pulled out of Mukden at about 7:00 p.m. US Army K-ration boxes were issued for the trip. In addition, at each station (and we stopped at all), the natives offered apples, canned fruit, grapes, fried things of a sort, and eggs. One Chinese station master went through our train with baskets of apples distributing to all. We were four in a double seat, but managed to catch a few winks of sleep.



Louie Bowler's worry about a night trip to Dairen thus missing the scenery was wasted. Although in peacetime it is only an eight-hour run, we took an interminable twenty-six. All day long on the 11th we saw troop trains of Russians, usually freight trains, loaded down with guns, tractors and trucks of every description. One open car had a pony and a sheep tied in one corner; another had a couple of milk cows; but to us the strangest appendages were the numerous Russian women who seemed to be a part of the army. For an outfit pledged to clear out in ninety days the Red Army certainly brought the works. Once during a stop a train loaded with heavy military equipment was standing on the next track. Opposite my window, on a flat car, was a big six-wheel-drive truck with USA No. 4515489 plainly visible on the hood. I wondered what sort of a story that truck might have told.

After seemingly endless delays we finally rolled through the Dairen station just before dark and on down toward the dock area. The rails were rusty and overgrown with weeds, giving the impression of non-use for many months. We would move ten yards, then stop awhile. Then the engine cut loose, backed up on an adjacent track and hooked on to the rear end to push. Again we advanced by inches. It had gotten completely dark when an announcement was made that we had a car off the track and that all hands should unload and walk the rest of the way.

Upon detraining we could see, above a warehouse two hundred yards ahead, the lights on the masts of a ship which we were told was our destination. I picked up my bags and violin and stumbled up the tracks in the dark. Words can never describe my feelings as I rounded the corner of that warehouse and saw that beautiful, brilliantly lighted "U. S. Navy Hospital Ship RELIEF." Certainly no vessel was ever more appropriately named. It had taken us three years, four months, and five days from our surrender on May 6, 1942 to get back under the American flag, and folks, that was quite a while!

In a few minutes we were aboard, assigned to clean comfortable beds, shaving, bathing, putting on clean pajamas and

sitting down to a delicious steak supper, while a dozen Navy nurses in their white uniforms were flitting about attending to our needs. After being pushed around for so long by the Japs it was heavenly to be receiving courteous and kindly treatment, and how we loved it! The Chief Nurse, Miss Ann Bernatitus, of Pittston, Pennsylvania, was pleasurably renewing friendships with a number she had known before. After serving in hospitals on Bataan and Corregidor she had gotten away on the night of May 3, 1942 on the last submarine to be cleared before surrender.

It had been a sunny day in June 1939 when I sailed through the Golden Gate for the Philippines, and what a lot of water had passed under the bridge since then! And what an eternity we had lived in those past four and a half years since our wives and families had waved us that last brave farewell as the army transport taking them home pulled away from the Manila pier! Busy preparations for defense and the Bataan-Corregidor campaigns had consumed the first part of our absence while the remainder had dragged by interminably in one Japanese prison camp after another.

You remember the French have an old saying, "*Partir, c'est mourir un peu*" (to go away is to die a little). It was hard for us to escape a feeling of having more or less returned from the grave. Perhaps we could be pardoned for feeling slightly Rip Van Winklish upon regaining civilization and for asking, "what world is this anyway?" Even so I was hardly prepared for this in a *New Yorker* which I picked up after that first supper on board the *Relief*.

"Men who have reached the ripe age of thirty should not feel discouraged just because they are no longer wanted by the army. If they take good care of themselves these old gentlemen may still have years of usefulness in other walks of life."

Equally startling to a staid POW was this ad, the first to catch my eye:

"Ladies' Beautiful Stockings—Three shades: \$3.40 *PER BOTTLE*."

I decided to save further magazine shocks for the morrow and stretched out in that nice clean bunk between fresh snow-white sheets with a satisfied feeling of quiet contentment. Truly it was infinitely better to be than not to be. Thinking it over I concluded I could never be choosy again about food, or clothing, or anything else. It would be so wonderful just to live again in,

"The blessed land of Room Enough, beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."<sup>1</sup>

It was good to be an American, homeward-bound. As the ship's loud speaker announced that we would sail at dawn for Okinawa I closed my eyes, breathed a prayer of gratitude to God for His protection, and drifted off into supremely happy unconsciousness. I had glimpsed the rainbow at the end of the long journey, as General Brougher's "Dream Ship" had at last come true.

"A jolly ship has come to port  
With room for all aboard:  
Her galley's running day and night;  
Her larder's fully stored.

So turn her prow to eastward now,  
The Stars and Stripes a-flying:  
We'll steam hell bent upon the scent  
Of steak and onions frying."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>*America For Me*, Henry Van Dyke.

<sup>2</sup>*The Long Dark Road*, William Edward Brougher, p. 57. Published by Frances K. Brougher, Fort McClellan, Alabama, 1946.



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## APPENDIX

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## Personnel in POW Camp at Tarlac, Luzon.

(Arrived May 20, 1942 from Bataan via Camp O'Donnell)

| Rank                              | Name | Assignment At Time of Surrender  |
|-----------------------------------|------|----------------------------------|
| Maj. Gen. E. P. King, Jr.         |      | CG Bataan Force                  |
| Maj. Gen. Geo. M. Parker, Jr.     |      | CG II Corps, Bataan              |
| Maj. Gen. Albert M. Jones         |      | CG I Corps, Bataan               |
| Brig. Gen. Maxon S. Lough         |      | CG Phil. Div. (PS)               |
| Brig. Gen. Allan C. McBride       |      | CG Serv. Com'd L.F.              |
| Brig. Gen. Clifford Bluemel       |      | CG 31st Div. (PA)                |
| Brig. Gen. Jas. R. N. Weaver      |      | CG Prov. Tank Grp.               |
| Brig. Gen. Wm. E. Brougher        |      | CG 11th Div. (PA)                |
| Brig. Gen. L. R. Stevens          |      | CG 81st Div. (PA)                |
| Brig. Gen. C. A. Pierce           |      | CG 71st Div. (PA)                |
| Brig. Gen. Arnold J. Funk         |      | Chief of Staff Bataan Force      |
| Col. E. E. Aldridge, Inf.         |      | C/S 51st Div. (PA)               |
| Col. W. N. Amis, AC               |      | Air Serv. Com'd                  |
| Col. Alfred S. Balsam, QMC        |      | QM I Phil. Corps                 |
| Col. Gilmer M. Bell, IGD          |      | Insp. Gen. L.F.                  |
| Col. K. L. Berry, Inf.            |      | CO 1st Div. (PA)                 |
| Col. J. R. Boatwright, Inf.       |      | CO 53d Inf. (PA)                 |
| Col. P. A. Brawner, Inf. (GSC)    |      | G-4 Serv. Com'd.                 |
| Col. H. C. Browne, Inf. (GSC)     |      | C/S Phil. Div. (PS)              |
| Col. J. W. Callahan, Jr., QMC     |      | PM II Phil. Corps                |
| Col. Alex H. Campbell, CAC        |      | Chief Air Warn. Serv.            |
| Col. James D. Carter, Inf.        |      | Exec. Off. 92d Inf. (PA)         |
| Col. Lawrence S. Churchill, AC    |      | CO Far East Air Force            |
| Col. J. V. Collier, FA (GSC)      |      | G-3 Luzon Force                  |
| Col. Virgil N. Cordero, Inf.      |      | CO 72d Inf. (PA)                 |
| Col. Wm. E. Corkhill, FA          |      | Asst. Arty. Off. L.F.            |
| Col. Irvin E. Doane, Inf.         |      | CO Prov. AC Regt.                |
| Col. Louis R. Dougherty, FA       |      | Arty Off. II Phil. Corps         |
| Col. Malcolm V. Fortier, Inf.     |      | Senr. Instr. 41st Div. (PA)      |
| Col. Philip T. Fry, Inf.          |      | Serv. Com'd. L.F.                |
| Col. Abraham Garfinkel, Inf.      |      | IG II Phil. Corps                |
| Col. Roy C. Hilton, Inf. (GSC)    |      | G-4 Luzon Force                  |
| Col. Robt. J. Hoffman, Inf. (GSC) |      | G-3 Phil. Div.                   |
| Col. James C. Hughes, FA          |      | CO 11th FA (PA)                  |
| Col. A. R. Ives, FA               |      | CO Prov. FA Brig.                |
| Col. S. L. James, SC              |      | Sig. Off. Serv. Com'd.           |
| Col. E. H. Johnson, Inf.          |      | CO 32d Inf. (PA)                 |
| Col. E. H. Keltner, Inf.          |      | C/S 91st Div. (PA)               |
| Col. L. T. Lathrop, Inf.          |      | CO 3d Inf. (PA)                  |
| Col. C. S. Lawrence, QMC          |      | QM Luzon Force                   |
| Col. E. J. Lilly, Jr., Inf.       |      | CO 57th Inf. (PS)                |
| Col. S. C. MacDonald, Inf.        |      | CO 91st Div. (PA)                |
| Col. G. H. McCafferty, Inf.       |      | G-3 Serv. Com'd.                 |
| Col. W. F. Maher, FA              |      | C/S I Phil. Corps                |
| Col. R. C. Mallonee, FA           |      | CO 21st FA (PA)                  |
| Col. J. R. Manees, Inf. (IGD)     |      | PM Serv. Com'd. L.F.             |
| Col. Floyd Marshall, Inf. (GSC)   |      | G-1 L.F.                         |
| Col. W. A. Mead, Inf.             |      | Senr. Instr. 23d Inf. (PA)       |
| Col. James G. Monihan, Cav. (GSC) |      | C/S So. Sub. Sec. I Corps        |
| Col. A. P. Moore, FA              |      | Arty. Off. So. Sub. Sec.         |
| Col. D. P. Murphy, Inf.           |      | CO 1st Inf. (PA)                 |
| Col. Frank Nelson, Cav.           |      | G-3 I Phil. Corps                |
| Col. Edwin O'Connor, Cav.         |      | Senr. Instr. 2d Inf. (PA)        |
| Col. Ray M. O'Day, Inf.           |      | Senr. Instr. 21st Div. (PA)      |
| Col. Harry M. Peck, CAC, NMNG     |      | CO 515th CA (AA)                 |
| Col. Arthur W. Penrose, Inf.      |      | G-2 Phil. Div. (PS)              |
| Col. M. H. Quesenberry, Inf.      |      | G-4 Phil. Div. (PS)              |
| Col. M. A. Quinn, QMC             |      | CO Motor Trans. L.F.             |
| Col. A. S. Quintard, FA           |      | CO 301st FA (PA)                 |
| Col. H. H. C. Richards, AC        |      | CO AC Det. L.F.                  |
| Col. John H. Rodman, Inf.         |      | CO 92d Inf. (PA)                 |
| Col. R. G. Rogers, QMC            |      | Traf. Contr. Off. L.F.           |
| Col. C. A. Selleck, FA            |      | C/S Serv. Com'd. L.F.            |
| Col. Harry A. Skerry, CE          |      | Engr. Off. I Phil. Corps         |
| Col. J. A. Stansell, SC           |      | Sig. Off. L.F.                   |
| Col. C. L. Steel, Inf.            |      | C/S II Phil. Corps               |
| Col. A. L. Stowell, SC            |      | Sig. Off. II Phil. Corps         |
| Col. Donovan Swanton, Inf.        |      | Senr. Instr. Beach Def. II Corps |

Col. Glen R. Townsend, Inf.  
 Col. J. E. Uhrig, Inf.  
 Col. Lee C. Vance, Cav.  
 Col. Loren A. Wetherby, Inf.  
 Col. Everett C. Williams, FA  
 Col. Adlai C. Young, Inf.  
 Lt. Col. H. W. Glatly, MC  
 Major Dean Sherry, Inf.  
 S/Sgt. Robt. D. Bittner, AC  
 S/Sgt. Albert J. Bland, AC  
 Pfc. Karl Burdette, Engrs.  
 Pvt. Robt. L. Callahan, Inf.  
 M/Sgt. James B. Cavanagh, DEML  
 S/Sgt. Geo. H. Churchyard, DEML  
 Sgt. Brown F. Davidson, AC  
 Pvt. Eugene L. Davidson, TC  
 Cpl. Alfred H. Eckles, SC  
 Cpl. Leonard N. Evans, QMC  
 Cpl. Orra L. Ferguson, Engrs.  
 Pfc. Johnny M. Foster, DEML  
 Sgt. Royce J. Fuhrman, DEML  
 Pfc. Paul E. Furr, OD  
 Sgt. Benj. R. Gebow, QMC  
 T/Sgt. Gordon R. Gonzales, Engrs.  
 Pfc. Harry B. Greenleaf  
 Pfc. James J. Halterman, OD  
 S/Sgt. Ralph H. Hawkins, DEML  
 Pvt. Carlton Hill, Inf.  
 S/Sgt. Henry W. Hundley, QMC  
 Sgt. Aaron J. Johnson, Inf.  
 S/Sgt. E. A. Johnson, Engrs.  
 Sgt. Frank A. Kazerski, DEML  
 Pfc. Kenneth V. Keaton, Engrs.  
 Pfc. Jos. F. Kondrasiewicz, MP  
 S/Sgt. Virgil E. Kuhn, Engrs.  
 Sgt. Aline L. Lairson, AC  
 S/Sgt. Herbert F. Leeman, AC  
 T/Sgt. Monroe S. Lease, Inf.  
 T/Sgt. Newton H. Light, QMC  
 Sgt. Dennis J. Lyhene, DEML  
 Sgt. Jasper C. Mullins, CWS  
 Cpl. Daniel H. Nugent, TC  
 S/Sgt. Walter C. Odlin, Inf.  
 Pfc. Bob F. Paradise, MD  
 S/Sgt. Frank A. Pechek, DEML  
 1st Sgt. Adam E. Pliska, MP  
 Cpl. Noel M. Ravneberg, TC  
 S/Sgt. Adolph J. Raynis, DEML  
 Cpl. Harry Rosenberry, AC  
 S/Sgt. N. L. Rushing, DEML  
 Pfc. Howard A. Schermerhorn, Inf.  
 Cpl. Francis X. Seidl, Inf.  
 Pfc. Maurice P. Shea, Engrs.  
 Pfc. Warren B. Smith, TC  
 Pvt. Albert K. Walker, TC  
 T/Sgt. William H. Weber, Inf.  
 Pfc. Roy V. Wehrkamp, Engrs.  
 M/Sgt. Mathew S. Whitehurst, Engrs.  
 Sgt. Joseph M. Wolf, Inf.  
 Pvt. Lucien F. Yankey, TC

CO 11th Inf. (PA)  
 Senr. Instr. 22d Inf. (PA)  
 CO 26th Cav. (PS)  
 Senr. Instr. 41st Inf. (PA)  
 C/FA Luzon Force  
 CO 51st Div. (PA)  
 Surgeon L.F.  
 Hq. 71st Div. (PA)  
 3d Pursuit Sq. 24th Pr. Gp.  
 3d Pursuit Sq. 24th Pr. Gp.  
 Co. C 803d Engrs.  
 Co. G 31st Inf.  
 G-2 Office II Phil. Corps  
 G-3 Office II Phil. Corps  
 Hq. Sq. 24th Pursuit Gp.  
 Hq. Co. 194th Tank Bn.  
 409 Sig. Det.  
 Qm. Det. Serv. Com'd.  
 Co. C 803d Engrs.  
 Hq. Serv. Com'd.  
 Hq. Serv. Com'd.  
 17th Ord. Co.  
 QM Det. Serv. Com'd.  
 Co. A 803d Engrs.  
 Hq. Co. L.F.  
 117th Ord. Co.  
 Hq. Serv. Com'd.  
 Co. G 31st Inf.  
 Qm. Det. Serv. Com'd.  
 Hq. Co. Serv. Com'd.  
 Co. C 803d Engrs.  
 808th MP Co.  
 Co. C 803d Engrs.  
 808th MP Co.  
 Hq. Co. 803d Engrs.  
 5th Interceptor Det.  
 27th Bomb. Grp.  
 Hq. Co. L.F.  
 QM. Det. Serv. Com'd.  
 Hq. & Hq. Co. L.F.  
 4th Sep. Chem. Co.  
 Prov. Tank Grp.  
 Hq. & Hq. Det. L.F.  
 Med. Det. L.F.  
 Hq. L.F.  
 12th MP Co. Phil. Div.  
 Hq. Co. 194th Tank Bn.  
 Hq. Serv. Com'd. L.F.  
 24th Pursuit Grp.  
 Hq. & Hq. Det. USFIP  
 Serv. Co. 31st Inf.  
 Co. B 31st Inf.  
 Co. C 803d Engrs.  
 Hq. Co. 194th Tank Bn.  
 Hq. Co. 192d Tank Bn.  
 Serv. Co. 31st Inf.  
 Hq. Co. II Phil. Corps  
 Hq. Co. 803d Engrs.  
 Co. D 31st Inf.  
 192d Tank Bn.

*(Arrived at Tarlac June 3, 1942 from Corregidor, Bataan, and Cavite via  
 Bilibid Prison, Manila)*

Maj. Gen. Geo. F. Moore  
 Brig. Gen. Chas. C. Drake  
 Col. Edwin F. Barry, OD  
 Col. Roscoe Bonham, CE  
 Col. Louis J. Bowler, CAC  
 Col. William C. Braly, CAC  
 Col. T. M. Chase, CAC  
 Col. Jos. F. Cottrell, CAC  
 Col. Octave DeCarre, CAC

CG, Harbor Def. Manila & Subic Bays  
 QM USFIP  
 Ord. Off. HDM&SB  
 Asst. Engr. USFIP  
 C/S Phil. CA Com'd.  
 Operations Officer HDM&SB  
 AA Def. Comdr. HDM&SB  
 Exec. Off. HDM&SB  
 CO 92d CA (PS)

Col. Chester H. Elmes, QMC  
 Col. Valentine P. Foster, CAC  
 Col. Stuart A. Hamilton, CWS  
 Col. Donald B. Hilton, Inf.  
 Col. Jos. P. Kohn, CAC  
 Col. N. R. Laughinghouse, AC  
 Col. Theo. J. Sledge, Inf.  
 Col. Theodore T. Teague, SC  
 Col. John R. Vance, FD  
 Col. Fred A. Ward, QMC  
 Col. J. W. Worthington, VC  
 Major Burton R. Brown, CAC  
 Col. Donald Curtis, USMC  
 Col. Sam L. Howard, USMC  
 Capt. Robt. G. Davis, USN (MC)  
 Capt. K. M. Hoeffel, USN  
 Capt. Kenneth E. Lowman, USN (MC)  
 Capt. Lyle J. Roberts, USN (MC)  
 Capt. Wm. H. Wilterdink, USN (SC)

QM HDM&SB  
 CO Ft. Hughes  
 CW Off. USFIP  
 45th Inf. (PS) Base Hosp. No. 2  
 CO 91st CA (PS)  
 Air Off. USFIP  
 Asst. to C/S USFIP  
 Sig. Off. USFIP  
 Fin. Off. USFIP  
 Supt. ATS USFIP  
 Vet. Off. L.F.  
 ADC to Maj. Gen. Moore  
 Exec. Off. BD, Corregidor  
 CO BD, Corregidor  
 CO Naval Hosp. Cavite  
 CO Naval Forces in PI  
 Chief Surg. Asiatic Fleet  
 Exec. Off. Nav. Hosp. Cavite  
 Navy Purch. Agent

*(Arrived Tarlac June 5, 1942 from Bataan via Camp O'Donnell)*

Col. C. Gurdon Sage, CAC NMNG  
 Lt. Col. E. T. Halstead, AGD  
 Cpl. Edwin A. Wuerst, USMC

CO Prov. Phil. Brig. (AA)  
 AG Bataan Force  
 Co. A 4th Marines

*(Arrived Tarlac June 9, 1942 from Corregidor via Manila)*

Lt. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright  
 Brig. Gen. Lewis C. Beebe  
 Col. Nunez C. Pilet, Inf. (GSC)  
 Col. Jesse T. Traywick, Inf.  
 Lt. Col. John R. Pugh, Cav.  
 Major Thomas Dooley, Cav.  
 T/Sgt. Hubert Carroll, DEML

CG USFIP  
 C/S USFIP  
 G-1 USFIP  
 G-3 USFIP  
 ADC to Lt. Gen. Wainwright  
 ADC to Lt. Gen. Wainwright  
 Hq. & Hq. Det. USFIP

*(Arrived Tarlac June 28, 1942 from Corregidor via Northern Luzon)*

Col. Nicoll F. Galbraith, FA (GSC)

G-4 USFIP

*(Arrived Tarlac July 11, 1942 from Bataan and Corregidor via Bilibid Prison, Manila)*

Col. Edward C. Atkinson, Inf.  
 Col. Delbert Ausmus, CAC  
 Col. Frank Brezina, QMC  
 Col. Paul D. Bunker, CAC  
 Col. Wigg E. Cooper, MC  
 Col. Leonard R. Crews, CAC  
 Col. Albert H. Dumas, Inf.  
 Col. George W. Hirsch, OD  
 Col. Thomas A. Lynch, JAGD  
 Col. James T. Menzie, AGD  
 Col. Lloyd E. Mielenz, CE  
 Col. Emil C. Rawitser, JAGD  
 Col. Henry H. Stickney, CE  
 Col. Stuart Wood, FA

Senr. Instr. 42d Inf. (PA)  
 CO BD arty., HDM&SB  
 QM Serv. Com'd. L.F.  
 Seaward Def. Comdr., HDM&SB  
 Surg. USFIP  
 S-4 HDM&SB  
 C/S 1st Div. (PA)  
 Ord. Off. USFIP  
 JAGD USFIP  
 AG USFIP  
 Exec. to USFIP Engr.  
 JAG USFIP  
 Engr. Off. USFIP  
 G-2 USFIP



American personnel in the camp at Karenko, Taiwan, included the Tarlac group which arrived August 17, 1942 and the following groups which arrived subsequently.

*(Personnel who arrived at Karenko, Taiwan September 27, 1942 from Mindanao and other southern islands and Cabantuan, Luzon)*

|                                  |                             |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Maj. Gen. William F. Sharp       | CG Mindanao-Visayan Force   |
| Brig. Gen. Bradford G. Chynoweth | CG Cebu                     |
| Brig. Gen. Carl H. Seals         | AG USFIP                    |
| Brig. Gen. Joe P. Vachon         | CG 101st Div. (PA)          |
| Col. Napoleon Boudreau, CAC      | CO Ft. Frank HDM&SB         |
| Col. William H. Braddock, MC     | Surg. Mindanao Force        |
| Col. Melville S. Creusere, FA    | QM Mind. Force              |
| Col. Albert F. Christie, Inf.    | CO 61st Div. (PA)           |
| Col. Ben-Hur Chastaine, Inf.     | CO Agusan Sec. V-M F.       |
| Col. John D. Cook, QMC           | CO Port of Cebu             |
| Col. Theo M. Cornell, Inf.       | CO Leyte and Samar          |
| Col. William F. Dalton, Inf.     | CO Res. V-M Force           |
| Col. William A. Enos, FD         | Fin. Off. V-M Force         |
| Col. Howard N. Frissell, Inf.    | CO Zone of Com. V-M F.      |
| Col. J. O. Gillespie, MC         | CO Base Hosp. No. 2, Bataan |
| Col. Roger Hilsman, Inf.         | CO Negros                   |
| Col. Wade D. Killen, Inf.        | C/S 102d Div. (PA)          |
| Col. Carter R. McLennan, Cav.    | Exec. Off. Negros Sec.      |
| Col. Archibald M. Mixson, Inf.   | Dep. C/S V-M Force          |
| Col. William P. Morse, Inf.      | CO 102d Div. (PA)           |
| Col. Dorsey J. Rutherford, CAC   | CO Prov. Regt. Corregidor   |
| Col. Irvine C. Scudder, Inf.     | C/S Visayan Force           |
| Col. John W. Thompson, Inf.      | C/S V-M Force               |
| Col. Albert T. Wilson, Inf.      | CO Zamboanga Sec.           |
| Sgt. Sidney A. Farmer, Jr., AC   | 80th Bomb. Gp.              |
| Sgt. William F. Hundley, AC      | 14th Bomb. Sq.              |
| Sgt. John D. Provoo, DEML        | AG Sec. Hq. USFIP           |
| Ch. Torpedoman John Martino, USN | Motor Torp. Boat Div. 8     |
| Pr. Mate 1/cl. James E. Irely    | USS Canopus USN             |
| Pfc. Clifford V. Beckwith, Inf.  | 81st Infantry               |
| Pfc. Roger H. Harris, AC         | 5th Air Base Gp.            |
| Pfc. Lloyd L. Kelly, AC          | 5th Air Base Gp.            |
| Pfc. Muri E. Nichols, AC         | 80th Bomb. Sq.              |
| Pfc. Comer L. Parks, AC          | Hq. Sq. 19th Bomb. Gp.      |
| Pfc. James E. Plummer, AC        | Hq. Sq. 19th Bomb. Gp.      |
| Pfc. Harry R. Browning, MD       | Base Hosp. No. 2, Bataan    |
| Pvt. Ernest D. Collingsworth, MD | Base Hosp. No. 2, Bataan    |
| Pvt. Charles M. Forry, AC        | 19th Bomb. Gp.              |
| Pvt. Robert B. Heer, AC          | 19th Bomb. Gp.              |
| Pvt. John E. Parsons, Engrs.     | Hq. Co. 808d Engrs.         |

*(Arrived at Karenko August 29, 1942 from Guam via Zentsuji, Shikoku)*

|                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| Capt. George J. McMillin, USN   | Governor of Guam |
| FM 1/c Dewey C. Danielson, USMC | Marine Det. Guam |

*(Arrived at Karenko December 23, 1942 from Cabantuan and Mindanao)*

|                               |                    |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Brig. Gen. Luther R. Stevens  | CG 91st Div. (PA)  |
| Col. John P. Horan, Inf.      | CO 121st Inf. (PA) |
| Col. Eugene H. Mitchell, Inf. | CO 61st Inf. (PA)  |
| Col. Hiram W. Tarkington, FA  | CO 61st FA (PA)    |
| Sgt. Albert W. Stille, AC     | 19th Bomb. Gp.     |
| Pfc. Richard L. Longmire, TC  | 194th Tank Bn.     |

*(Arrived at Karenko February 1, 1943 from Java)*

|                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Col. Albert C. Searle, FA | CO US Forces in Java |
|---------------------------|----------------------|

# British, Australian and Dutch POWs in the camp at Karenko, Taiwan.

(Arrived September 8, 1942 from Singapore, in order of POW numbers)

| Rank          | Name                      | Duty When Captured                        |
|---------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Lt. Gen.      | A. E. Percival            | CG Malayan Force                          |
| Maj. Gen.     | M. Beckwith-Smith         | CG 18th Brit. Div.                        |
| Maj. Gen.     | S. Keith-Simmons          | CG Southern Area, Singapore               |
| Maj. Gen.     | B. W. Key                 | CG 11th Indian Div.                       |
| Brig.         | H. C. Servaes             | Comdg. RA 18th Div.                       |
| Brig.         | T. H. Massy-Beresford     | Comdg. 55th Inf. Brig.                    |
| Brig.         | Wallace R. Selby          | Comdg. 28th Indian Brig.                  |
| Brig.         | Cecil L. B. Duke          | Comdg. 53d Inf. Brig.                     |
| Brig.         | E. H. W. Backhouse        | Comdg. 54th Inf. Brig.                    |
| Brig.         | Bernard S. Challen        | Comdg. 15th Indian Brig.                  |
| Brig.         | Geo. R. Williams          | Comdg. 1st Malayan Brig.                  |
| Brig.         | Arthur D. Curtis          | Comdg. Fixed Defenses, Singapore          |
| Brig.         | Geo. C. Ballentine        | Comdg. 44th Indian Brig.                  |
| Brig.         | Robert G. Molr            | Comdg. L of C & Fd. St. Vol. Forces       |
| Brig.         | Alec W. G. Wildey         | Comdg. AA Def. Malaya                     |
| Brig.         | G. W. A. Painter          | Comdg. 22d Indian Brig.                   |
| Brig.         | William O. Lay            | Comdg. 6th Indian Brig.                   |
| Brig.         | Francis H. Fraser         | Comdg. 2d Malayan Brig.                   |
| Brig.         | Ivan Simson               | Chief Engr. Malaya Com'd                  |
| Brig.         | Arthur E. Rusher          | Comdg. RA 2d Indian Div.                  |
| Brig.         | Eric W. Goodman           | Comdg. RA Malaya Com'd.                   |
| Brig.         | George C. Eveleigh        | Dep. Dir. Ord. Serv. Malaya Com'd.        |
| Brig.         | Chas. H. Stringer         | Dep. Dir. Med. Serv. Malaya Com'd.        |
| Brig.         | Claude W. Richards        | Dep. Dir. Supply and Trans. Malaya Com'd. |
| Brig.         | Hubert F. Lucas           | Adm. Hdqrs. Malaya Com'd.                 |
| Brig.         | Tom K. Newbigging         | Dep. Adm. St. Off. Malaya Com'd.          |
| Brig.         | Ken S. Crawford           | Ch. Engr. 8d Indian Corps                 |
| Air Commodore | Chas. O. F. Modin, RAF    | RAF Staff Air Marshall, Far East Hqs.     |
| Col.          | Valentine H. Wardle, BA   | Asst. Dir. Med. Serv. 18th Div.           |
| Col.          | Cecil Hunt, BA            | Dep. Dir. Ord. Supp., L/C Malaya Com'd.   |
| Col.          | Francis R. Grimwood, BA   | CO St. Sett. Vol. Forces                  |
| Col.          | W. S. Graham, BA          | CO Penang Fortress                        |
| Col.          | H. V. Allpress, BA        | CO Heavy AA defense, Singapore            |
| Col.          | Roland G. L. Giblin, BA   | Ch. Sig. Off. Malaya Com'd.               |
| Col.          | Brian D. Peake, BA        | Dep. Ch. Engr., Malaya Com'd.             |
| Col.          | William P. B. Ashton, BA  | Dep. Dir. Ord. Serv. Malaya Com'd.        |
| Col.          | Robert B. Bridge, BA      | Ch. Ord. Off. Base Ord. Dep. Singapore    |
| Col.          | John Bennett, BA          | Consult. Phys. Malaya Com'd.              |
| Col.          | Robert L. Roper, BA       | Dep. Dir. Ord. Serv. 8d Ind. Cps.         |
| Col.          | Alex A. Urquhart, BA      | Dep. Ch. Engr., Malaya Com'd.             |
| Col.          | John M. Mitchell, IA      | Asst. Dir. M. Serv. 11th Ind. Div.        |
| Col.          | Alfred M. L. Harrison, BA | C/S Indian Div.                           |
| Gp. Capt.     | E. B. Rice, RAF           | CO 224th Ftr. Gp. RAF                     |
| Capt.         | Roland P. Chapman, RN     | Ch. Engr. RN Base, Singapore              |
| Capt.         | G. F. A. Mulock, RN       | Ext. Def. Off. Singapore                  |
| Sgt.          | C. W. Crockett, BA        | RA Serv. Corps                            |
| Sgt.          | Jack Catherall, BA        | RA Serv. Corps                            |
| Sgt.          | J. T. Brown, BA           | Army Cat. Corps                           |
| Cpl.          | Frederick Peto, BA        | Coldstream Guards                         |
| Cpl.          | Arthur Cornelius, BA      | 224th (F) Gp. RAF, Java                   |
| L/Cpl.        | Sam L. Cooper, BA         | 1st Bn. L'cstr. Regt.                     |
| L/Cpl.        | J. H. Kerridge, BA        | 2d Cambridgeshire Regt.                   |
| L/Cpl.        | John McWilliams, BA       | Hq. Fixed Def., Singapore                 |
| L/Cpl.        | C. H. Ball, BA            | Border Regt., Indian Army                 |
| Pvt.          | Chas. K. Pemberton, RAF   | RAF                                       |
| Gunner        | Maurice Wright, BA        | 185th RA                                  |
| Gunner        | David Chester, BA         | Hq. 9th Ind. Div. RA                      |
| Pvt.          | George A. Poole, BA       | 2d Bn. Surrey Regt.                       |
| Gunner        | Richard A. Walters, BA    | RA 18th Div.                              |
| Gunner        | Chas. D. Wisker, BA       | RA 11th Div.                              |
| Pvt.          | J. H. Drew, BA            | Hq. 18th Div.                             |
| Pvt.          | Thos. H. Longshaw, BA     | RA Ord. Corps                             |
| Pvt.          | Alex J. Gitsom, BA        | R. Med. Corps                             |
| Signalman     | Cyril H. White, BA        | R. Signal Corps                           |
| L. Bomb'r     | Thos. E. Cotton, BA       | 1st S. L. Regt.                           |
| Pvt.          | James F. Williams, BA     | E. Surrey Regt.                           |

Gunner Henry Henshaw, BA  
 Pvt. Walter E. N. Howard, BA  
 Gunner George R. Whitmore, BA  
 Sir Harry Trusted  
 Sir Percy McElwaine  
 Maj. Gen. Ian M. McRae (Ret.), BA  
 Brig. Ken S. Torrance, BA  
 Maj. Gen. Cecil A. Callaghan, AIF  
 Brig. W. A. Trott, IA  
 Brig. Harold B. Taylor, AIF  
 Col. E. R. White, AIF  
 Col. W. S. Kent Hughes, AIF  
 Col. James H. Thyer, AIF  
 Col. Douglas C. Pigdon, AIF  
 Col. Alfred P. Derham, AIF  
 Sgt. J. Maarten Veker, NEIA  
 Cpl. I. H. Hall, AIF  
 Gunner Cecil N. Beaton, AIF  
 Pvt. Tom P. Derham, AIF  
 Pvt. Henry T. Retallick, AIF  
 Mr. Ralph B. Webb (Civ.)  
 Maj. Gen. Henrie J. D. DeFremery, NEIA  
 Maj. Gen. R. Th. Overakker, NEIA  
 Col. G. F. V. Gosenson, NEIA  
 Capt. Gerald G. Bozuwa, NRN  
 Pvt. Daniel P. Seelt, NRN  
 Mr. Adrian I. Spitz (Civ.)

316th S. L. Bn.  
 2d Bn. E. Surrey Regt.  
 35th L. AA Regt.  
 Chief Justice, Federated Malay States (Civ.)  
 Chief Justice, Straits Settlements (Civ.)  
 Commissioner Indian Red Cross  
 C/S Malaya Command  
 CG 8th Austr. Div.  
 Comdg. 8th Indian Brig.  
 Comdg. 22d Austr. Brig.  
 CO 10th Austr. Gen. Hosp.  
 AA & QM ATF  
 C/S 8th Austr. Div.  
 CO 18th Austr. Gen. Hosp.  
 ADMS 8th Austr. Gen. Hosp.  
 Driver Dutch Army  
 10th Gen. Hosp.  
 Hq. RAA  
 Med. Dept. AIF  
 Hq. 8th Austr. Div.  
 Brit. & Austr. Red Cross Rep. in Far East  
 Gen. Hq. NEI ARMY  
 CG Middle Sumatra  
 CO Achin, N. Sumatra  
 C in C, Neth. Naval Air Force  
 Fireman, Destr. *Evertensen*  
 Governor of Sumatra

*(Arrived Karenko September 15, 1942 from Hong Kong)*

Sir Mark Young (Civ.)  
 Pvt. J. W. Waller, BA

Governor of Hong Kong  
 Middlesex Regt., Hong Kong

*(Arrived Karenko September 27, 1942 from Singapore)*

Sir T. Shenton Thomas (Civ.)

Gov. Str. Sett. & High Comm. Fed. Malay S.

*(Arrived Karenko December 5, 1942 from Singapore)*

Lt. Gen. Sir Lewis M. Heath, BA  
 Brig. Duncan Maxwell, AIF  
 L/Cpl. Bert T. Ramwell, BA  
 Pvt. James W. Larkin, BA

CG III Indian Corps  
 Comdg. 27th Austr. Inf. Brig.  
 Mil. Police, Singapore  
 27th Austr. Inf. Brig.

*(Arrived Karenko February 1, 1943 from Java)*

Maj. Gen. Hervey D. W. Sitwell, BA  
 Brig. Sam R. Pearson, BA  
 Col. Charles M. Lane, IA  
 Air Vice Marshall Paul C. Maltby, RAF  
 Air Com. William E. Staton, RAF  
 Air Com. B. J. Silly, RAF  
 Gp. Capt. C. K. J. Goggle, RAF  
 Gp. Capt. M. W. C. Ridgway, RAF  
 Gp. Capt. Nicholetts, RAF  
 Lt. Gen. H. Ter Poorten, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Johan H. Uhl, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. J. Van Reese, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Wybrandos Schilling, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Jacob J. Pesman, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Rudolph Bakkers, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Gustav W. Ilgen, RNIA  
 Maj. Gen. Pierre W. Cox, RNIA  
 Col. Carolus H. DeQuant, RNIA  
 Col. H. A. E. Vennik, RNIA  
 Col. Lowys Van Reekum, RNIA  
 Col. Jan H. Cox, RNIA  
 Col. Frank Van Leeuwen, RNIA  
 Col. Hubert J. A. Kamps, RNIA  
 Col. Cornelius H. C. Waal, RNIA  
 Col. Willem P. Van Veen, RNIA

GOC. Brit. Trps. in Java  
 Comdg. Br. AA in Java  
 CO 15th Punjab Regt. IA  
 AOC RAF in Java  
 Sr. Air Serv. Off. in Java  
 AOC RAF Base Java  
 Staff Hq. RAF—Far East  
 CO 158d Maint. Unit RAF  
 Air Staff Hq. RAF—Far East  
 C in C Neth. Indies Army  
 Ch. Insp. of Inf. RNIA  
 Ch. Army Med. Serv. RNIA  
 CG 1st Div. RNIA  
 CG Bandoeng Group  
 Ch. Gen. Staff RNIA  
 CG 3d Div. RNIA  
 CG 3d Div. RNIA  
 Ch. Engr. GHQ RNIA  
 Ch. Mil. Mot. Transp. Serv.  
 Rec. Off. RNIA Hq.  
 Ch. Insp. Militia  
 CO 1st Cav. Regt. Java  
 Ch. Insp. Cav. RNIA  
 QMC of RNIA  
 Dept. C/S GHQ RNIA

Col. Henrikus J. B. Tulfer, RNIA  
 Col. Adrianus M. Van Dyk, RNIA  
 Col. Pieter H. T. Van Der Steen, RNIA  
 Col. Willem Van Kuilenburg, RNIA  
 Col. Ernst T. Koppen, RNIA  
 Col. Johan A. Fleischer, RNIA  
 Col. Marius T. Van Staveren, RNIA  
 Col. Albert C. Struyvenburg, RNIA  
 Col. Johan W. Byleveld, RNIA  
 Col. Charles G. Toorop, RNIA  
 Col. Pieter Scholten, RNIA  
 Col. Sipke E. Van Manen, RNIA  
 Col. Adrian D. R. Goudswaard, RNIA  
 Col. Marcus Spier, RNIA  
 Capt. Frans A. Kuhn, RNN  
 Capt. Jan G. Van Kregten, RNN  
 Capt. Willem A. DeJong, RNN  
 Capt. Abraham G. Vromans, RNN  
 Capt. Petru J. M. Cikot, RNN  
 Col. Emile T. Kengen, RNIA  
 Brig. Arthur S. Blackburn, AIF  
 Sgt. Van Beek, RNIA  
 Sgt. W. L. Exmann, RNIA  
 Sgt. Willem C. Van Naerssen, RNIA  
 Sgt. J. Schubert, RNIA  
 Sgt. Antonius P. Steins, RNIA  
 Cpl. Reins Bykerk, RNIA  
 Cpl. Jan R. Wildeboer, RNIA  
 Cpl. J. Gielkins, RNIA  
 Cpl. E. H. L. Korthout, RNIA  
 Pvt. Louis J. B. Leeftang, RNIA  
 Pvt. Alexander Bunk, RNIA  
 Pvt. Albert K. E. Van Der Oelsnitz  
 Pvt. Ruth Dam, RNIA  
 Pvt. C. M. Leeuwenburgh, RNIA  
 Pvt. R. Van Deldenij, RNIA  
 Pvt. Willem A. Van Rhee, RNIA  
 Pvt. J. A. Kroeze, RNIA  
 Pvt. G. F. Pitch, BA  
 Gunner Frederick R. Raine  
 Pvt. G. H. Tuck, BA  
 Pvt. Philip O. Hersee, RAF  
 Pvt. Wilfred T. Inglis, RAF  
 Pvt. J. C. Speekenbrink, RNIA  
 Pvt. I. N. E. Baier, RNN  
 Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda Van  
 Starckenborg Stachouwer  
 Gp. Capt. Alan G. Bishop, RAF

Ch. Finance Serv. RNIA  
 CO 2d Regt. Arty., Surabaya, Java  
 CO 3d Regt. Arty., Surabaya, Java  
 CO 6th Regt. Inf. Java  
 CO 1st Regt. Arty.  
 T. Comdr. Middle Java  
 Ch. Topog. Sec. GHQ RNIA  
 CO 1st Inf. Regt. Java  
 Ch. Hosp. Middle Java  
 CO 2d Inf. Regt. Java  
 Comdg. S. Gp. 2d Div.  
 Ch. Med. Off. GHQ Java  
 Ch. Pharm. Off. RNIA  
 Ch. Med. Off. 3d Div.  
 Pres. Court Martial  
 Ch. Fin. RNN  
 Ch. Pers. Affairs RNN  
 Ch. Materiel Sec. RNN  
 Comdg. Naval Batt. 1  
 CO RNIA Air Force  
 GOC AIF in Java  
 Tank Bn. Bandoeng  
 12th Bn. Inf. Batavia  
 Arty. Palembang  
 Arty. RNIA  
 MP RNIA Java  
 MP RNIA  
 2d Bn. Engrs. Java  
 Medical Corps, RNIA  
 Rad. Op. RNN  
 Chauff. RNIA  
 Inf. Res. Force RNIA  
 Motor Transp. RNIA  
 1st FA RNIA  
 1st FA RNIA  
 1st FA RNIA  
 Arty. RNIA Sumatra  
 Arty. RNIA Sumatra  
 5th Norfolks 11th Div. Singapore  
 240 Heavy AA Btry. RA Java  
 Royal Sig. Corps, Sumatra  
 266th Wing Hq. RAF Sumatra  
 153d Maint. Unit RAF  
 Med. Corps RNIA  
 Rad. Op. RNN  
 Governor General NEI  
 RAF Hq. Java

In June 1943 the Karenko camp was moved to Shirakawa in Western Taiwan. Subsequently the following groups joined there.

*(Arrived Shirakawa August 9, 1943 from Hong Kong)*

| Rank        | Name                         | Duty When Captured                   |
|-------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Maj. Gen.   | Christopher M. Maltby, BA    | GOC Brit. Forces in Hong Kong        |
| Brig.       | Torquill McLeod, BA          | Comdg. R. Arty. Br. F. in Hong Kong  |
| Brig.       | Andrew Peffers, BA           | Adm. Off. China Command              |
| Brig.       | Cedric Wallis, BA            | Comdg. Inf. Brig. Hong Kong          |
| Commodore   | Alfred C. Collinson, RN      | In Chge. Naval Est. Hong Kong        |
| Col.        | T. Keble Andrews-Levinge, BA | CO Army Serv. Corps, Hong Kong       |
| Col.        | Esmond H. Clifford, BA       | Ch. Engr. Hong Kong                  |
| Col.        | Noel Forde, BA               | Command Paymaster Hong Kong          |
| Col.        | Gilbert R. Hopkins, BA       | Asst. Dir. Div. Ord. Serv. Hong Kong |
| Col.        | Hugh J. Kilpatrick, BA       | Financial Adviser Hong Kong          |
| Col.        | Henry B. Rose, BA            | Comdg. Hong Kong VD Corps            |
| Col.        | John T. Simson, BA           | A. Dir. Med. Ser. Hong Kong          |
| Capt.       | Leveson G. Campbell, RN      | Liaison Off. Hong Kong & Dockyard    |
| Capt.       | Frank B. Minninnick, RN      | Ch. Engr., Navy Yard, Hong Kong      |
| L/Cpl.      | Chas. Eric Earnshaw, BA      | RA Pay Corps, Hong Kong              |
| Cpl.        | John Hastings, BA            | RASC Hong Kong                       |
| Pvt.        | Geo. H. Rogers, RN           | Royal Marines, Hong Kong             |
| Pvt.        | Frederick W. Smith, BA       | RASC Hong Kong                       |
| Pvt.        | Graham F. Tanner, BA         | RASC Hong Kong                       |
| Pvt.        | Harry Winkworth, BA          | 1st Bn. Middlesex Regt., Hong Kong   |
| Able Seaman | Wm. Fairburn, RN             | RN Hong Kong                         |

*(Arrived Shirakawa August 20, 1943 from Singapore, Heito and Taichow)*

|                                    |                                            |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Lt. Col. James C. H. Fasson, BA    | CO 155th Lanarkshire Yeomen                |
| Lt. Col. Dudley M. Hennessey, IA   | IRC Malaya Command                         |
| Lt. Col. Edward W. F. Jephson, BA  | CO 5th RA                                  |
| Lt. Col. Williams E. S. Napier, BA | CO 80th Antitank Regt.                     |
| Lt. Col. Thomas A. R. Scott, BA    | CO 9/11 Div. Sig.                          |
| Lt. Col. Frederick Shearbourne, IA | RIA Serv. Corps                            |
| Maj. Michael Delme-Ratcliffe, BA   | 19th Fd Co. Roy. Bombay Sappers and Miners |
| Maj. Ronald R. Dinwiddie, BA       | Comdg. 45th AT Co.                         |
| Maj. Geoffrey W. P. Fennell, BA    | 5th Roy. Arty.                             |
| Maj. Peter C. Grant, BA            | Comdg. 35th Fortress Co.                   |
| Maj. Francis M. Grazebrook, BA     | DA Dir. Tr. MC                             |
| Maj. T. A. Kingsley Howe, BA       | 9th Ind. Div. Sigs.                        |
| Maj. Ian R. McIntosh, BA           | Br. Maj. RA 11th Ind. Div.                 |
| Maj. John L. Nicholson, BA         | St. Off. RE                                |
| Maj. I. Cross Pedley, BA           | 80th AT Regt. RA                           |
| Maj. Gerald B. Sanderson, BA       | Lanarkshire Yeomen                         |
| Maj. Godfrey B. Vinycomb, IA       | CO 48th Motor Workshop Co.                 |
| Capt. Michael L. Anderson, BA      | Trp. Comdr. Lan. Yeo.                      |
| Capt. John L. Badgett, BA          | Army Dental Corps                          |
| Capt. Richard G. Bartelot, BA      | Adj. 80th AT REGT RA                       |
| Capt. Nigel S. Barker, BA          | St. Off. RE, 3d Ind. Corps                 |
| Capt. Gerald A. J. Bevan, BA       | ADC Comdr. 18th Div.                       |
| Capt. Harry C. Bristow, BA         | 11th Ind. Div. Sigs.                       |
| Capt. Arthur J. Chick, IA          | Adj. 9th Ord. Workshop Co.                 |
| Capt. James E. Cumper, IA          | IASC 28th Ind. Inf.                        |
| Capt. Thomas F. Egan, BA           | Comp. Off. Hq. Malaya Com'd.               |
| Capt. John E. Fairbairn, IA        | CO 9th Ind. Div. Prov. Unit                |
| Capt. Ralph F. Fifield, BA         | Dep. Asst. Prov. Marshal                   |
| Capt. Leslie J. B. Firth, BA       | Capt. 78d Btry. 5th RA                     |
| Capt. Wyndam K. Forbes, BA         | Adj. 5th RA                                |
| Capt. Percy W. Hope-Johnstone, BA  | Bat. Capt. Lan. Yeo.                       |
| Capt. Robert W. Hunt, BA           | Trp. Comdr. 5th Fd. Regt.                  |
| Capt. Brian B. Humphries           | ADC to Lt. Gen. Heath                      |
| Capt. Robert R. Ker-Gibson, BA     | 19th Fld. Co. Royal Bombay Sap. & Miners   |
| Capt. Richard Kennedy, BA          | RC Chap. ATT. 155th FA Regt. RA            |
| Capt. James Mackenzie, BA          | Trp. Comdr. Lan. Yeo.                      |
| Capt. Thomas B. Magnall, BA        | 1st Bn. Manch. Regt.                       |
| Capt. John C. Moss, BA             | Adj. 9th Ind. Div. Sigs.                   |

Capt. Richard A. Pearson, BA  
 Capt. Geo. S. Patterson  
 Capt. Walter J. Priest, IA  
 Capt. Joseph S. Routledge, IA  
 Capt. Edward R. A. Sewell, BA  
 Capt. Chas. F. Tabcart, BA  
 Capt. John B. A. Wildey, BA  
 Capt. James I. Wright, BA  
 Capt. Derek R. Archer, BA  
 1st Lt. John B. Barratt, BA  
 1st Lt. Lawrence E. Barton, BA  
 1st Lt. Geo. C. J. Bew, IA  
 1st Lt. Norman H. Bladen, BA  
 1st Lt. Kenneth S. Burnes, BA  
 1st Lt. Kenneth S. Butters, BA  
 1st Lt. Wildred H. Channon, BA  
 1st Lt. Chas. J. Cooper, BA  
 1st Lt. Eric B. Davies, BA  
 1st Lt. Guy W. Fortt, BA  
 1st Lt. Geoffrey R. Ford, BA  
 1st Lt. Brian A. France, BA  
 1st Lt. Herbert H. Gibson, IA  
 1st Lt. Donald H. Hancock, BA  
 1st Lt. Joseph J. Horner, BA  
 1st Lt. Harry H. Hill, IA  
 1st Lt. George N. Hinton, BA  
 1st Lt. James W. Hugo, BA  
 1st Lt. Horace A. Hudson, BA  
 1st Lt. Martin M. Kepple, BA  
 1st Lt. Eric C. Marsden, BA  
 1st Lt. James B. McKnight, BA  
 1st Lt. Ian G. McLean, BA  
 Capt. Harold C. Ratcliffe, BA  
 1st Lt. Alexander E. Murray, BA  
 1st Lt. Patrick B. Porteous, BA  
 1st Lt. James R. Scoble, BA  
 1st Lt. Ian W. Stonor, BA  
 1st Lt. Lawrence Thurgood, BA  
 1st Lt. Arthur J. Whitcombe, BA  
 1st Lt. William R. Young, BA  
 2d Lt. Stanley F. Armstrong, BA  
 2d Lt. Thomas F. Beecroft, BA  
 2d Lt. John G. N. Brown, BA  
 2d Lt. Charles I. R. Burton, BA  
 2d Lt. Raymond C. M. Comfort, BA  
 2d Lt. Keith B. Davies, BA  
 2d Lt. Brian E. Field, BA  
 2d Lt. Trevor H. Gillett, IA  
 2d Lt. Eric B. Hogshaw, BA  
 2d Lt. Eric W. Knights, BA  
 2d Lt. Geoffrey P. Mason, BA  
 2d Lt. Alfred J. Pilkington, BA  
 2d Lt. David T. Piper, BA  
 2d Lt. Leonard F. Rigden, BA  
 2d Lt. Geoffrey B. Speight, BA  
 2d Lt. Cecil Trahern, BA  
 Sgt. Jack S. Creswell, BA  
 Sgt. Samuel Henderson, BA  
 Sgt. John M. McAusland, BA  
 Bomb. George H. Mitchell, BA  
 L/Cpl. Ronald A. Motley, BA  
 Gunner John Adams, BA  
 Gunner Harold Bottomley, BA  
 Gunner Leonard G. Briggs, BA  
 Pvt. Eric A. Clack, BA  
 Gunner Ronald Callan, BA  
 Pvt. Frederick G. Campion, BA  
 Gunner Benjamin H. Cant, BA  
 Gunner Frederick C. Fisher, BA  
 Pvt. Dennis Hanford, BA  
 Gunner Victor Harrison, BA  
 Gunner Robert Lapsley, BA  
 Gunner James Lindsay, BA  
 Pvt. Eric Mulliner, BA  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 ADC to GOC Malaya Com'd.  
 RIASC Hq. Malaya Com'd.  
 9th Ind. Div. Sigs.  
 Trp. Comdr. Lan. Yeo.  
 Army E. Cps. Intell. M.C.  
 43d Res MT Co. RASC  
 26th Fortress Co. RE  
 Trp. Comdr. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Co. Off. 1st Manch. Regt.  
 188th Fld. Regt. RA  
 QM 9/11 Div. Sigs.  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Trp. Ldr. 512th Bn. RA  
 19th Fld. Co. RE  
 Royal Norfolks  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Int. Off. RHQ 80th AT Regt.  
 Frontier Force Rifles  
 Trp. Comdr. 80th AT Regt.  
 Trp. Ldr. 155th Fld. Regt. (LY) RA  
 Ord. Off. III Ind. Corps  
 B Sec. 11th Div. Sigs.  
 QM 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Ind. Army Ord.  
 Gun Off. 155th (LY) Fld. Regt. RA  
 QM 155th (LY) Fld. Regt. RA  
 QM 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Sig. Off. Lan. Yeo.  
 9/11 Ind. Div. Sigs.  
 Sig. Off. 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Co. Off. 155th (LY) Regt. RA  
 Trp. Comdr. 5th Fld. Regt.  
 Sec. Off. 9/11th Ind. Div. Sigs.  
 Trp. Comdr. 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Sec. Off. 9/11 Ind. Div. Sigs.  
 ADC to Lt. Gen. Percival  
 Off. in Chg. Engr. Stores RE  
 CO Ma. Fd. Pk. Co. RE  
 Co. Off. 46th RE  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Gun. Off. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 ADC to GOC 11th Ind. Div.  
 Co. Off. Reece Bn.  
 Gun. Off. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 145th Regt. RA  
 16th Fld. Amb. RI ASC  
 Gun. Off. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Survey Off. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Wagon Line Off. 5th Fld. Regt.  
 Co. Off. Royal Engrs.  
 Co. Comdr. 440th  
 Maint. Off. Royal Sigs.  
 Workshop Off. RAOC  
 Gun. Off. 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 155th (LY) Regt. RA  
 155th (LY) Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 155th LY Regt. RA  
 155th (LY) Fld. Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 5th Fld. Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Signalman, 155th Regt. RA  
 155th Fld. Regt. (LY) RA  
 Signalman, 80th AT Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Signalman, 155th (LY) Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 80th AT Regt. RA  
 Signalman RA

Gunner Ernest Myson, BA  
 Pvt. Arthur Roberts, BA  
 Pvt. Geo. H. W. Smith, BA  
 Gunner Thomas Edgar Stanhope, BA  
 Capt. Pieter J. Rosenwald, RNIA  
 2d Lt. Cybrand van Broeke, RNIA  
 Lt. Comdr. Hendrik H. Volten, RNN  
 Lt. Johannes Koot, RNN  
 Lt. Thomasten Klooster, RNN

80th AT Regt. RA  
 Royal Signals  
 Royal Signals  
 155th (LY) Fld. Regt. RA  
 Arty. Det. Palembang  
 Inf. Det. Palembang  
 Sig. Off. HM Destr. *Everteen*  
 Exam. Off. RNN  
 Nav. Obs. Flying Boat Sq. VI

*(Arrived Shirakawa October 13, 1943 from Taiboku)*

L/Bdr. Ralph S. Norris, BA

148th Fld. Regt.

*(Arrived Shirakawa November 8, 1943 from Java)*

Capt. Thomas A. Dodson, FA, USA  
 Ensign Herbert A. Levitt, USN  
 1st Lt. James P. Ferrey, AC, USA  
 Capt. Haakan A. Pedersen,  
 US Merchant Marine  
 Lt. Col. John D. Dalley, BA  
 Lt. Col. Robert W. Dobbin, BA  
 Capt. Melrose W. Chapman, IA  
 Gp. Capt. Cecil H. Noble, RAF  
 W/Comdr. Thomas King  
 W/Comdr. Wm. H. Franklin, RAF  
 Pvt. Ernest Jauncey, RAF  
 Maj. Gen. G. J. F. Statius-Muller  
 (Ret.), RNIA  
 Lt. Col. Jacques Alliol, RNIA  
 Lt. Col. Karel Drost, RNIA  
 Lt. Col. Simon DeWall, RNIA  
 Lt. Col. Lucas F. Elsinga, RNIA  
 Capt. Hendrik Sjoers, RNIA  
 Capt. Jan Hendrik Solkess, RNN  
 1st Lt. G. J. B. Veenhuys, RNN  
 Col. Rimke Posthumus (Ret.), RNIA  
 Mr. Henri Francois Joel, (Civ.)  
 Lt. Col. Edward D. Lynham, AIF  
 Maj. Henry F. Beaney, AIF  
 Capt. Thomas W. Bindeman, AIF  
 Capt. John D. C. Hammond, AIF  
 Capt. H. Lovat Fraser, AIF  
 1st Lt. Oscar N. Diamond, RAF  
 Maj. Reginald H. Davis, RAAF  
 Fl. Lt. Sidney F. Downer, RAF  
 Capt. Po S. Yoe, RNIA  
 Fl. Lt. Evan Julian, RAF (New Zealand)

181st FA  
 Com. Sec. USS *Houston*  
 Am. AF in Java  
 Comdg. SS American Leader of  
 United States Lines  
 General List  
 Royal Arty.  
 Co. Comdr. 15th Punjab Regt.  
 RAF, Java  
 RAF, Singapore  
 RAF, Java  
 RAF, Java  
 Inspector RNIA  
 CO Home Guard Bn. RNIA  
 Landsturm (3d Bn.)  
 Comdr. Tarakan, Borneo  
 Fin. Dept. RNIA  
 Comdt. School of NCO  
 Comdr. Cruiser *De Ruyter*  
 Marine Det. RNN  
 (Retired RNIA)  
 Foreign Editor, *Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad*  
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 MG Bn. AIF  
 Prot. Chaplain, AIF  
 MG Bn. AIF  
 MG Bn. AIF  
 Flight Lt. RAF  
 Wing Comdr. No. 1 Sq. RAAF  
 Far East Air Hq. Singapore  
 China Det. RNIA  
 Sq. Ldr. NA RAF

*(Arrived Shirakawa January 20, 1944 from Taiboku)*

Pvt. E. J. Blasdale, BA

Signalman, RCS, 11th Div.

*(Arrived Shirakawa June 28, 1944 from Heito)*

Maj. Thomas W. Moore, BA  
 Capt. Gwilym P. Davies, BA  
 Capt. Norman S. Thorpe, BA  
 1st Lt. Jack Bellamy, BA  
 1st Lt. William W. Carter, BA  
 1st Lt. Mortimer G. Campbell, BA  
 1st Lt. John A. Hollick, BA  
 1st Lt. Paul D. Smith, BA  
 1st Lt. Ernest B. Thomas, BA  
 1st Lt. J. H. D. Wickham, BA  
 1st Lt. William M. Balfour, BA  
 1st Lt. Blair MacD. Buchanan

270th A-T Bat. RA  
 18th Bn. Rec. Corps  
 Co. Comdr., the Sherwood Foresters  
 Plat. Comdr., the Sherwood Foresters  
 125th A-T Regt. RA  
 2d Hong Kong-Singapore Regt. RA  
 18th Bn. Rec. Corps  
 148th Fld. Regt. RA  
 Garrison Engr. Alexandra, Singapore  
 Sec. Off. 41st Fortress Co.  
 Sec. Off. 45th Army Tr. Co. RE  
 Sec. Off. RE 288th Fld. Co.

Army Air Forces Personnel Captured by Japanese at  
Mukden, Manchuria, during raids by B-29s in  
December 1944 and January 1945

| <i>Rank and Name</i>       | <i>Home Address</i>                                |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Major John C. Campbell     | c/o Joseph Campbell<br>Eastover, South Carolina    |
| Capt. Benjamin O. Lipscomb | 1431 NE 21st Avenue<br>Portland, Oregon            |
| Capt. Richard E. McCormick | 619 Washington Avenue<br>Mifflintown, Pennsylvania |
| Capt. George Matsko        | 2326 Hawthorne<br>Swissvale, Pennsylvania          |
| Capt. Virgil R. Unruh      | 402 S. Main<br>McPherson, Kansas                   |
| M/Sgt. Daniel J. Stieber   | 1629 Georgia<br>Sheboygan, Wisconsin               |
| T/Sgt. Kenneth A. Beckwith | Route No. 1<br>Skowhegan, Maine                    |
| T/Sgt. George E. Brown     | c/o E. Ray Brown<br>Pleasant Grove, Utah           |
| T/Sgt. Ralph M. Davidson   | c/o Mrs. Levi Davidson<br>Moose Lake, Minnesota    |
| T/Sgt. Elbert L. Edwards   | 47 W. Mound Street<br>Columbus, Ohio               |
| T/Sgt. Oran L. Hermann     | 1901 Spruce Street<br>La Grande, Oregon            |
| S/Sgt. Arnold G. Pope      | 1695 Pierce Street<br>Beaumont, Texas              |
| S/Sgt. Walter E. Huss      | 1617 Garrison Street<br>Fremont, Ohio              |
| S/Sgt. Aaron W. Eldred     | Oronogo<br>Missouri                                |



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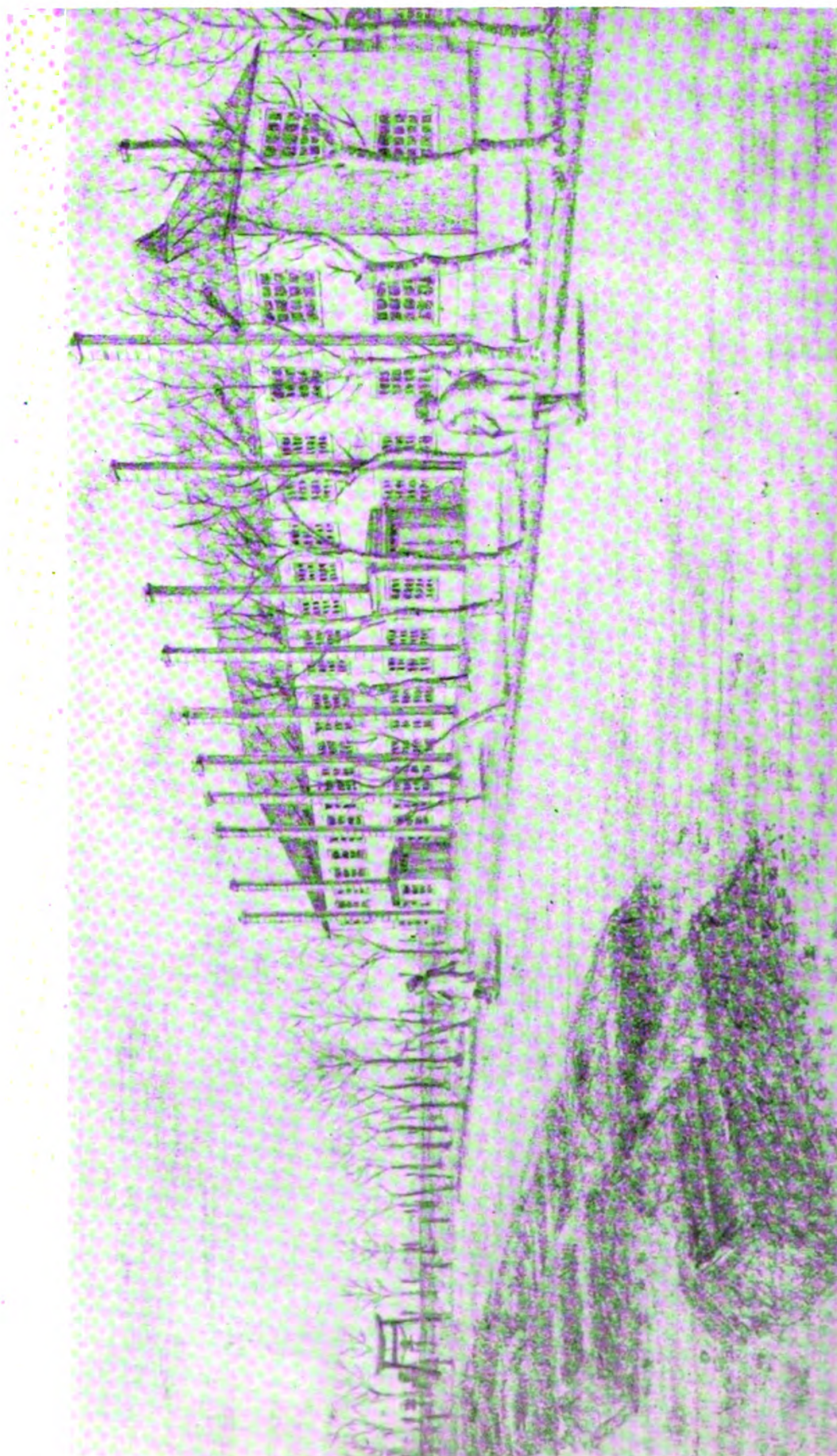
American senior group of prisoners of war at Tarlac, Luzon, Philippine Islands, in July 1942. Seated, left to right: Major Generals Moore and King; Lieutenant General Wainwright; Lieutenant Colonel Ito; Lieutenant Ura; Major Generals Parker and Jones. Standing: Japanese messenger; Brigadier Generals Lough, Funk, Weaver, Brougher, Beebe, Bluemel, Drake, McBride and Pierce; Colonel Hoffman, interpreter; Japanese chauffeur; Corporal Nishiyama.

JAPANESE ARMY BUGLE CALLS

As Recorded by  
the author in POW Camp



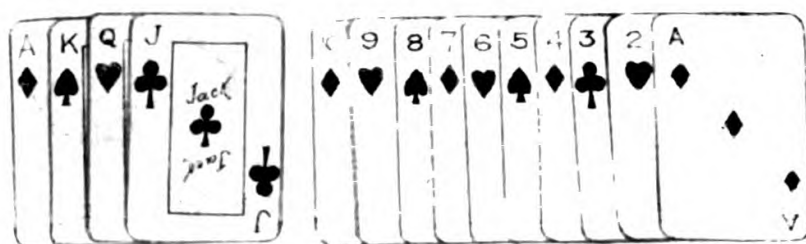




POW barracks at Chenchia-tun, Manchuria, during the winter of 1944-45. Although temperatures dropped to forty degrees below zero, we fared much better than during the two previous winters in Formosa. Note the foxholes which we dug while the ground was frozen several feet deep. (An original pencil sketch by Major General De Fremery.)



Top: Samples of Japanese invasion money. A score of American prisoners of war were executed when some of the smaller denominations were found in their possession. Bottom: Many prisoners of war, using Nipponese cigarette boxes, turned out homemade decks of playing cards. Here are samples from two decks made by the author.







TRUMAN

## Allied Terms To Japan

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15 — These were the terms Japan was asked to accept:—

1) The Japanese Emperor and Government are to subject their authority to that of the Allied Supreme Commander. (Gen. Douglas MacArthur has been unofficially tipped for the post).

2) The Japanese Emperor is to order the surrender of Japanese

troops in all theatres.

3) The Japanese Government is to transport prisoners and civilian internees to places of safety immediately.

4) The Japanese people are to be free to decide their ultimate form of Government.

5) Allied troops are to remain in Japan for a specified period.

(Continued on page 2)



WEDEMEYER

Extra

THE CHINA LANTERN

Extra

VOL. 4, NO. 12, AUGUST 15, 1945

PRECENSORED FOR MAILING

FOR U.S. ARMED FORCES

# JAPAN QUITS!

The first American newspaper for prisoners of war since before the war. This was printed in Calcutta by Lieutenant General Wedemeyer's headquarters for the China and Burma theaters and flown into Mukden by B-24 soon after VJ-day.



**Top:** Part of the prisoner of war cemetery just north of Mukden. Taken after liberation, when a detail of prisoners of war was putting the cemetery in order before departure. **Bottom:** One corner of a squadroom at Hoten Camp, Mukden. Major generals and privates all slept on the floor. Colonels Wally Mead and Lloyd Mielenz are just visible on the upper level. The vacant space below was due to absence of one man in hospital. (Photo by Colonel Roger Hilsman.)





**Top:** Mukden street scene, September 1945, opposite the entrance to the old Imperial Palace. The author is the passenger in the nearest bicycle ricksha. (Photo by Staff Sergeant J. Weldon King.) **Bottom:** The U.S. Navy hospital ship Relief, on which 750 liberated prisoners of war travelled from Dairen, Manchuria, to Okinawa, on the first leg of their homeward journey.











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